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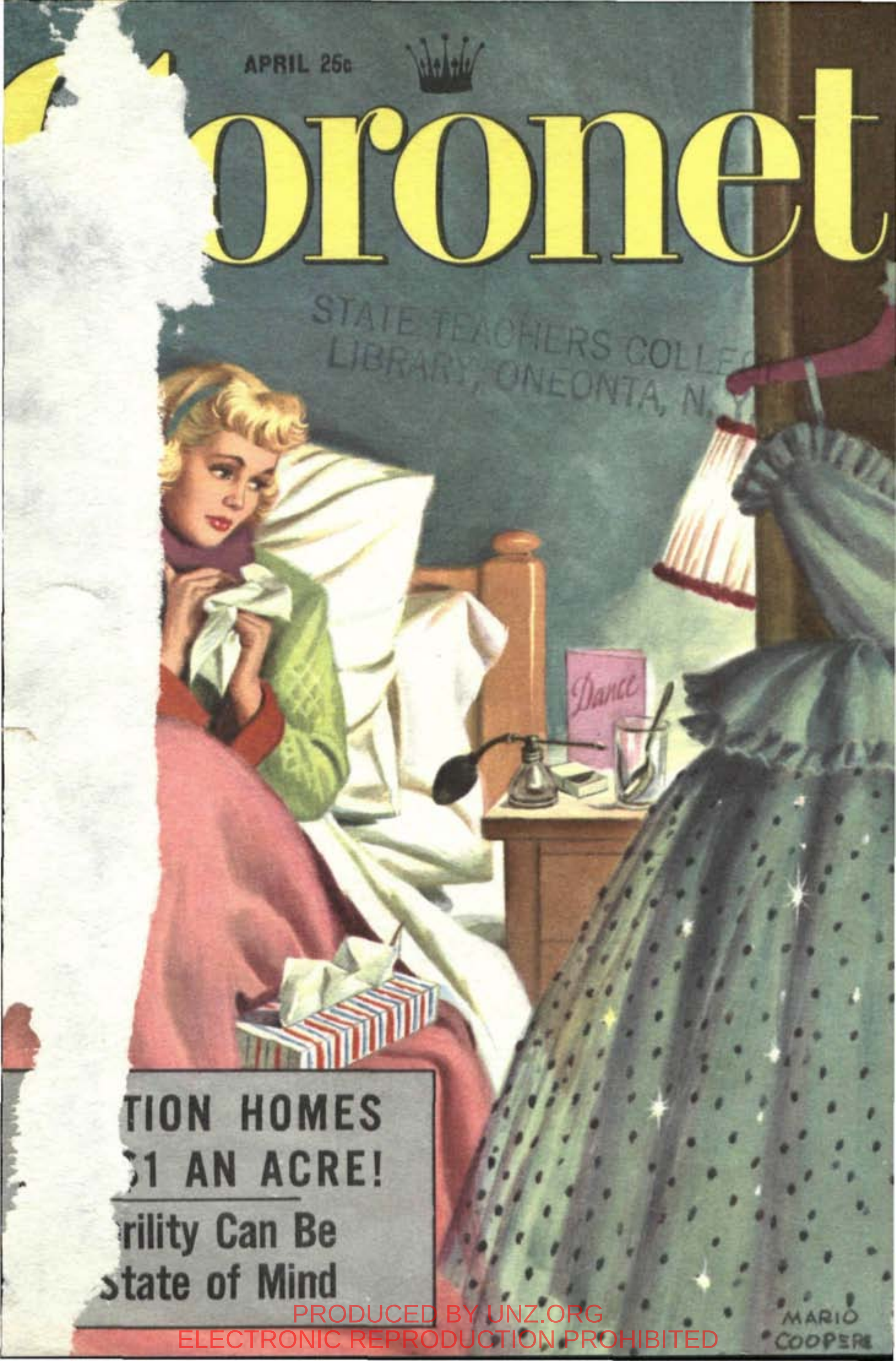
Dance
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$1 AN ACRE!

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State of Mind

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
Send Flowers Worldwide
INTERFLORA

"JOY AT EASTER"...

Flowers play a special part in celebrating Easter. Their gentle, joyful, *living* loveliness symbolizes the tender beauty of Christian teachings. Even though you can't be near all those you love on this Day of days . . . you can join hands across the miles, when your "Easter Greetings" travel with Flowers-By-Wire.

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FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

How we retired in 15 years with $250 a month

"The day Nancy and I hit Arizona, we knew it was for us. The air itself felt alive, and the sunshine—well, it was wonderful. Every single morning I've waked up since, I've been thankful to the monthly check for $250 that makes it all possible.

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"'Want to try stocks?' I asked.

"Nancy shook her head. 'We haven't enough money—experience, either.'

"But a few weeks later Nancy came to me with a little book called 'Phoenix Mutual Retirement Plans.' She said she'd read an ad about a new way to retire and sent for the book. It was Nancy's little book that changed my mind. Here was a way I could retire—and in 15 years, if I wanted to. There was no secret, except to start soon enough. And I did.

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No Date for Cinderella . . . . MARIO COOPER

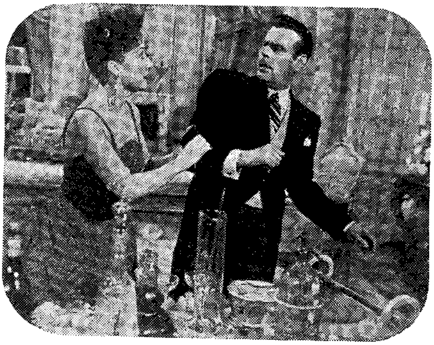
Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Illinois. Printed in United States. All undelivered copies should be returned to above address. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage.

THE MONTH'S BEST...

CLARENCE BROWN

In his 35-odd years behind the camera, Coronet's guest reviewer, producer-director Clarence Brown, has guided Valentino, Garbo, Gilbert and virtually every star presently on the M-G-M roster. Dozens of actors attribute their fame to his help, and the classic case concerns a tow-headed boy whom Brown spotted in a Tennessee classroom and sent to stardom in *The Yearling*—Claude Jarman. His credits read like a What's What in the Movies: *Anna Christie*, *Conquest*, *Plymouth Adventure* and, currently, *Never Let Me Go*. It all began in a Vermont woodland when Brown came upon an early-day director shooting a film on location. Captivated by the camera, Brown became an assistant director, and thus launched himself on one of the most celebrated careers on record. His choices:

CALL ME MADAM!



Ethel Merman sparks a musical that has everything. As the oil queen who is appointed ambassador to a European duchy, Miss Merman brings to the screen the same fire and verve that won acclaim on Broadway. Some grand Irving Berlin tunes make this a top 20th Century-Fox production.

THE GLASS WALL

This Columbia picture has insight, excitement and compelling truth. Vittorio Gassman, a sensitive Italian actor, gives a brilliant performance as the forlorn stowaway who tries to elude immigration officials while he seeks the one man in all of New York who can legally bring him into the U. S.

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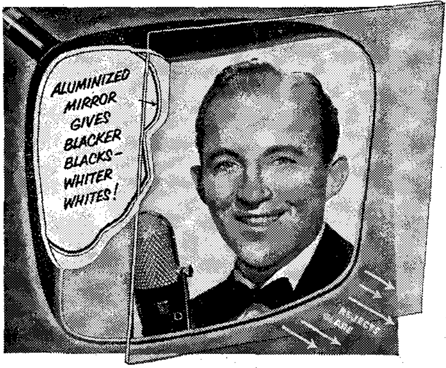
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Joan Davis, G-E star of "I Married Joan" on NBC-TV

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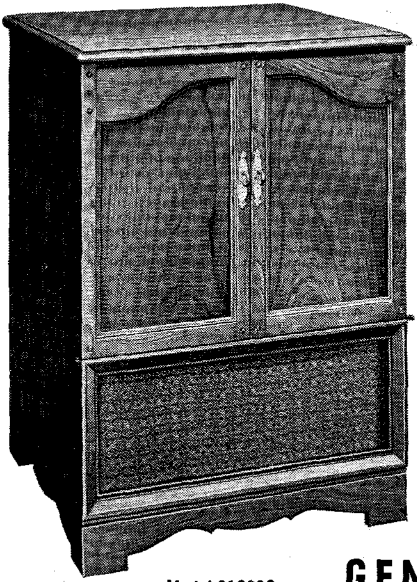

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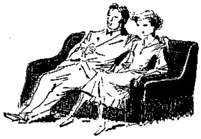


To many people, music is a perfect antidote to the tensions of modern life. There are countless recordings suitable for restful pleasure. After a fatiguing day at the office or after housework hours, put a stack on your phonograph and relax while your cares and worries vanish.

Outstanding among those music-makers whose orchestral arrangements evoke a wonderful sense of well-being is Paul Weston (*Music for Easy Listening*, Capitol H 195; *Whispers in the Dark*, Columbia CL 6232; *Melodies for a Sentimental Mood*, Columbia CL 6204). André Kostelanetz orchestrates show tunes and other favorites into a string of soft music (*Stardust*, Columbia ML 4597). TV comedian Jackie Gleason leaves his antics behind to direct eight pleasant and tuneful melodies for easy listening (*Music for Lovers Only*, Capitol H 352). Meredith Willson combines Tchaikovsky and Chopin with compositions of his own, and of other moderns, and comes up with a record of soothing melodies (*Chiffon Swing*, Decca DL 5074).

A bit more emphatic in tone and impact is the music of Otto Cesana and his orchestra in *Ecstasy*, Columbia GL 103. For stronger contrasts, Columbia (CL 6024) presents in *Mood Ellington* the incomparable Duke, his orchestra and vocalist, at their rhythmic best.

Most recording companies save you the trouble of having to choose mood music by offering albums of quiet, unobtrusive melody, expressly arranged and orchestrated for effortless listening. Columbia's series, *Quiet Music*, by different orchestras, highlights sentimental serenades and nocturnes, dreamy waltzes and tangos, softly-played operetta excerpts (GL 510-515). RCA Victor presents *Moods in Music*, romantic melodies in the Continental style, by the Melachrino Strings, an English group celebrated for perfect musicianship (*Music for Dining*, LPM 1000; *Music for Relaxation*, LPM 1001; *Music for Reading*, LPM 1002). In *Music for Romance*, still another RCA Victor series, Henri René presents *Serenade to Love*, LPM 3049; and Hugo Winterhalter *Reminiscing*, LPM 3050 and *Music by Starlight*, LPM 3051. Even great composers can serve for relaxation. Try *The Music of Delius*, Capitol P 8182.

Many people prefer the piano, softly played, to any orchestra. Bernie Leighton is a fine artist who draws from the keyboard a mingling of pleasant and leisurely moods (*East Side Rendezvous*, Columbia CL 6112). Erroll Garner's delightful medley of poetic rhythms (*Solo Flight*, Columbia CL 6209), Frankie Carle's melodic patterns (RCA Victor: *Top Pops*, LPM 3098; *Honky Tonk Piano*, LPM 3080) and Liberace, whose fine piano is backed by an orchestra (*Liberace*, Columbia CL 6217)—all create soothing restfulness.

The guitar, when played by Chet Atkins, seems to be a perfect instrument for mood music (*Gallopin' Guitar*, RCA LPM 3079). In rare combination, pianist Oscar Peterson, accompanied by a bass and guitar, produces romantic melodies (*Oscar Peterson Plays Pretty*, Mercury MG C-119). Virgil Fox exercises his usual mastery on the organ to produce *Romantic Reveries*, Columbia, AAL 18, and a new musical instrument, the Theremin, played by motions of the hand over an electronic field, yields captivating mood effects in *Music for Peace of Mind*, Capitol H 221, and *Music Out of the Moon*, Capitol H 2000.

—Fred Berger

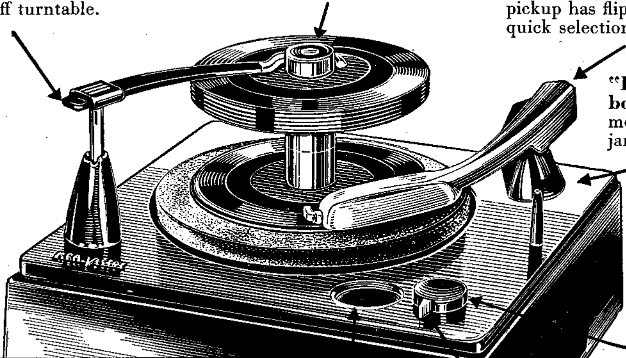
New "Victrola" 3-speed attachment

plays any record...any speed...automatically

Stabilizer arm—holds records steady; acts as automatic last-record stop—returns tone arm to rest, shuts off turntable.

New "45" slip-on spindle fits over smaller spindle—changes up to fourteen "45" records *from the center.*

Lightweight tone arm is scientifically balanced for less pressure on records—minimizes surface noise. Long-lasting, twin-point pickup has flip-over lever for quick selection of proper stylus.



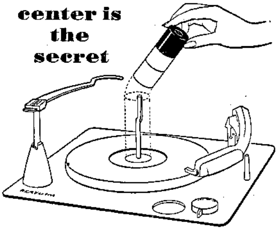
"Floating" motor-board. Spring-mounted—no stylus jarring or noise.

One control for on-off and reject—also allows repeat playing, skipping portions.

Fingertip speed control. Choose 45, 33⅓ or 78 rpm speed at the touch of a finger on this single lever.

Built-in receptacle to store "45" spindle.

The center is the secret



Remove "slip-on" spindle to play 33⅓ or 78 rpm records. Plays ten 12-inch or twelve 10-inch records . . . and intermixed sizes in the same record speed.

This handsome "Victrola" attachment will play any record—*automatically!* Just attach it to your present radio, phonograph or TV set for *up to five hours* of music without reloading. *All* records change *from the center*—the modern way. Finished in maroon plastic. Model 2JS1, **\$49^{95}**

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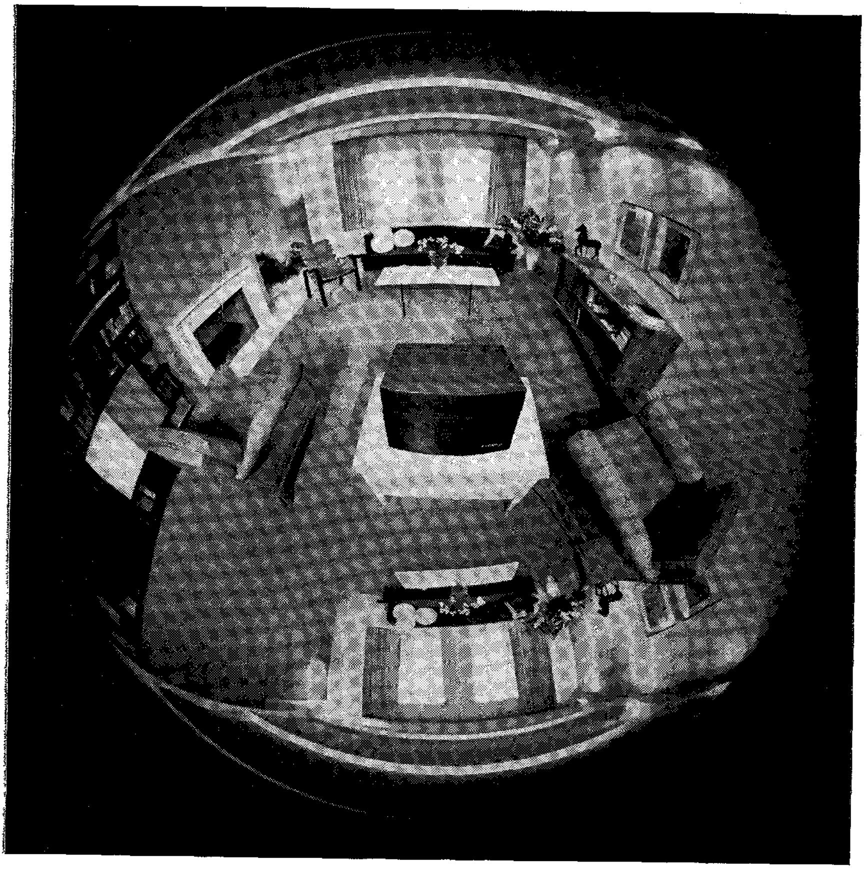

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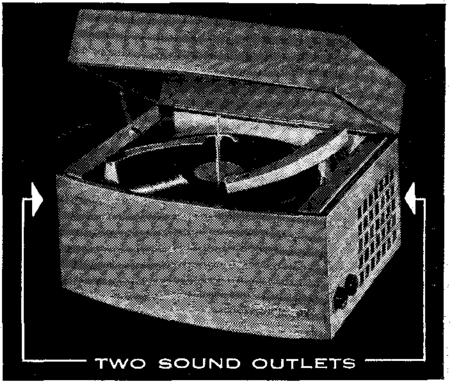

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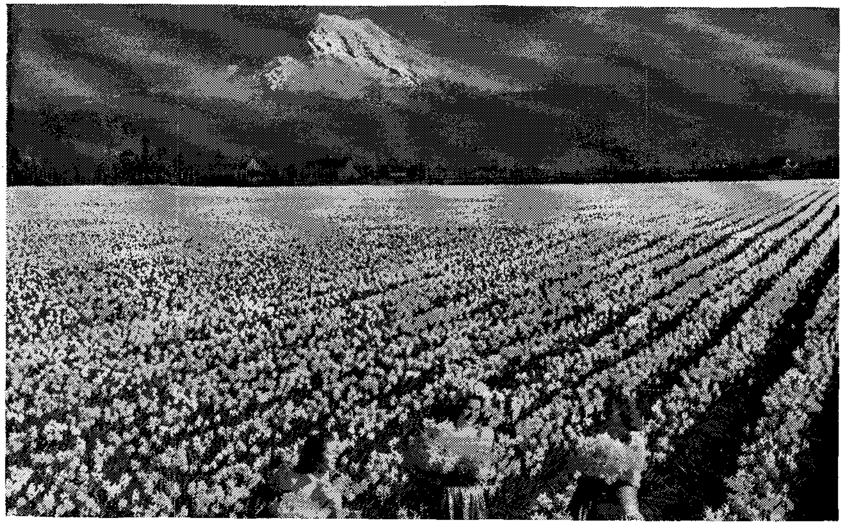
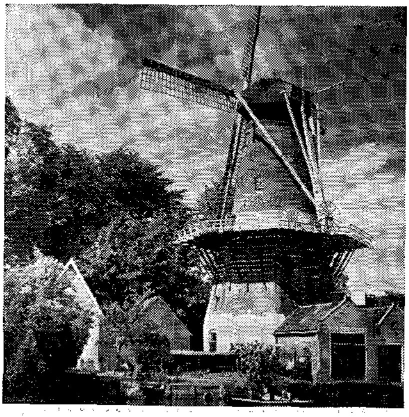
April is Blossom Time



Washington: Sprawled across the valley of majestic Mt. Rainier is a golden field of 30,000,000 King Alfred daffodils. Beginning April 6, a week's floral festival — floats, marine parade — engulfs Puyallup Valley in a sea of gay color.



Holland: In the land of windmills, 1953 is the year of the once-in-a-decade, never-to-be-forgotten Heemstede tulip show.

Charleston, S. C.: In Middleton, Magnolia and Cypress gardens, flaming azaleas key the festivals of an historic city.

MARVEL MYSTERY OIL
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MARVEL MYSTERY OIL
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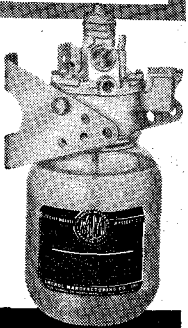

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8. ***Regina is a handy bench sander!*** Useful workroom tool for refinishing furniture and other sanding operations.

9. ***And now— NEW RUG-CLEANING ATTACHMENT*** for professional rug-cleaning at home! No more brushing in cleaning compounds by hand! Saves time, saves work, and does a more thorough job! Extra equipment, moderately priced.

to do your scrubbing, waxing, polishing

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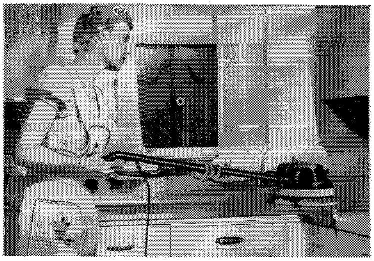

5. *Count on Regina for kitchen counters*—for fire-place tile and brick, paneled walls, window sills.

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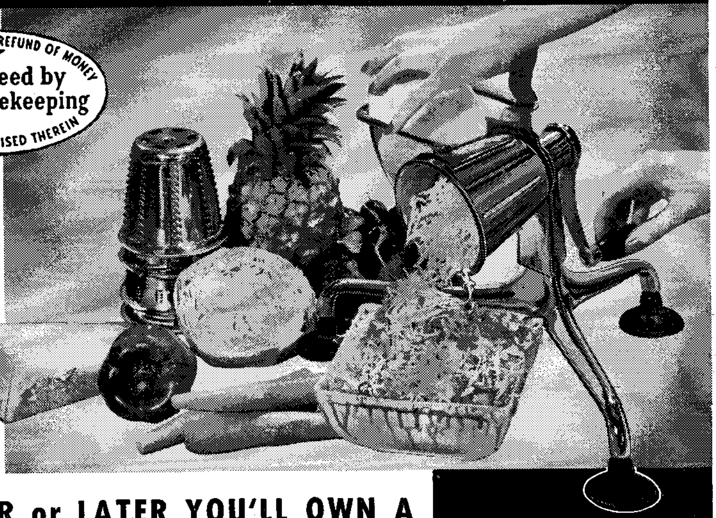

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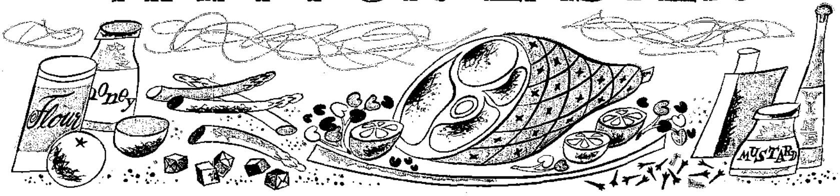
FOOD

HAM FOR EASTER



FOR EASTER DINNER or supper, you can go high-food style and plan a menu starring baked ham. If you have a large family, it will probably be a tenderized or so-called ready-to-eat ham.

It's the glaze that gives flavory taste-appeal. Before applying this, pare off half the fat; slash down to the pink meat in diamonds, and stick a clove in the center of each. Then cover with a tempting honey-sugar-glaze, made by blending to a paste three-fourths cup each sifted brown sugar and honey, mixed with a tablespoon each of flour, table mustard and grated orange rind. Bake the length of time printed on the wrapper, basting every half-hour, until done, with a cup of red or white wine or undiluted grape juice.

For special buffet service, decorate the ham. To do this, first apply the glaze, then press in a design of flowers, the "petals" consisting of thin wedges of canned pineapple halves or split kumquats, the "centers" of rounds of pimento. Fasten in place with long cloves or slivers of stick cinnamon, and they'll bake on pretty as a bright Easter bonnet.

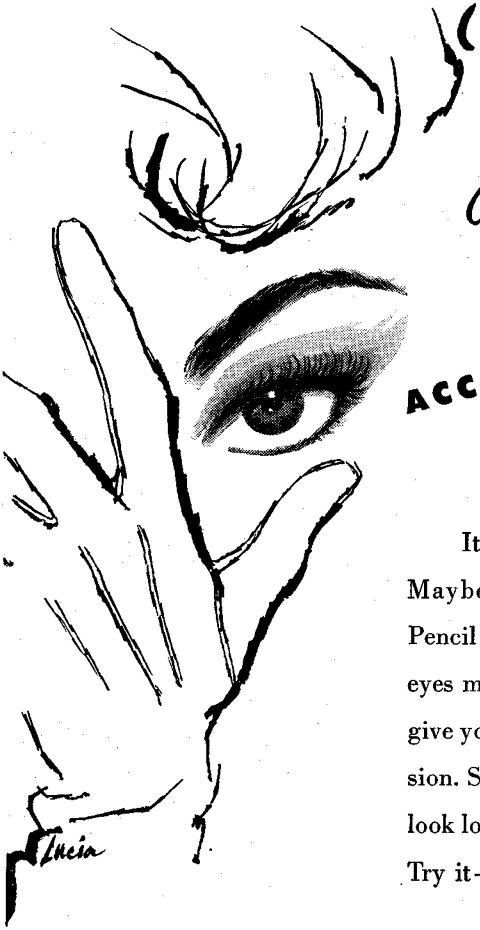
Arrange the ham on a large platter; but not too many garnishes, as they may interfere with the carver's show. Halved oranges baked in white wine and filled with fresh or frozen strawberries, along with sprigs of watercress, add a Springtime touch.

You can also serve ham with a real time-saving dinner. Ham-asparagus casserole is a colorful dish to delight the hearts of true gourmets.

For each person, use a good-sized serving portion of baked or boiled ham, cut ⅛-inch thick. On each, place four spears of thawed frozen asparagus; roll up and place fold-side down in a buttered low casserole. Pour over them a rich cheese sauce—laced with a little dry sherry, if you like. Be sure to let the asparagus tips show! Bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes or until lightly browned. Serve bubbling hot with parsleyed new potatoes, crisp red radishes, and a big tossed salad of spring greens and avocado.

For the small family, if you want a swanky dish to garner compliments that will make you feel like a "grand chef", serve the ham planked. Put a two-inch center cut of ham in a casserole; stick in a dozen cloves, half cover with equal parts water and red or white wine, cider or grape juice; cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, about an hour, or until fork-tender. Transfer to a buttered plank or shining aluminum grill platter.

With a pastry tube or spoon, border the edge with smooth fluffy white or sweet potato whipped with two egg yolks; then brown in a hot oven. Surround the ham with baked stuffed tomatoes, and bundles of buttered cooked asparagus slipped into rings of lemon rind. Garnish with watercress, and stand by to take a bow.—IDA BAILEY ALLEN, *Famous Food Authority.*



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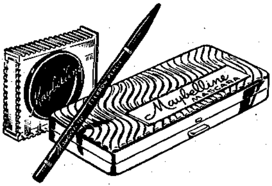

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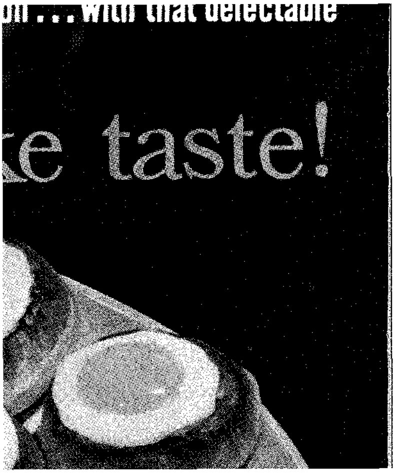
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Coronet Vol. 33, No. 6. April, 1953
The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

Six Weeks of Silence

by MAY RICHSTONE

How one woman learned that she talked too often and too much

“IT IS IMPERATIVE that you rest your vocal cords,” the doctor told me gravely. “Maintain absolute silence for six weeks, and you may avert a very delicate operation.”

“Zowie!” my husband exploded, slapping his knee. “Every man I know will be jealous of me!” Then, immediately contrite, he added, “I was only fooling, dear.”

“How can I bring up children,” I whispered, “and run a house with my mouth shut?”

“It’s worth a try,” the doctor urged. “Without the constant irritation of speech, this growth in your throat might disappear. I don’t even want you to whisper.”

“My little girl can’t read,” I scrawled on his desk pad.

He gave me an understanding smile and his voice was serene. “You’ll manage,” he said.

He was right. Life became a series of surprises. I am now in my fifth speechless week and the interval is a success, not only because surgery will be unnecessary but because, for the first time in my experience, the platitude has achieved reality: silence is indeed golden. Wit is refreshing, eloquence is a valuable art. But for daily living, silence is tops.

I made my first discovery within two days: mothers talk too much. We besiege our children with an unremitting barrage of words, mostly ineffective.

“Come to dinner!” for example, was an admonition invariably ignored. When a note of irritation crept into the second call, my husband might appear. The children were rounded up with a lecture on being deaf, thankless and rude. The more I scolded, the less they listened.

Now I ring a dinner bell twice. The first peal is a signal that in five

From *Today's Health*, copyright 1952, American Medical Association.

minutes it will sound again. When it does, there is action in a hurry.

"Wear your hat and rubbers," I used to tell my son, when I saw teeming rain. Howls of protest ensued. I advanced time-honored reasons. He scorned them. I insisted. He balked. This whole battle is by-passed now when I silently deposit his hat and rubbers next to his books.

BY PREARRANGEMENT, two blasts on a whistle bring my toddler promptly home. Strange how much more effective this is than the dulcet tones of Mother's voice, yodeling down the street. As she hurtles into my arms for a hug, I beam my approval.

Looking back, I think I must have bewildered her with babble. "It's time to gather up your toys, darling," I used to say beguilingly. Her answer was an unenchanted "No!" Insistence merely produced the usual reaction, "You do it."

"If I do," I threatened, "I'll have to take your toys away."

Of course I know from experience that a threat is an invitation to insurrection. And yet threats seemed the most immediate way of coping with a situation. Now, with my lips sealed, I've developed ingenuity to forestall controversy.

Nowadays a kitchen timer has become my indispensable ally. It tells my toddler when her afternoon rest is over, when her snack is served, when bedtime is in the offing. And if she hasn't quite finished a project, I relax and wait. In my talking days, I had only to murmur a suggestion a dozen times —and it was flouted. But opposition to the timer doesn't occur to her. Since I'm not giving the orders, she and I are better friends.

My husband and I are also better friends—thanks to my discovery that wives talk too much. At first I feared he would find me a dull companion. On the contrary, he seems to consider me the most scintillating conversationalist in the world. I can't interrupt. I can't disagree. It's doing wonders for his ego to have the first, middle and last word in his own home.

There's never an argument. A couple of times I've made a mental note to file some grievance away until I could do it verbal justice. Or written my husband a nasty letter, reread it and ruefully ripped it to shreds. There is no substitute for time and perspective.

I've stopped being my husband's severest critic. I don't try to remodel him. Gone are the veiled sarcasm and the wifely sneer. I don't complain; I don't scold. Not even for his own good do I mention his imperfections. With this total lack of criticism, I have reverted to the role of sweetheart.

So guess what's happened! He has begun to surprise me with little gifts—carnations, candy, a new novel. At first I thought he was sorry for me. But my spirits weren't drooping, and his have never been better. Since I've been emancipated from the telephone as well as from most of our social life, the days are rich with leisure. Now I can express myself in culinary arts, trying out superb new dishes. My husband is on a gourmet's holiday; each meal is a new adventure.

I can also express myself at the piano, relearning music I've neglected for years. My husband is obviously proud. The sewing machine provides another medium of expression. New curtains brighten the kitchen, a new blouse perks up my appearance.

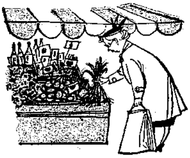
But my best substitute for speech is letter-writing. All my distant friends and relations have been surprised recently with remarkably long letters from this dilatory correspondent. I had forgotten what fun it was to receive and write letters. And the pen is so much more discreet than the tongue. I don't have to worry about impulsively saying the wrong thing at the wrong time to the wrong person.

This leads to my third discovery—that women, generally speaking, are generally speaking. We talk too much, too thoughtlessly. In the days when my voice swelled the chorus, my ear was dulled. But as my ear has become more acute, so has my dismay.

Much of our small talk is so minuscule it would be better left unsaid. Too many remarks are ill-advised; too many are sheer nonsense. Apparently we don't think twice—or even once—before we speak. How else explain the way we rip reputations to shreds, brag about our children and reveal our most intimate secrets!

For the future, if I can remember, I plan to become a devotee of the art of silence. How delightful not to have to retract or regret the words I didn't utter! To my children, my husband and my friends, I'll talk only when I have something to say and only when I'm sure whereof I speak. How rare will be the sound of my voice—and how golden will be its tones!

Household Economics



IF IT WEREN'T for the wife who plays bridge every afternoon, what would happen to the delicatessen business?
—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

IN THIS AGE of reality, some men will never believe that lead can be transmuted into gold—until they get a bill from a plumber!
—ADRIAN ANDERSON

TIME WAS WHEN men lost their shirts in stock markets; nowadays it's in the super markets.
—*Pure-Oil News*

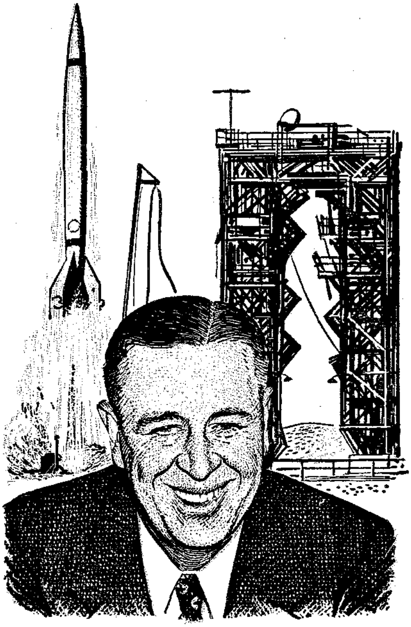
I REMEMBER WHEN children used to say "Thank you" when you gave them each a penny. Now they usually ask, "What's it for?"
—HAL BOYLE

WIFE to husband: "All right, I like to spend money. But name one other extravagance."
—*The Rotarian*

Rocket Genius with Big Ideas

by BOOTON HERNDON

From his boyhood toys has come his dream of putting a smudge on the moon



ONE DAY a few years ago, in a secluded laboratory in the hills of northern New Jersey, a group of hand-picked technicians crouched down behind thick walls, to watch, through thick windows of bulletproof glass, the test run of a great new rocket motor.

Ready? Fire! Then something went wrong. Flames and smoke billowed up.

The test was a failure. The engineers looked on in consternation, and then all eyes turned to a tall, quiet man. He was John Shesta, America's foremost rocket expert.

As they watched, Shesta nodded to himself. When the flames died down, he pointed to a pipe and, almost apologetically, asked the technicians to check it. They did, and there was the trouble. In that pipe, plugging it, keeping the motor from running, was one little mouse.

The mouse was removed, and this time the motor roared into life. When the test was over, the scientists crowded around Shesta. "What do you think, Mr. Shesta?" one of them asked.

"What do I think?" Shesta repeated, and then chuckled. "I think it works better without the mouse!"

John Shesta, vice-president, director of research, and one of the founders of Reaction Motors, Inc.—America's only company devoted exclusively to rockets—rarely encounters nowadays such things as mice in his big laboratories. It was not so long ago, however, that Shesta's laboratory was a basement in Brooklyn, and Shesta himself had gone without pay, without food, to work in utter obscurity on what was then only a dream.

He still works in obscurity, since few people outside the engineering world have ever heard of him. But his dream is now an actuality—the fastest, most-powerful type of motor in the world.

Using these motors, the Air Force Bell X-1 was the first piloted aircraft to fly faster than sound in level flight and the Douglas Skyrocket has exceeded 1,300 miles an hour. Even at 1,200 m.p.h. if two planes burst out of the clouds a mile and a half apart, heading for each other, they would crash before either pilot could do a thing about it.

And the noise! Imagine standing by a five-inch naval gun when it goes off—and imagine that it never stops going off. The steady concussion rocks you, and you sway back and forth as you stand. That's a rocket motor in operation.

You would think it would take a mad scientist to build such a contraption. Actually, Shesta is an affable individual, a little shy, a little hesitant.

His story begins some 40 years ago, when he was 12. His father, purchasing agent for the Imperial Russian Government, came to America with his family. They settled on a farm in upstate New York, and there his son discovered rockets.

ACTUALLY, the principle of rocket propulsion was discovered long ago, when the Chinese developed gunpowder. They had rocket motors, only they called them fire arrows. Later, people learned how to make bullets more accurate, and they dropped rockets in favor of artillery.

But scientists never stopped dreaming that someday rocket power might be harnessed, and teen-aged John Shesta dreamed right along with them. He would take a piece of brass tubing, plug one end, fit a nozzle on the other, and fill the thing with homemade gunpowder. For a fuse he dipped a string first in glue, then gunpowder. And for an igniter, he would often enlist the cooperation of some farm boy in the neighborhood.

"I told my playmates it was a great honor to ignite a rocket," Shesta recalls today with a sheepish smile. "Me, I stood behind a tree!"

One day Shesta discovered, in a junk pile, the most beautiful thing he had ever seen in his life. It was a discarded grease gun—what a rocket that would make!

None of the kids would go near the thing when he got it finished, so he had to ignite it himself. "I lit it and ran like hell," he says.

The rocket, a piece of metal as big as his wrist and as long as his forearm, and loaded with homemade powder, took off, rose about ten feet in the air, then tilted over and began traveling horizontally. It roared as it flew. And then, it exploded, with a blast that shook the countryside, right over the Shesta herd of prize cattle.

"My father and I decided," Shesta says, "that I had no further interest in the dry-fuel method of rocket propulsion."

Shesta attended Columbia and graduated with a degree in engineering. He worked with various engineering firms for several years, then stumbled into an acquaintanceship with Lawrence Manning.

Manning happened to mention that he was a member of a new group known as the American Rocket Society. The society had already built a rocket motor which, using liquid fuel (which can be controlled) had run for six seconds before blowing up. Now they were going to build another one. Did Shesta want to help?

Shesta was then in his thirties, but it was on that day in New York that his life took on a meaning. He threw himself into the field of rocket propulsion. The Depression came, and he lost his job. But he was thankful—"my job was beginning to interfere with my real work."

He worked on rockets, building, experimenting, in the basement of the family house in Brooklyn, until he ran through his savings and had to get another job. He held that three years, saved enough money to last him a year, then quit to work full time on rockets again. He made what little he had left last a long time. Actually, this time, Shesta wasn't building a rocket, but just a testing stand with which to measure the power of the motor—if he ever did build one. This device, a maze of piping and gauges, made in a basement with the aid of fellow-experimenters, stands today in the company's museum.

On Sundays, Shesta and other members of the Society would take their motors out in the country, secure them to the testing stand, and fire them. Although small things, they would emit a fearful racket before blowing up, as practically all of them did, and the surrounding farmers nearly always called the state troopers.

Even then, rocket men dealt with fantastic degrees of temperature. The heat inside a motor runs as high as 7,000 degrees Fahrenheit. A biscuit baked in a 7,000-degree oven would go poof! and turn into powdery ash.

At the other extreme is a typical oxidizer such as liquid oxygen, which helps to make that heat, and liquid oxygen is 297.4 degrees below zero. A piece of metal or rubber dipped in liquid oxygen will shatter into a thousand pieces if dropped on the floor. By 1941, Shesta was working almost exclusively with three other experimenters: Lovell Lawrence, Jr., Franklin H. Pierce and James H. Wyld. These four built a rocket which worked. They demonstrated it to a representative of the Navy, and the Navy took it, giving them $5,000 and a contract for three more. Thus Reaction Motors, Inc., was born.

"We worked in my basement until we found a suitable shop," Shesta says. "We had a wonderful time running around buying things. I remember the day we bought lighting fixtures. We looked at those big daylight-type neon tubes. Gee, they were pretty—but what we bought was big old naked bulbs with green shades, hanging from the ceiling on a drop cord."

One of Reaction's first projects was to build a rocket motor which could be stuck in the tail of a heavily-laden PBM flying boat and give it just enough push for a take-off. They delivered a motor—and then the Navy said a representative of the company had to be on board for every test run.

So Shesta, who had probably seen more rocket motors explode than any other man in the world, now found himself flying around in the air with one. Further, the tests dragged on for weeks, before they were announced a success.

"When Friday came, and the last flight was over, and we didn't

have to go up again until Monday, I would always feel very good," Shesta says.

Practically, however, Reaction Motors did little to win the war. Across the Atlantic the Germans, with their V-2 rockets and rocket interceptors, achieved more striking results. But as America did not want to unleash rockets willy-nilly, the Navy was content for Reaction to develop precision-built motors.

In 1947, Reaction Motors was reorganized and enlarged, with new capital from the Rockefeller interests. New management has taken over the administrative routine and Shesta and Wyld, the only two left of the original quartet, are now free to dream, to plan, and to make motors run.

REACTION MOTORS has grown from four men in a basement to two plants, more than 600 employees, and at least—their work is so hush-hush that even the payroll is a secret—100 graduate engineers. All these men are paid, on a five-day week, for doing what John Shesta used to starve himself to do.

And still they have made few basic improvements on the motor that Shesta designed on his own drawing board and built in the crude labs many years ago. Further, because Shesta's rocket motors have been getting bigger and bigger as the years go on, it is expected that the old master is now working on an engine to dwarf his previous works.

When you think of rockets, you might as well just go ahead and pull the wraps off your imagination. The rocket can fly without atmosphere, and can function efficiently at speeds of 1,000 to 25,000 miles an hour. With all the talk about the jet plane, it still must have air in order to run, still can't fly a great deal faster than a propeller-driven plane. It is the rocket alone which can fly through space.

A typical rocket motor is only about as big as a knee-high stovepipe. The motor which Shesta designed to take the Navy rocket "Viking" 136 miles straight up at 4,100 miles an hour, is about the same size as your car engine.

The trouble with rockets is that the motor is a real hay-burner. To keep it going for just a minute or so requires two huge tanks, one of fuel, one of oxidizer. At present, only the Government can afford to keep those tanks full, and all Shesta's work is for the military.

The rocket may be costly, but it costs less than a big bomber with its large crew, and can hardly be shot down before it reaches its destination, because in many cases it travels faster than a bullet. Thus a rocket can deliver an atomic bomb wherever you want it, cheaper, surer, and without risking one single American life.

Although his work is devoted mostly to military applications, Shesta can't help dreaming about broader uses of rocket power. He is not like some of his co-workers, who would like to take off for Mars this minute, but he would like to send a rocket to the moon.

He is very cautious about this. He doesn't advocate putting any men in this rocket. He admits that it would cost several million dollars, and take about ten years.

"Some people say we could put some flash powder in the nose, so we could see it when it hit," he mused. "I'd worry about the fellow looking for the flash—he might blink his eyes and miss it. No, I think we ought to put 100 pounds of charcoal in the nose and explode it before it hit. It would make a big blotch on the moon's surface—we could see it plainly."

Shesta leaned back in his chair, tapped the slide rule on his desk. "Just think," he breathed, "a mark on the moon—for only ten million dollars!"

No matter how fantastic such ideas may seem, they make up the world in which Shesta works. Most men work by day, dream by night, but Shesta finds his dreams in his work. At the end of the day, he returns home to an unpretentious little house near a lake, where he lives alone with a cat named Snodgrass. He is a fine pistol and shotgun shot, and a good cook.

Shesta's closest friend is Frank Iwanowsky, a melting-pot American with a Connecticut accent, who is in charge of the Service Department at Reaction Motors.

"John is a genius," Iwanowsky says flatly. "He learned a lot of things in that Brooklyn basement, on his own time, that a lot of us haven't learned *yet*. But at the same time he's an old-shoe kind of genius. He wears well."

And so it was that one Saturday afternoon, John Shesta, genius, found himself with nothing to do. He was in his white-tiled kitchen at the time, and suddenly, inspiration struck!

Quickly he got out his slide rule, his text books, his laboratory scales, his electric mixers and heaters and blenders. He got apricots, almonds, pecans and a can of frozen coffee concentrate, in addition to flour, butter and milk.

Working swiftly, he weighed and combined his ingredients. Finally, the job done, he looked proudly at his handiwork. He, John Shesta, had baked a cake—and what a cake! It had two layers, with apricots and crushed almonds in the center, coffee icing and crushed pecans on top!

Weeks later, unfortunately, it was still in the refrigerator. Something had evidently gone wrong. A lesser chef might make some alibi, but not John Shesta, the man who conquered the speed of sound.

"The flavors seemed to clash a little," he admitted, in his mild voice with overtones of Russian and Brooklynese. "But maybe next time, I'll do better."

Bird in Hand

GROWING BOYS enjoy a hearty appetite, but Henry's seemed to be heartier than most. His mother watched with alarm while he stowed away another huge stack of pancakes and asked for more.

"But, dear," the troubled woman protested, "don't you think you've had enough breakfast?"

"I don't know," the boy said cautiously. "What are we having for lunch?" —JEROME SAXON

So You Think You Can Read?

by SELWYN JAMES

Yet a few weeks of practice may greatly increase your speed and comprehension

[To find out how well you read, time yourself with this article. Look at your watch, then start reading as fast and as carefully as you can. At the end, there is a test to check how well you comprehend what you read.—THE EDITORS]

NOT SO LONG AGO, a worried young salesman walked into a suite of offices on New York's Fifth Avenue. "Is this where they'll teach me how to read?" he asked the receptionist. "I've got to learn right away—my promotion depends on it!"

The young man was dead serious. And he had come to the right place—New York's Reading Laboratory, which teaches anyone from backward children to sharp-minded executives how to read faster and better. Basic research at the 400-odd such clinics all over the U. S. reveals this startling fact: three out of five Americans are woefully inefficient readers, who jog across the printed page at a horse-and-buggy rate—a mere 250 words a minute, or hardly faster than they talk.

Most of us are using only about 20 per cent of our capacity to read swiftly and intelligently. We are rather like hunt-and-peck typists who use only two fingers instead of one. It's no wonder William Benton, former U.S. Senator, calls us a nation of "reading cripples."

Today, however, the latest scientific instruction can help almost everybody—housewives, businessmen, college students and youngsters—to double or even triple their reading speeds, as well as to absorb more of what they read. Why should *you* bother, you ask? Because reading, one of the most vital skills you ever learn, directly influences the size of your income, the pleasures you enjoy, and often the degree of your social success.

The plodding, half-interested reader is frequently the victim of old-fashioned teaching methods. For instance, many Americans were schooled in the obsolete "oral technique," which stressed pronunciation and reading a single word at a time. Visual defects, most of them correctable once they are detected, account for a great number of other slow readers.

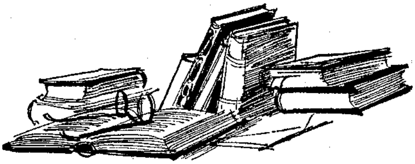
Take the anxious salesman in New York. Tested by the Reading Laboratory, he scored a whopping 145 on his I.Q. exam—yet he could read no better than an average 10-year-old schoolboy. What was his trouble? Tests showed that his eyes often failed to act as a team, due to a conflict between the right and left sides of his brain. Sometimes he saw letters in reverse, and had a tendency to read backwards.

Though this hindrance slowed his reading, he had progressed as a salesman because the job called for more talking than reading. Now he was up for a junior executive position, which would require him to wade through sales reports every day. Could his eyes be trained to do their work properly?

After 14 hour-and-a-half lessons at the laboratory, he was sprinting along at over 600 words a minute—better than three times as fast as before. Moreover, he had learned to skim at an ever quicker rate, getting the gist of what he was reading by picking out key words and phrases. His promotion went through promptly.

Nothing wrong with *your* eyes? Probably not. But no matter how well you read, you can teach your eyes to move faster and see more. Consider what happens when you read a line of print. Your eyes, each controlled by six delicate muscles, make a series of stops or "fixation pauses" as they move across the page. What is important is the number of words your eyes cover in a single pause, for it is during these hesitations that the visual impression is transmitted to your brain and interpreted.

If you utilize your total eye span, you will see more words at once and get their meaning more rapidly. The slowest reader (150 words or less a minute) stops at almost every word, quickly tires because he overworks his eyes, and remembers little of what he has read. The average reader (250 words a minute) makes three or four brief pauses a line. And the exceptionally fast reader (700 words a minute and up) will grasp an entire line of type or even short paragraphs at one glance. He is unlikely to complain of eyestrain or fatigue because his eyes, sweeping rhythmically down the page, will make fewer stops and starts.



More effective reading thus means taking bigger visual bites of the printed page—training yourself to see and digest phrases or complete sentences, rather than single words. This is called reading by "thought-units", which are ideas conveyed by groups of words. In the long run it's the easiest way to read, just as assembling a jigsaw puzzle composed of ten big pieces is easier than assembling one of thirty small pieces.

At reading clinics, scientific devices quickly reveal your reading faults and help you to correct them. One diagnostic instrument records on a strip of movie film, the width of your eye span, the number of pauses your eyes make per line, how long they rest at each stop, as well as how many times you allow your eyes to swing back to clarify the meaning of the words.

A Flashmeter, which is derived from the simple slide projector, is used to help you widen your eye span. It throws up on a screen numbers, words and phrases at speeds ranging from one second to

1/100th of a second. After only a few hours' practice, a trainee begins to recognize seven digit numbers and whole sentences at a glance.

When you sit down to read a book, the clinic provides you with a Reading Accelerator—a pacing instrument with an opaque shutter which lowers over the page like a curtain as you read. Set at specific rates of speed, the accelerator not only tells you how fast you're reading, but sharpens your concentration and prods you into reading still more rapidly. Because the shutter quickly covers up each line as you read, it also prevents backtracking, a common habit among sluggish readers.

Well-equipped reading laboratories have produced such amazing results that today, dozens of big corporations are enrolling key personnel in classes. Surveys at Harvard, Chicago and Ohio University clinics show that the top-level executive spends from 15 to 20 hours a week poring over industry reports, correspondence and trade journals. But at such firms as Motorola, Inc., Chicago Title & Trust Co. and the U. S. Steel Export Company, desks are cleared of essential reading matter in less than half the time.

Recently, the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company put 50 employees through reading school, and later announced that time saved on paper work had boosted the output of these people by an astonishing 25 per cent. Several company presidents are themselves graduates of reading clinics.

One Chicago businessman, habitually loaded down with necessary reading, went back to school when his wife and children complained he was neglecting them. "I used to come home with a bulging briefcase every evening," he says. "Today my family can't remember what a briefcase looks like!"

A Cleveland market researcher was able to sign up three additional clients after taking a faster-reading course, and a free-lance reader for a publishing house doubled her output—and her income—within a matter of weeks.

A young engineer is perhaps the best example of how reading skill can be developed through study and training. When this man registered at the Laboratory and was tested, it was found he could already read at 500 words per minute—twice the average speed.

He explained that he had been training himself at home for three years. Each week he read several magazines from cover to cover as quickly as he could, timed himself, computed the word count for each magazine and maintained a chart showing his progress. By this method he had reached his present speed. Now he needed expert assistance to attain the added speed he felt was required for advancement in his work.

The Laboratory put him through an intensive course, at the end of which he reached the phenomenal speed of 1,000 to 1,800 words a minute of highly factual material. Rigorous comprehension tests showed this to be a practical speed for him.

With the help of his new skill, he won a graduate scholarship at a University which further prepared him for success.

However, business people are not the only ones to benefit. Some reading labs are used by housewives who want to keep up with the flow of best-sellers and magazines, and to stay abreast of their husbands in day-to-day newspaper reading. Disturbed children who have blocks against reading are helped, too.

Prof. Paul Witty of Northwestern University tells of a high-school student named Bill, a dawdler at reading, who was ready to abandon plans for a college education. Bill's ability to *learn* was good enough, but his reading handicap prevented him from keeping up with studies. Tests revealed that his understanding of what he read was also adequate, but he just couldn't cover more than 150 words a minute.

A training program spread over two semesters raised his rate to 375 words a minute. Too, he suddenly found school assignments easier and study periods a good deal less fatiguing. His improvement at reading was soon reflected in higher grades and a renewed self-assurance about his future.

Of course, not everyone is able to attend a reading laboratory, but it is possible to increase reading efficiency by applying the same principles on your own. It is largely a matter of eye-training exercises and ending bad reading habits.

A home-training schedule should consist of a 30-minute daily session in a room away from distracting noises and interruptions. To begin with, you should find out if you are moving your lips as you read, pronouncing words or even actually whispering them. Dr. Stella Center, who until 1950 was with the New York University Reading Institute, advises: "Touch your lips as you read to see if you are 'vocalizing.' "

Next, avoid word-by-word reading; train your eyes to grasp whole phrases at a glance. "Try to respond to ideas rather than words," recommends Professor Witty. "When a friend tells you something, you respond to the ideas he presents, not to the words he says. Do the same when you read."

You can act as your own reading accelerator by constantly forcing yourself to read a little faster than you are used to. You will be surprised at how quickly your eyes will adjust. Remember, though, that comprehension is as important as speed. Don't let yourself look back, but when you have finished the material, you can reread to find out whether you have missed anything essential. Better still, get a member of your family to ask questions based on what you have read.

Your speed will vary according to the type of reading matter you select. To skim through a newspaper, practice moving your eyes almost vertically down the narrow columns, catching the key phrases that contain the meat of the story. Naturally, technical reading will slow you down. For example, you can't expect to zip through a scientific textbook as you would a mystery novel. But by increasing your reading rate of easy material to, say, 500 words a minute, your technical rate will speed up proportionately to 300 or 400 words a minute.

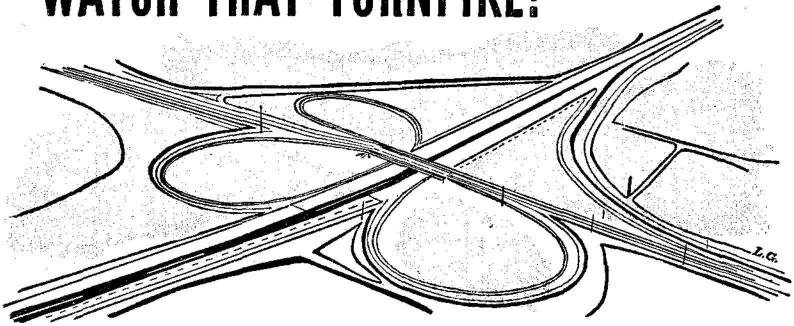
With regular practice sessions totaling 20 hours, four to six weeks is sufficient to boost your current reading speed 100 words per minute. And don't forget, faster reading means easier, more enjoyable reading. Now, see how well you do on the special reading test on the facing page.

How Is Your Comprehension?

Check your watch and see how long you took to read this 1,900-word article. If you took 13 minutes, your rate is poor—150 words a minute. You are an average reader (250 words a minute) if you took about 8 minutes. But if you spent only 2 minutes and 46 seconds on the article, you were reading at 700 words a minute, which is excellent. However, high speed alone is not enough to make a good reader. It is the combination of high speed and good comprehension. Now take the following test to check your comprehension of the article. Select what you believe is the correct answer among the four choices given in each item. If more than two of your answers are wrong, your reading requires corrective attention, no matter what your rate of speed. You will find the answers on page 116.

1. The New York Reading Laboratory is
   - (a) on Madison Avenue
   - (b) in the Smith building
   - (c) on Fifth Avenue
   - (d) at Broadway & 42nd St.
2. Senator William Benton represented
   - (a) Ohio
   - (b) Connecticut
   - (c) California
   - (d) Michigan
3. The young salesman read no better than
   - (a) a backward child
   - (b) an average 10-year-old schoolboy
   - (c) a housewife
   - (d) an emotionally disturbed child
4. The slowest reader
   - (a) remembers little of what he reads
   - (b) suffers less eyestrain
   - (c) never back-tracks
   - (d) will improve by moving his lips
5. The presidents of several companies
   - (a) supervise reading classes
   - (b) employ only workers who agree to take reading courses
   - (c) read less than 100 words a minute
   - (d) have taken reading courses
6. An idea conveyed by a group of words is
   - (a) a comprehension test
   - (b) a thought-unit
   - (c) a fixation pause
   - (d) an eye span
7. People who have visual handicaps
   - (a) never read better than 150 words per minute
   - (b) should concentrate on easy reading matter only
   - (c) can usually better their current reading speeds
   - (d) read scientific textbooks faster than they do mystery novels
8. If you practice regularly at home, you will improve your reading rate in
   - (a) four to six months
   - (b) twenty hours
   - (c) 8 hours
   - (d) five 30-minute sessions

WATCH THAT TURNPIKE!



by JAY J. DUGAN

How to get the maximum safety and pleasure from America's new super-highways

As the sedan skimmed over the unbroken ribbon of the Merritt Parkway, Connecticut's super-highway, a feminine voice came in loud and clear from the back seat:

"Navigator to pilot! That blur you just passed was no cow. It was New Haven. Now throttle back, Jack, or the children and I will bail out at the next interchange."

Such aerial argot is peculiarly apt on America's new super-highways which offer motorists an exciting new "wild blue yonder." Drivers unfamiliar with their wonders have much in common with propeller pilots checking out on jets. Dead ahead for both lie new sensations in speed and travel.

Every foot of the road is designed for pushing past motoring's old 50 miles-an-hour barrier. It has no traffic lights, stop signs, cross streets or pedestrians. It's flat and it's straight, and like a hopped-up rocket, it thunders across cities, lances through mountains, soars over rivers and zooms above plains. But like flying the "hot pipes," driving on this modern road requires a special combination of good eyes, good brakes and good sense.

Millions of motorists will soon be acquiring that skill on the network of express highways being spun across the country. Fifteen states, including Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Colorado, Oklahoma, North Carolina, Kentucky, Florida and California, are building or planning additional multi-million-dollar super-roads.

Most ambitious project is New York's 535 miles of Thruway, being laid at a cost of half a billion dollars. Virginia and North Carolina are planning 55 miles of ocean highway between Virginia Beach and Nags Head. Being blueprinted is a new road linking Dallas and Houston, supposedly more splendiferous, in the Texas tradition, than any other in the world.

All of these will be divided-lane, controlled-access expressways, 752 miles of which are already in use, with another 1,408 miles soon to

From *Ford Times*, September 1952, Copyright 1952 by Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Mich.

come. Where they link, drivers will find themselves fitted with seven-league boots of wondrous power.

Take the New Jersey Turnpike, a 118-mile flying carpet that wings over the densest traffic in the world at a legal 60 miles an hour. From Manhattan's George Washington Bridge, it whips you breathlessly south to a point on the New Jersey shore opposite Wilmington, Delaware, in less than two hours. In pre-turnpike times that trip took from three to six hours.

En route you leap cleanly over 195 crossroads and railroads, vault 68 waterways, and dart through a dozen heavily populated areas. If westward bound, you will soon be able to bear right at Trenton and cross Pennsylvania in one swoop of 327 miles.

ON THAT STATE'S turnpike you lope across the farmlands of Lancaster County, soar over the Susquehanna River at Harrisburg, and plunge through seven tunnels in the Appalachian and Blue Mountains. Pittsburgh is a disappearing spot behind you, as you ease into the 241-mile Ohio Turnpike now being constructed.

Indiana and Illinois are now indicating that they plan to complete the circuit to Chicago. Thus you will be able to drive well over 800 miles from New York's 178th Street to the Windy City's Outer Drive without changing gears for a red light or an intersection.

These highways are super, all right, but are they safe?

Authorities say at moderately high speeds, *yes;* at excessive speeds, *no.* Their design virtually cancels the causes of most accidents—intersecting, approaching vehicles, pedestrians. Thus they carry more people more miles with fewer mishaps than average U. S. roads. Turnpike officials proudly point to Bureau of Public Roads' figures showing that for five years, the fatality rate on controlled-access, express highways in 12 states was less than a third as high as rural road averages.

But here's the hook—they kill more people per accident! Or, as truckers put it, "When you get it on one of those race tracks, you're a gone goose!"

They show that fatalities per accident on expressways are many times greater than on roads with moderate speed limits. The average 35 mph stop-and-go city driver, they tell you, has not the conditioned reflexes, vision or distance judgment necessary for sustained travel over 60 mph. It takes practice to develop these faculties, and he simply doesn't get it.

Above 60, they say, he's not driving his car, it's driving him. He's always behind it, trying to catch up. He doesn't project his line of sight far enough ahead to spot danger speeding toward him at 100 feet a second. Too soon, he is telescoped within a jungle of steel.

Turn a driver loose with 100-plus horsepower under his right foot, a wide, dart-straight roadbed stretching into the diminishing distance, with only an astronomical speed limit to inhibit him—and he does what comes naturally. Even geared-down drivers lose their speed sense after a while.

With no telephone poles, houses or other reference points to pace them, they unconsciously accelerate, sometimes disbelieving their own speedometers. This speed-blindness occasionally persists after the expressway is left behind, causing collisions and other serious accidents on rural roads.

Speed limits are high on most super-highways. The Pennsylvania Turnpike allows you to watch the landscape rush backward at 70 mph. All the stops are out on the Detroit Industrial Expressway, where the only thing to prevent motorists from taking off is lack of a pilot's license.

"Brother, do you know it takes the length of a football field—nearly 300 feet—to stop a car doing 70?" asked a truck-and-trailer driver at a coffee stop just off the new Denver-Boulder Turnpike in Colorado. "And few people who've had to do it in a hurry are driving anything but harp-equipped clouds today." That driver's estimate is conservative; the distance is actually a total of 444 feet.

The National Safety Council has analyzed the two most frequent accident types on expressways—rear-end crashes and single car collisions with stationary objects.

"The wide range of vehicle speeds on these roads causes most rear-end collisions," a Council spokesman said. "An overtaking car pulls out too late to pass the slower vehicle and shears off the other car's left rear end. Or he cuts back too soon and punches in his left front."

Modern highway designers are in the peculiar position of doctors who have cured many diseases, only to find that patients are dying of the medicine. In eliminating most motoring hazards, they have created one of their own. It is a sort of highway hypnosis, a fatal monotony encountered on long straight stretches.

With nothing to alert him—no approaching cars, intersections, billboards, curves or hills—the motorist is imperceptibly lulled into a sense of security.

He maintains a constant speed mile after mile. The engine—and on some roads the whump-whump of the wheels over paving joints—purrs him into drowsiness. He relaxes. His reflexes dissolve. He drowses. Then *wham*—he drives full tilt into a bridge abutment or the side of a mountain.

HOW CAN YOU GET maximum safety and pleasure in driving these exciting new highways? With a car on whose brakes, lights, steering, tires and horn you are willing to stake your life—and these few rules:

(1) Don't drive more than five or ten miles an hour above your normal maximum. The elimination of stops for cross-traffic saves most of your time, not break-neck speed.

(2) Watch for slow-moving vehicles, especially trucks. A small change in grade, perhaps unnoticed by passenger-car drivers, will radically slow heavily loaded commercial vehicles.

(3) Look farther ahead as you increase speed. Last-minute braking is not only dangerous but too often ineffective.

(4) Be alert. Change speeds occasionally, keep the car well ventilated, play the radio—and *STOP* when you feel drowsy.

(5) Maintain safe distance from other vehicles. Give them room. It doesn't cost anything.

(6) Watch for changing weather. Expressway driving takes motorists

many miles in a short time. Slow down for rain, fog, sleet and snow. Watch for wet and icy patches in the lee of hills and bridges.

(7) Don't stop in traffic lanes—pull well off the pavement. Other drivers don't expect parked cars.

(8) Take a "break" every 50 or 100 miles. If you're driving far, eat frequent small meals, but avoid big, heavy ones.

The simple fact of super-highway travel is that the roads were designed for speed but all drivers weren't. A healthy attitude was evidenced by a motorist who recently stopped at the George Washington Bridge Interchange of the New Jersey Turnpike.

"It's just 3 o'clock," he remarked. "At 60 miles an hour, I can make Wilmington by 4:58. At 70, I can save 17 minutes, at 80 I save 29 minutes—and if I did, I'd have to spend the time steadying my nerves.

"Guess I'll hold to a safe 60—then nobody will have to shovel me up from the wreckage."

The Right Word

WHEN THOMAS JEFFERSON presented his credentials as U. S. Minister to France, the French premier remarked, "I see that you have come to replace Benjamin Franklin."

"I have come to succeed him," corrected Jefferson. "No one can replace him." —BENNETT CERF, *Laughter, Inc.* (Hanover House)

DURING THE early years of the American occupation of Japan, an American officer, wearing a big silver eagle on his shoulder, was amiably joshing a Tokyo University professor about the inability of the average Japanese to pronounce the letter "L".

"Why," he said, "you change lather to rather, and make legion a region. The children in the streets greet us with 'Harro,' your businessmen tell us they used to live the rife of Rirey, and students of legal problems tell us they are studying the raw. Why, I have even heard our great Hollywood actor referred to as Crark Gaber."

The professor listened patiently, said not a word.

"When we see a word that is written with an 'L,'" concluded the officer vehemently, "we pronounce it '*L*'!"

The Japanese scarcely moved a muscle as he quietly replied: "Is that a fact, Co*l*one*l*?"

—RICHARD THOMAS in *Off the Record* (Doubleday & Co., Inc.)

THE KING of Siam, visiting England in the days when the military triumphs of Lord Kitchener were resounding throughout the world, sought to pay the great British General a handsome compliment. What he wished to express was that Lord Kitchener was born to command.

Carefully taking stock of the English he had painfully acquired, the Siamese sovereign approached the General slowly and came up with: "Brave Lord, you were made to order." —*Wall Street Journal*

Our Human

During the 18th century, King Gustav III of Sweden employed an ingenious method of settling a bitter controversy of the day. The argument was over the possible injurious effects of tea and coffee, beverages but recently introduced into Scandinavia. When identical twin brothers were condemned to death for murder, the King commuted the sentence to life imprisonment on condition that one twin be given a large daily dose of tea and the other of coffee.

The brothers suffered no ill effects, living on and on. Finally, at the age of 83, one—the tea drinker—died. The question was thus settled, presumably to the satisfaction of the Swedish people, who up until a few years ago led the world in per capita consumption of coffee. —*Science News Letter*

"Now that you are wealthy, are you ever bothered by the friends you had when you were poor?" asked the reporter interviewing the man of wealth. To which the latter replied after careful thought:

"I never had any friends when I was poor." —*Basic Blast*

During their stay at one of the larger New York hotels, a middle-aged Canadian couple had occasion to be served two or three times by the same bellboy. On the day of their departure, they were chatting with him. The conversation turned to honeymooners, and, with a gay glance at his wife, the husband asked the bellboy to be careful what he said. They, themselves, he pointed out, might very well be on their honeymoon. The boy derided the suggestion. He knew that wasn't so. "Honeymooners," he said wisely, "always wear new shoes." —*The Montrealer*

The civil defense committee, looking for candidates to act as "bombing casualties" during a mock atom-bomb test, approached an unkempt individual on the local "skid row." Asked if he would act as a "casualty," the bum seemed startled at first. Then, taking a bottle from his inside pocket, he raised it to his lips and began indulging. He finally put the bottle away with a great coughing effort and raised himself upright in a courageous manner, as he replied: "My good man, I do not have to act like a casualty. I have been one for over ten years." —*Wall Street Journal*

All the preparations had been made for her club tea that afternoon and Mrs. Wilson decided to take a short nap. But when her girl friends did arrive, Mrs. Wilson was nonplussed, to say the least, at their behavior. Her guests simply walked in without ringing the doorbell, greeted her in hushed tones, and treated her with extreme caution. All of them, sitting silently and stiffly in their chairs, seemed ill at ease.

Finally, the mystery was settled when one of the guests got up

Comedy

courage enough to ask her hostess about the note tacked to the front door. "The note!" shrieked Mrs. Wilson, suddenly remembering the warning she had written—and forgotten—to her teen-age boys to keep them from disturbing her nap!

"The door is unlocked. For goodness sakes, come in—quietly. If you must talk to each other, just whisper, and no roughhousing in the living room. Don't ask me for anything and if you dare touch any of the food on the dining-room table, I'll skin you alive!" —*Tracks*

A CHAP WAS TRYING to sell an elephant to a friend for $50.

"But I don't need an elephant," the friend protested.

"Look," explained the pachyderm peddler, "with this elephant, you can haul trees around your home."

"But I have a small home with only one tree."

"Okay, but remember, that for $50 you'll have an animal that can give your kids a ride, or you can use him to advertise your business."

The prospect pointed out that he had no kids and no business. Then, to clinch the elephantastic proposition, the seller declared, "I'll tell you what. It so happens I have three of these elephants. I'll let you have 'em all for $100."

To which the friend quickly replied, "That's more like it! It's a deal!" —JACK BENNY (*Tales of Hoffman*)

A MILL THAT specialized in parachute silk was caught with a huge inventory on V-J Day. The plant manager promptly began converting his stock into thousands and thousands of sheer, irresistible ladies' unmentionables. Just before the first shipment was sent to market, an added feature was discovered for which, it was decided, no extra charge would be levied.

Across the seat of each garment was printed, "Count ten before you pull the rip cord." —*DAC News*

A FOREIGN DIPLOMAT being shown through the Moscow Picture Gallery paused before two portraits hanging side by side.

"Who is this?" he asked, indicating the first portrait.

"Gorochow," answered his guide.

"Who is Gorochow?"

"You don't know that?" exclaimed the guide in surprise. "Gorochow is a great genius. He invented the steam engine, the locomotive, radio, airplanes . . ."

"And who is this other one?"

"This is Mandschukowski."

"Wherein do his merits lie?"

"He," replied the guide, "invented Gorochow!" —GERARD MOSLER

A CATALOG sent out by a large mail-order firm found its way to an isolated farmhouse. In a few days the mail-order people received a laboriously written letter asking about a farm implement.

A typewritten answer was promptly dispatched, to which came this aggrieved reply: "You don't need to print your letters to me. I can read writin'." —*Capper's Weekly*

5 Great Magic Tricks and How They're Done

ANONYMOUS

SINCE the earliest days of mankind, magicians have performed their "supernatural" art to the amazement of baffled millions. But in more recent years the public has become aware that magicians are really just entertaining tricksters and sleight-of-hand artists.

There is still, however, an aura of mystery about the big stage tricks of the masters of magic. Just how are they done?

This has been a secret jealously guarded by the profession. But one famous American magician revealed his secrets, and those of other experts, to me, on my promise not to disclose them so long as he lived. His recent death has freed me of my promise. I must remain anonymous, however, because his name would be linked with mine. So here is the explanation of how five great tricks are performed, plus the story of a trick that *never really happened.*

1. Woman Floating in the Air

The stage is bare except for an Oriental couch in the center. Soft blue light, gently diffused, spreads out from the wings and gives the setting a quality of hazy unreality. A beautiful girl in flowing robes glides to center stage.

The magician apparently hypnotizes her and leads her to rest on the divan. With much hand-waving and impressive hocus-pocus, he commands her to float in the air. Slowly her rigid body rises from the couch until it is floating unsupported eight or ten feet above it.

Now the couch is removed and members of the audience are invited upon the stage to stand beneath and around "Asrah" while the magician passes a large, solid metal hoop (previously examined by the audience) over her several times, "thus proving there is no support of any kind."

EXPLANATION: The girl actually rests upon a small, light platform which is slightly smaller than her body and is concealed by her flowing gowns (see Diagram A). Extending horizontally from the back of this platform is a rigid steel bar built in gooseneck fashion, which in turn is attached to 60 vertical piano wires running from a powerful electric winch beneath the stage to pulleys above the stage.

The stage is completely hung in dark blue or black velvet. The piano wires, platform and the connecting gooseneck are all painted black, making them practically invisible against a similar background. The soft blue lights come from the sides of the stage, there being no lights at all from front. This effect alone is guaranteed to cut down visibility 50 per cent.

The magician gives the signal, along with his hocus-pocus commands, the electric winch is started, and the piano wires begin to turn over their pulleys. "Asrah" is now rising to float above the stage.

Passing the hoop entirely over her body from end to end is achieved by the ingenious gooseneck mentioned above (see Diagram A). Starting from the right, the magician passes the solid hoop completely over "Asrah" and the platform. The outer side of the hoop is toward the audience and the other or inner side moves in Slot No. 1. When the inner edge of the hoop meets the gooseneck at the left end of Slot 1, the magician slowly swings the outer edge of the hoop around the edge of the platform until it is aimed directly at Slot No. 2. He has "proven to you that he has passed the hoop over 'Asrah.'" But that isn't enough. He's going to do it again!

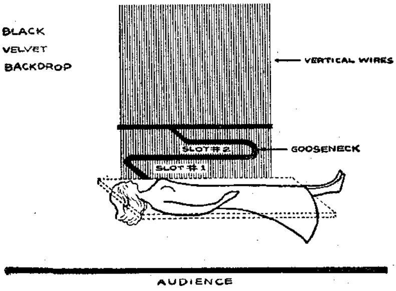


DIAGRAM A

He now walks from left to right, holding the hoop almost flatly horizontal to the audience. One edge is in Slot 1 and the other in Slot 2. When the hoop is stopped by the gooseneck at the right end of Slot 2, it is the trailing edge and the other side is completely free of Slot 1. He now swings this edge around until it is facing the audience and the hoop is once again encircling "Asrah" and the platform.

He now walks from right to left, one edge of the hoop toward the audience and the other in Slot 2. But look what happens. The hoop passes out of the open end of Slot 2. The magician completes his passes with no further obstructions and the hoop is free of entanglements with the gooseneck. He has passed over the girl *twice* and you should now be convinced that there is no support for "Asrah."

2. Escape from a Packing Box

The magician is handcuffed and shackled, then placed in a tough canvas mailbag. An iron rod is run through the metal eyelets at the top of the bag and padlocked at both ends. The trussed-up magician is now placed in a large packing box; the box is securely nailed and roped in all directions and thrown into a river. He escapes.

EXPLANATION: Houdini invented this trick and used it as a publicity stunt in a town where he was about to begin a stand. Actually, it was a combination of three separate tricks from his regular repertoire, with the river thrown in to give it a spectacular finish.

While his assistants and a committee of local residents were locking the mailbag, Houdini was removing the shackles and handcuffs with a small key he carried in his mouth. While they were roping and nailing the packing box, he was getting out of the bag by pulling a string which completely un-sewed the bottom—an operation similar to the one mother used to perform on a sack of flour.

He then prepared a panel in one end of the box, which had previously been constructed to pivot in the middle like a small revolving door. The preparation consisted of removing two loosely fitted nails which up to now had held the panel rigid and undetectable. He signaled his assistant that he was all free and ready, and they tossed him into the river.

Houdini crawled through the opened panel and popped to the surface, acting appropriately exhausted and weary from his almost impossible struggle.

3. The Vanishing Elephant

In the center of a brightly lighted stage is a box large enough to house an elephant. It is studded with electric lights on every edge: front and back, top and bottom, and on both sides. It is raised from the floor, on wooden blocks placed under each corner, to a height of one foot. The front of the box is let down by pulleys and becomes a ramp.

The elephant is led up the ramp, the front closed and the box locked, and with the orchestra playing as loudly as possible, the magician leads volunteers from the audience all around it. They tap it, pound it, feel it and examine it closely—even peering under it. Yet when it is opened, the elephant has disappeared.

EXPLANATION: This was one of Houdini's greatest tricks, but is comparatively unknown because it was performed only at the old Hippodrome Theater in New York. Very few other theaters had the kind of stage construction necessary to its performance, and the cost of feeding and transporting an elephant made it prohibitive.

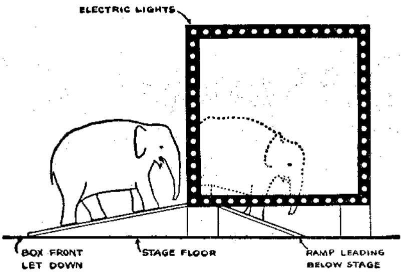


DIAGRAM B

As you will see from Diagram B, the floor of the box was also hinged and it tilted downward to form another ramp, which led to a room immediately below the stage. The elephant just ambled down the ramp, his thunderous walk drowned out by the loud music. The ramp was locked back in place; then the front was lowered again to show the box empty.

What made it a great trick was the ingenious lighting of the stage and the box. The hundreds of bright lights on the edges of the box made it appear to the audience that nothing tricky was going on. Actually, the lights made it impossible to see underneath the box and the ramp was lowered without danger of discovery. Houdini's tricky simplicity fooled them again.

4. The Vanishing Bird Cage

The magician shows a small square bird cage containing a live canary. Spectators place their hands on top, bottom, front and back of cage. The magician's hands are on either end. At the magic word, cage and canary instantly disappear.

EXPLANATION: The cage is collapsible and is held rigidly erect by the magician until its disappearance. A strong cord is attached to the lower left-hand corner of the cage and runs under his wrist, under the sleeve, up the arm, across the shoulders and down the other sleeve, where it is attached to his right forearm by a leather strap.

When the magician's arms are held close to the body with the hands and cage almost touching his coat in front and the elbows extending behind the body, the cord is taut and tight. When he suddenly extends his arms and spreads them slightly, sufficient pull is exerted to collapse the cage into a shape roughly the size of a long cigar and to pull up his sleeve, where it rests against the inner side of his upper arm. He may now drop his arms to the side and the cage will remain in its hidden position.

Needless to say, the poor canary is killed by the sudden collapse of the cage.

5. Sawing a Woman in Half

A coffinlike box is shown to be empty and placed on a table, center-stage. A lady assistant is placed in the box with her feet and head extending out either end. The lid is closed and the magician saws it through the middle, right down to the top of the table on which it rests. He then removes the saw, opens the lid and the lady jumps out unhurt.

EXPLANATION: The secret lies in the construction of the table top, which is an optical illusion (see Diagram C). The front edge which faces the audience is narrow but gradually deepens toward the back until it will receive the girl's body. The girl merely lowers the middle section until it is below the level of the table-top, and the sawing proceeds. When she raises herself again, the depressed part of the table-top springs back into place.

There have been other versions of this trick, also. One was accomplished by using two girls, one of whom had been hidden in the box previously. As soon as the lid was closed, each girl crawled into a separated end. Another was done by planting false feet in the box. The girl first extended the false feet at one end, then crawled into the other end and put her head out.

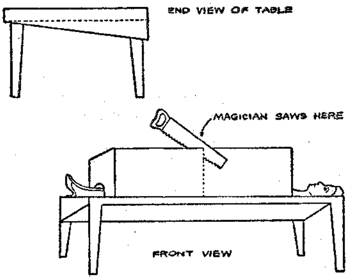


DIAGRAM C

6. Vanishing Boy on a Rope

The Hindu magician throws a rope high into the air where it remains mysteriously suspended. A small boy climbs the rope and at the top, disappears in a puff of smoke. The rope falls to the ground.

EXPLANATION: This trick now belongs in folklore, for it is probably the most widely known and widely discussed magical effect in history. There are a hundred explanations and a hundred different versions of its presentation. I have met people who forcefully and enthusiastically claimed to have seen it in India. I have met people who claimed they photographed it. I heard a noted theologian claim in a lecture that he had witnessed it. "Mass hypnotism," he said.

The truth is actually startling. *There is no such trick.* There never was. No one has ever seen it in India or any place else. It is true, of course, that in recent years, Thurston, Blackstone the Great and several others have duplicated it mechanically; but that was done on a stage with ropes, wires and a fly gallery. But not out of doors.

The facts are these. In the early 1900's, two Australian sisters who claimed to be spiritualists came to this country on a tour. Their manager, a most imaginative young man, needed publicity badly because the sisters were unknown in this country. So he made a statement to the press saying his clients had just returned from India, where they had witnessed two of the most unusual feats of magic performed by native magicians.

In one, a man was transformed into a wooden log which the magician then chopped up and burned. The other was the Hindu Rope Trick. The public loved it and the sisters were a great success. But the two tricks were completely fictional—fragments from the fertile mind of a good press agent.

Years later, I met this man at a time when he was an associate editor of *Billboard* magazine and he told me the story. He couldn't figure out why the public never remembered the Log Trick, and never forgot the Hindu Rope Trick.

Anatomy Lesson

The editor who boasts that his paper carries the largest number of comic strips has obviously never visited a modern bathing beach.

—PHILIP MUIR

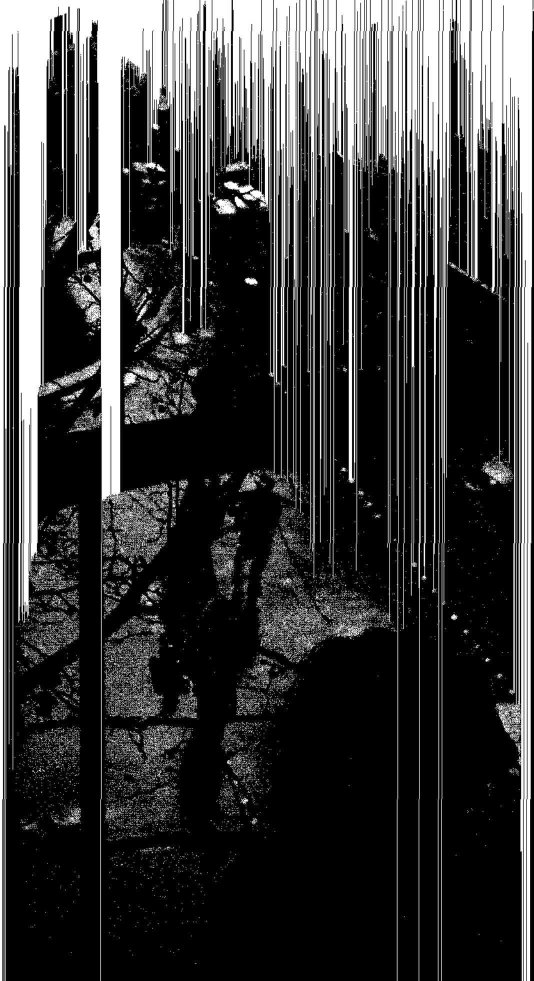
The best reducing exercise is to move the head slowly from side to side when offered a second helping.

—*The Armour Star*

Beauty is only skin deep—that's why a bathing suit does so much for a girl. —PAUL STEINER

The new cars have wider seats this year, and so do we.—RICHARD ARMOUR

Prosperity goes to the heads of some people—and to the waists of others. —DOROTHY HEGLE

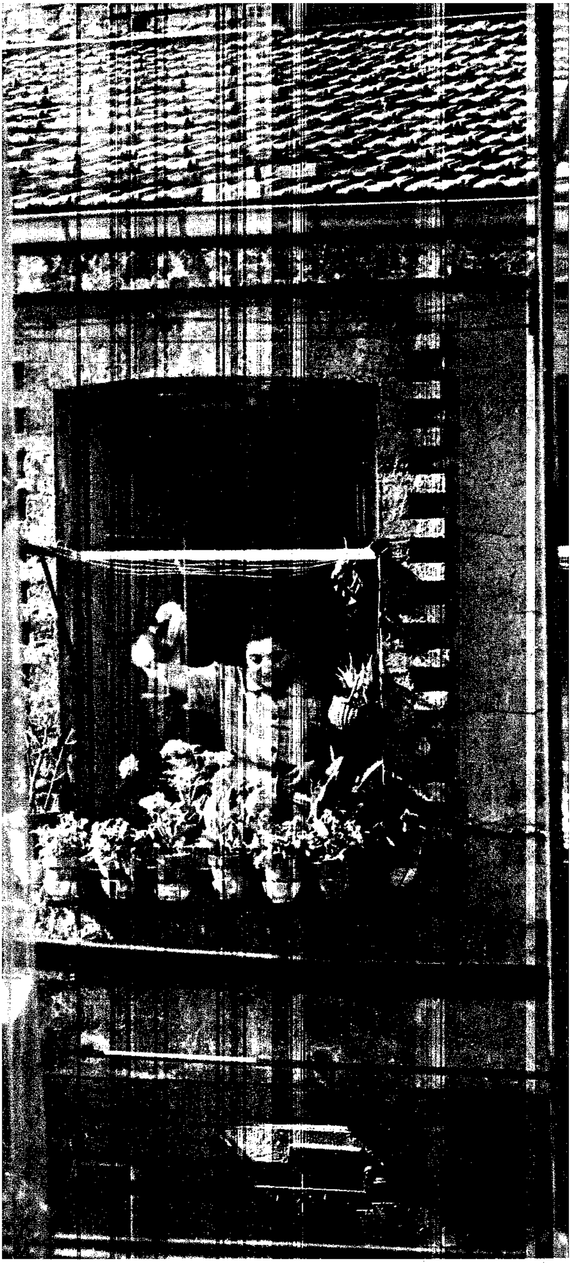


THERE'S ONLY ONE PARIS

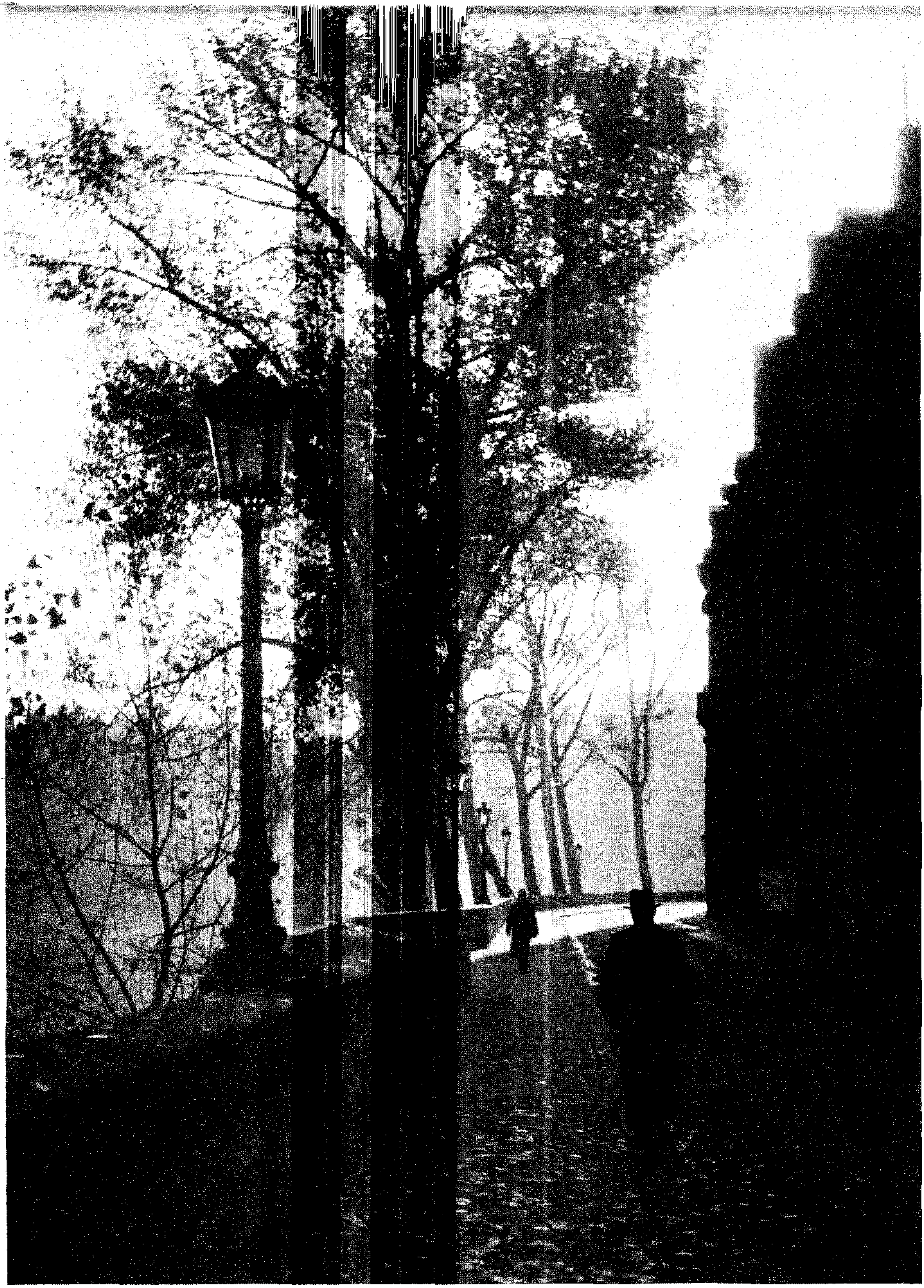
By GEROLD FRANK

Photographs by IZIS

MANY ARE THE FACES of Paris, many her guises. She is gaiety and glamour, she is ancient splendor and soaring works by the hand of man, she is a subtle enchantment weaving itself into the senses of all who visit her. But I speak to you of another Paris, the Paris framed through my window, the city no stranger can know, the Paris of the Parisians.

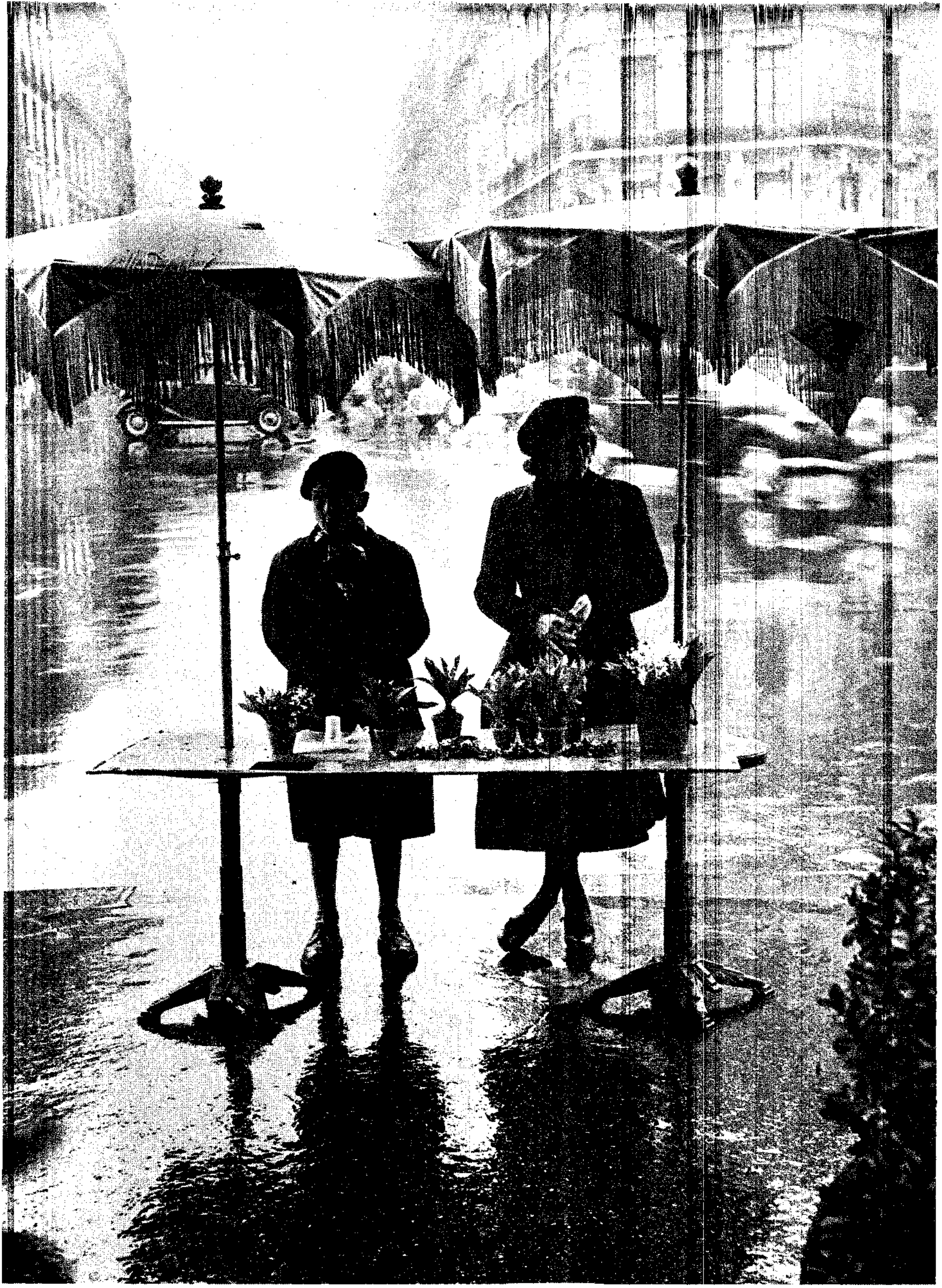


odest houses have an air of palaces, and walls and
ms of their own. Here, morning comes in familiar
e opening of shutters to the dawn, the watering of p

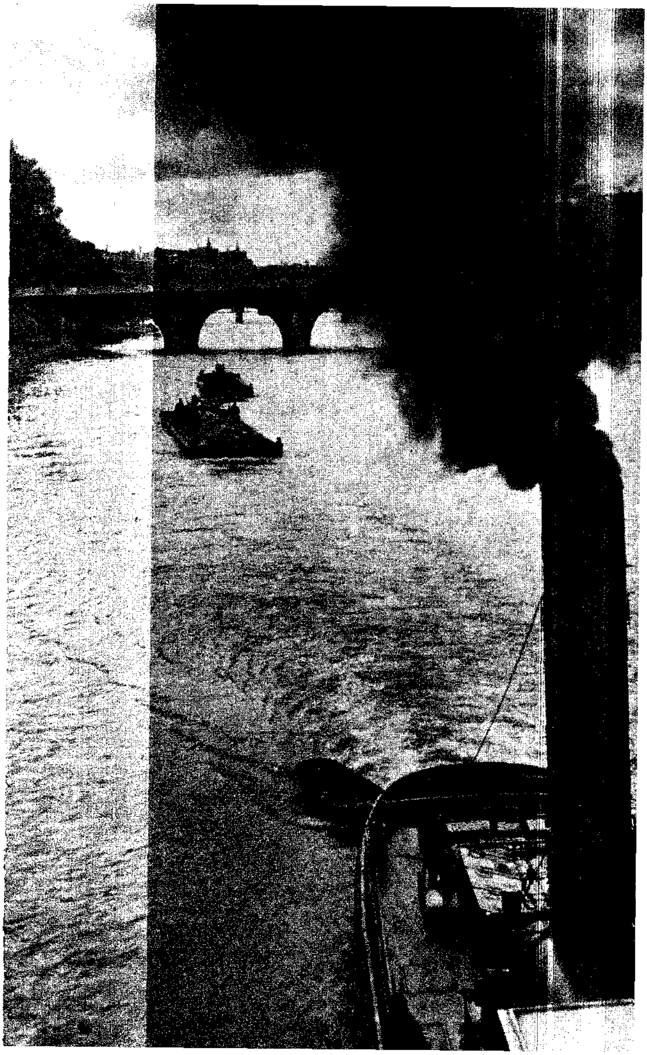


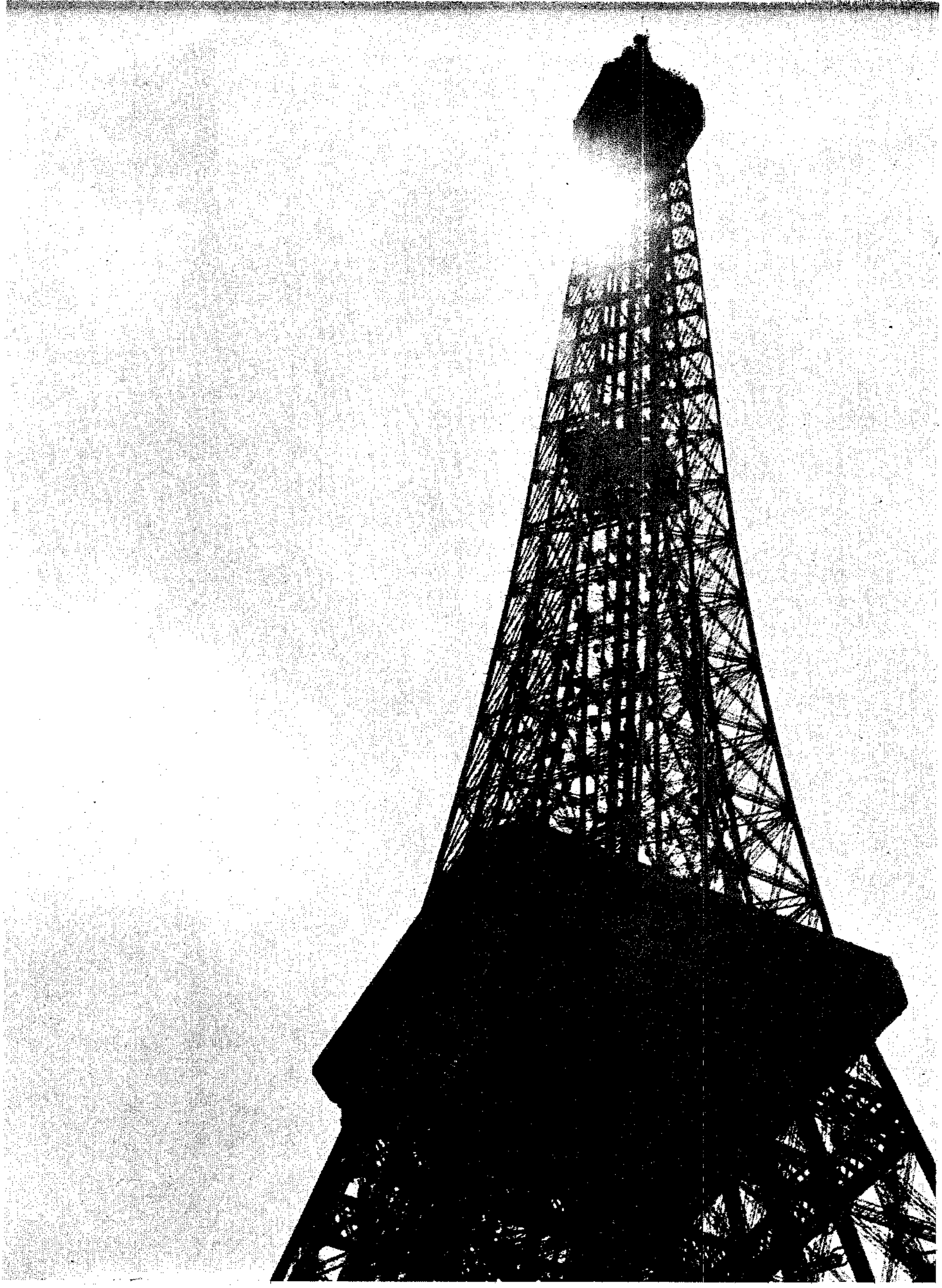
A private sorcery is at work. Along the River Seine the rising sun spins fantasies about a tree, a lamp, a pavement, endows the curve of street with sudden mystery. The day's begun; my neighbor's off to town.

Bouncing balls and chalking figures on the walls and turning somersaults, and all that is innocence; or, wise beyond their years, mothering an infant brother or sister. Paris sees and knows and accepts.

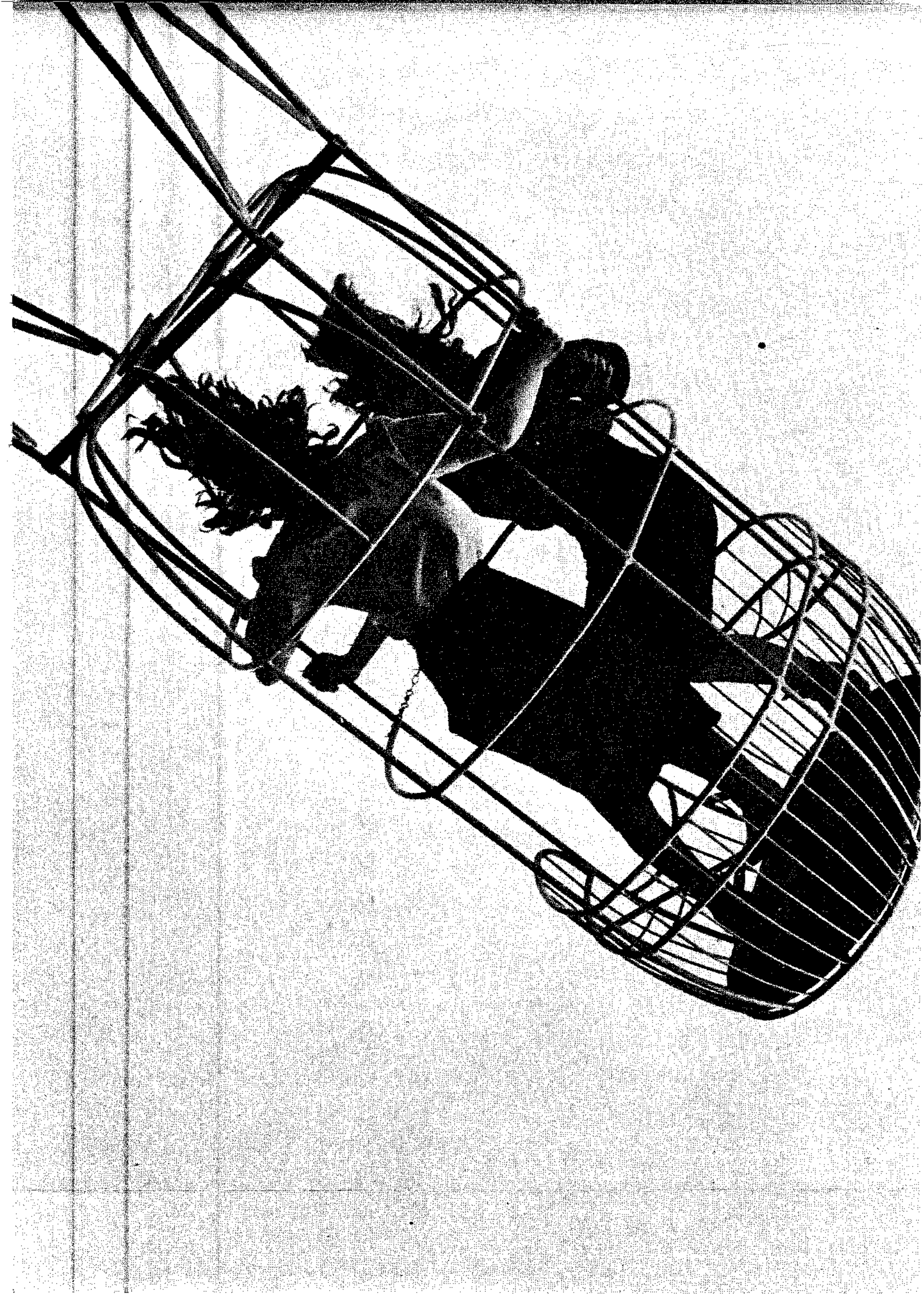


Of her many faces, wondrous is the face of Paris in the rain. Then streets are faëry pools, and like mirages on the desert, the shapes of buildings rise and brood. Flower vendors wait, silent as their shadows.

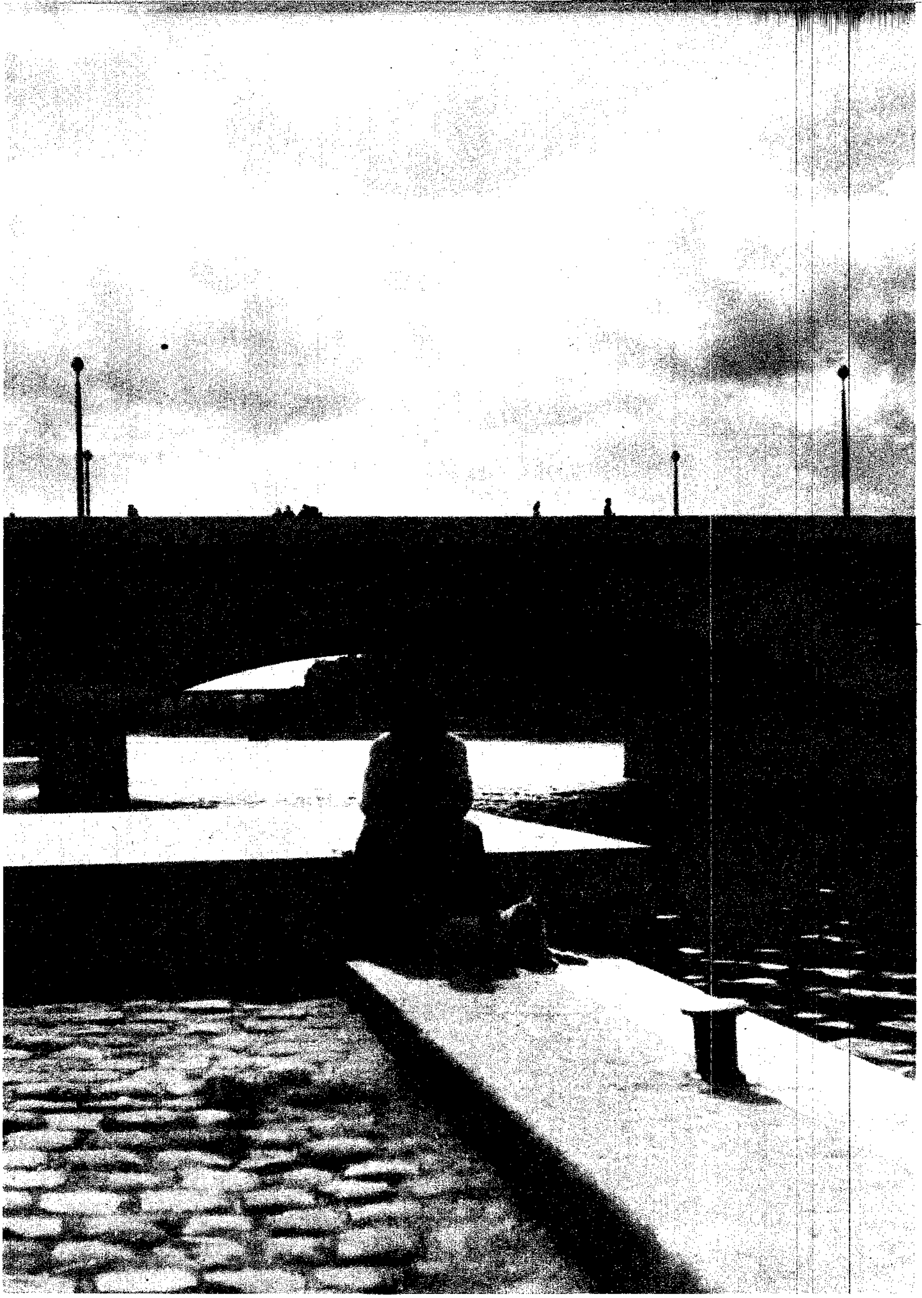




Yet even the Eiffel Tower, symbol of trade and commerce, cannot escape the magic that turns struts and beams of iron into fragile lacework and dares to pinion the sun itself below the topmost spire.

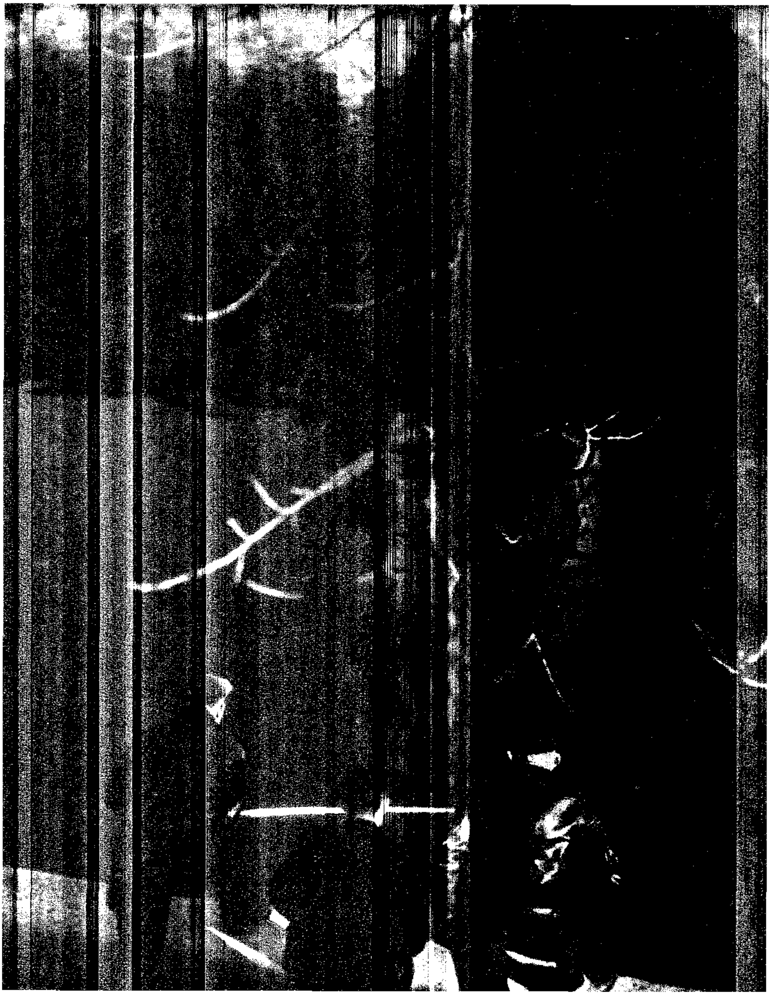


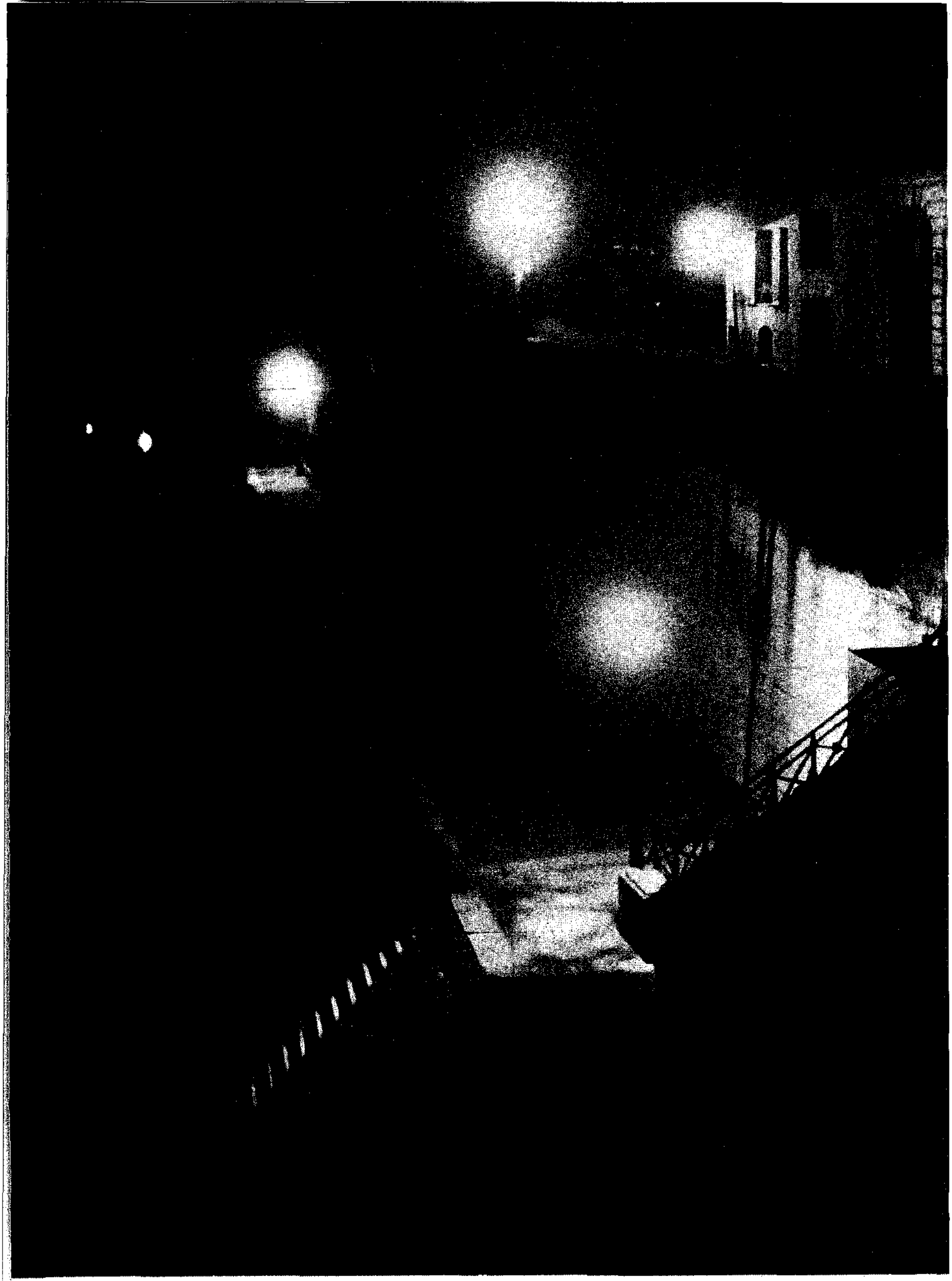
This Paris is a place of many moods, and only he can savor them who wanders as he will. For Paris can be as breathless as the carousel, as that pure ecstatic moment when we seem to burst the bonds of earth.



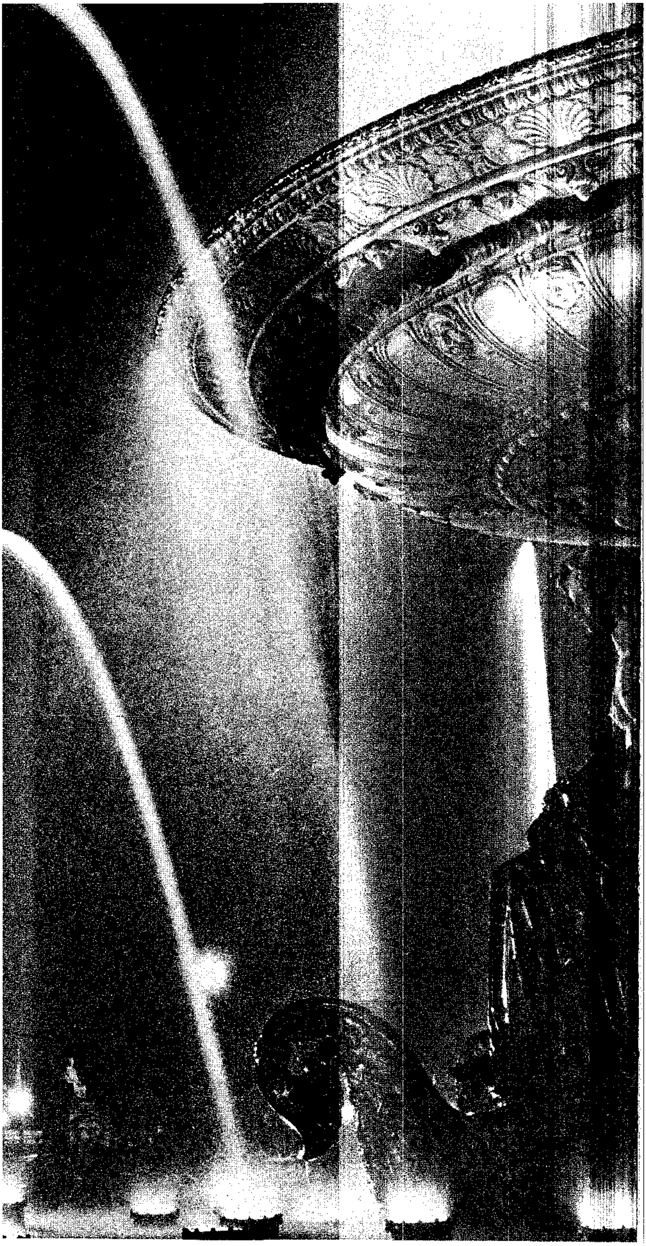
And it can be a nocturne of silence and lonely communion, of wordless grief for what has been, or never was, or is to be, when shadows cast by stone are no darker than those cast by one's own heart.

And it can be a rhapsody, a secret world, a story old when time began, a mystery eternal as the coursing blood. If Paris were not made for lovers and their stolen moments, where else could lovers go?





In darkness, too, my Paris is bewitched, a city of spells, enchantment, strange illusion. Who knows these drowsing streets, these parapets from dreams, this incantation of light and leaf and stone?



Place de la Concorde, Paris wears her brightest jew-
enthroned. The fountains play; the marble nymphs
nce Napoleon walked and courtiers paid homage.

In such hours there are places, too, where only the lamplig
soft; sad streets of bought gaiety, secret places where eyes
lips are seen, lost, forgotten—and where the dawn is always

All this is my Paris. It is a city of man
me, and of my neighbor, and of all
haunting distillation of dream and subs

A fascinating quiz for men and women . . .

CHECK YOUR OWN HEALTH!

ONE PROBLEM plagues overworked doctors: the need for a medical history of each patient, *before* treatment. Time-consuming as it is, this procedure is advisable, since the doctor requires a complete picture of a person's health, past and present, to prescribe wisely.

Recently, a vital aid to physicians was developed at the Cornell University Medical College, in association with New York Hospital and Columbia Teachers College. It is a quiz of 195 questions, to which one can answer "Yes" or "No" *before visiting a doctor's office.* Its purpose: to give the physician a quick, comprehensive history of a patient.

Here is the quiz. You can take it without worrying about the score. If you wonder why certain information is requested about your family, your job, and your attitudes, these points are medically important to your doctor.

There is no score to this quiz. Answer honestly without trying to interpret the significance of each question. Only a physician can accurately appraise the information supplied by your answers.

You will have a large collection of important medical data. Next time you visit your doctor, give him the completed quiz. He will welcome this information as an aid in making diagnoses.

We repeat: don't try to draw conclusions from your answers. Leave that to your doctor.

A

1. Do you need glasses to read?.......................... Yes No
2. Do you need glasses to see things at a distance?.......... Yes No
3. Has your eyesight often blacked out completely?.......... Yes No
4. Do your eyes continually blink or water?................ Yes No
5. Do you often have bad pains in your eyes?.............. Yes No
6. Are your eyes often red or inflamed?.................... Yes No
7. Are you hard of hearing?................................ Yes No
8. Have you ever had a bad running ear?................... Yes No
9. Do you have constant noises in your ears?.............. Yes No

B

10. Do you have to clear your throat frequently?............ Yes No
11. Do you often feel a choking lump in your throat?........ Yes No
12. Are you often troubled with bad spells of sneezing?...... Yes No
13. Is your nose continually stuffed up?..................... Yes No
14. Do you suffer from a constant running nose?............ Yes No
15. Have you at times had bad nose bleeds?................. Yes No
16. Do you often catch severe colds?....................... Yes No

The Cornell Medical Index-Health Questionnaire by Keeve Brodman, M.D., Albert J. Erdmann, Jr., M.D.; Irving Lorge, Ph.D.; and Harold G. Wolff, M.D.
Copyright 1949, Cornell University Medical College, New York 21, N. Y.

17. Do you frequently suffer from heavy chest colds?.........Yes No
18. When you catch a cold, do you always have to go to bed?.Yes No
19. Do frequent colds keep you miserable all winter?.......Yes No
20. Do you get hay fever?..............................Yes No
21. Do you suffer from asthma?..........................Yes No
22. Are you troubled by constant coughing?................Yes No
23. Have you ever coughed up blood?.....................Yes No
24. Do you sometimes have severe soaking sweats at night?...Yes No
25. Have you ever had a chronic chest condition?...........Yes No
26. Have you ever had T.B. (tuberculosis)?.................Yes No
27. Did you ever live with anyone who had T.B.?...........Yes No

C

28. Has a doctor ever said your blood pressure was too *high?*.Yes No
29. Has a doctor ever said your blood pressure was too *low?*..Yes No
30. Do you have pains in the heart or chest?................Yes No
31. Are you often bothered by thumping of the heart?.......Yes No
32. Does your heart often race like mad?...................Yes No
33. Do you often have difficulty in breathing?..............Yes No
34. Do you get out of breath long before anyone else?.......Yes No
35. Do you sometimes get out of breath just sitting still?.....Yes No
36. Are your ankles often badly swollen?...................Yes No
37. Do cold hands or feet trouble you even in hot weather?..Yes No
38. Do you suffer from frequent cramps in your legs?........Yes No
39. Has a doctor ever said you had heart trouble?...........Yes No
40. Does heart trouble run in your family?.................Yes No

D

41. Have you lost more than half your teeth?...............Yes No
42. Are you troubled by bleeding gums?...................Yes No
43. Have you often had severe toothaches?.................Yes No
44. Is your tongue usually badly coated?...................Yes No
45. Is your appetite always poor?.........................Yes No
46. Do you usually eat sweets or other food between meals?..Yes No
47. Do you always gulp your food in a hurry?..............Yes No
48. Do you often suffer from an upset stomach?............Yes No
49. Do you usually feel bloated after eating?...............Yes No
50. Do you usually belch a lot after eating?................Yes No
51. Are you often sick to your stomach?...................Yes No
52. Do you suffer from indigestion?.......................Yes No
53. Do severe pains in the stomach often double you up?.....Yes No
54. Do you suffer from constant stomach trouble?...........Yes No
55. Does stomach trouble run in your family?..............Yes No
56. Has a doctor ever said you had stomach ulcers?.........Yes No
57. Do you suffer from frequent loose bowel movements?.....Yes No
58. Have you ever had severe bloody diarrhea?.............Yes No
59. Were you ever troubled with intestinal worms?..........Yes No
60. Do you constantly suffer from bad constipation?.........Yes No

61. Have you ever had piles (rectal hemorrhoids)?..........Yes No
62. Have you ever had jaundice (yellow eyes and skin)?.....Yes No
63. Have you ever had serious liver or gall bladder trouble?..Yes No

E

64. Are your joints often painfully swollen?..................Yes No
65. Do your muscles and joints constantly feel stiff?.........Yes No
66. Do you usually have severe pains in the arms or legs?....Yes No
67. Are you crippled with severe rheumatism (arthritis)?.....Yes No
68. Does rheumatism (arthritis) run in your family?.........Yes No
69. Do weak or painful feet make your life miserable?.......Yes No
70. Do pains in the back make it hard for you to work?......Yes No
71. Are you troubled with a bodily disability or deformity?....Yes No

F

72. Is your skin very sensitive or tender?...................Yes No
73. Do cuts in your skin usually stay open a long time?......Yes No
74. Does your face often get badly flushed?..................Yes No
75. Do you sweat a great deal even in cold weather?.........Yes No
76. Are you often bothered by severe itching?...............Yes No
77. Does your skin often break out in a rash?...............Yes No
78. Are you often troubled with boils?......................Yes No

G

79. Do you suffer badly from frequent severe headaches?.....Yes No
80. Does pressure or pain in the head often make life miserable? Yes No
81. Are headaches common in your family?...................Yes No
82. Do you have hot or cold spells?.........................Yes No
83. Do you often have spells of severe dizziness?...........Yes No
84. Do you frequently feel faint?...........................Yes No
85. Have you fainted more than twice in your life?..........Yes No
86. Do you have constant numbness or tingling in any part of your body?..Yes No
87. Was any part of your body ever paralyzed?...............Yes No
88. Were you ever knocked unconscious?......................Yes No
89. Have you at times had a twitching of the face, head or shoulders?...Yes No
90. Did you ever have a fit or convulsion (epilepsy)?........Yes No
91. Has anyone in your family ever had fits or convulsions?...Yes No
92. Do you bite your nails badly?...........................Yes No
93. Are you troubled by stuttering or stammering?...........Yes No
94. Are you a sleepwalker?..................................Yes No
95. Are you a bed wetter?...................................Yes No
96. Were you a bed wetter between the ages of 8 and 14?....Yes No

H (For Men Only)

97. Have you ever had anything wrong with your genitals?...Yes No
98. Are your genitals often painful or sore?................Yes No

99. Have you ever had treatment for your genitals? Yes No
100. Has a doctor ever said you had a hernia (rupture)? Yes No
101. Have you ever passed blood while urinating (passing water)? Yes No
102. Do you have trouble starting your stream when urinating? Yes No

H (For Women Only)

97. Have your menstrual periods usually been painful? Yes No
98. Have you often felt weak or sick with your periods? Yes No
99. Have you often had to lie down when your periods come on? Yes No
100. Have you usually been tense or jumpy with your periods? Yes No
101. Have you ever had constant severe hot flashes and sweats? Yes No
102. Have you often been troubled with a vaginal discharge? Yes No

H (For Both Sexes)

103. Do you have to get up every night and urinate? Yes No
104. During the day, do you usually have to urinate frequently? Yes No
105. Do you often have severe burning pain when you urinate? Yes No
106. Do you sometimes lose control of your bladder? Yes No
107. Did a doctor ever say you had kidney or bladder disease? Yes No

I

108. Do you often get spells of complete exhaustion or fatigue? Yes No
109. Does working tire you out completely? Yes No
110. Do you usually get up tired and exhausted in the morning? Yes No
111. Does every little effort wear you out? Yes No
112. Are you constantly too tired and exhausted even to eat? Yes No
113. Do you suffer from severe nervous exhaustion? Yes No
114. Does nervous exhaustion run in your family? Yes No

J

115. Are you frequently ill? Yes No
116. Are you frequently confined to bed by illness? Yes No
117. Are you always in poor health? Yes No
118. Are you considered a sickly person? Yes No
119. Do you come from a sickly family? Yes No
120. Do severe pains and aches make it impossible for you to do your work? Yes No
121. Do you wear yourself out worrying about your health? Yes No
122. Are you always ill and unhappy? Yes No
123. Are you constantly made miserable by poor health? Yes No

K

124. Did you ever have scarlet fever? Yes No
125. As a child, did you have rheumatic fever, growing pains or twitching of the limbs? Yes No
126. Did you ever have malaria? Yes No
127. Were you ever treated for severe anemia (thin blood)? Yes No
128. Were you ever treated for "bad blood" (venereal disease)? Yes No

129. Do you have diabetes (sugar disease)? Yes No
130. Did a doctor ever say you had a goiter (in your neck)? Yes No
131. Did a doctor ever treat you for tumor or cancer? Yes No
132. Do you suffer from any chronic disease? Yes No
133. Are you definitely *under* weight? Yes No
134. Are you definitely *over* weight? Yes No
135. Did a doctor ever say you had varicose veins (swollen veins) in your legs? Yes No
136. Did you ever have a serious operation? Yes No
137. Did you ever have a serious injury? Yes No
138. Do you often have small accidents or injuries? Yes No

L

139. Do you usually have great difficulty in falling asleep or staying asleep? Yes No
140. Do you find it impossible to take a regular rest period each day? Yes No
141. Do you find it impossible to take regular daily exercise? Yes No
142. Do you smoke more than 20 cigarettes a day? Yes No
143. Do you drink more than six cups of coffee or tea a day? Yes No
144. Do you usually take two or more alcoholic drinks a day? Yes No

M

145. Do you sweat or tremble a lot during examinations or questioning? Yes No
146. Do you get nervous and shaky when approached by a superior? Yes No
147. Does your work fall to pieces when the boss or a superior is watching you? Yes No
148. Does your thinking get completely mixed up when you have to do things quickly? Yes No
149. Must you do things very slowly in order to do them without mistakes? Yes No
150. Do you always get directions and orders wrong? Yes No
151. Do strange people or places make you afraid? Yes No
152. Are you scared to be alone when there are no friends near you? Yes No
153. Is it always hard for you to make up your mind? Yes No
154. Do you wish you always had someone at your side to advise you? Yes No
155. Are you considered a clumsy person? Yes No
156. Does it bother you to eat anywhere except at home? Yes No

N

157. Do you feel alone and sad at a party? Yes No
158. Do you usually feel unhappy and depressed? Yes No
159. Do you often cry? Yes No
160. Are you always miserable and blue? Yes No

161. Does life look entirely hopeless? Yes No
162. Do you often wish you were dead and away from it all? Yes No

O

163. Does worrying continually get you down? Yes No
164. Does worrying run in your family? Yes No
165. Do little things get on your nerves and wear you out? Yes No
166. Are you considered a nervous person? Yes No
167. Does nervousness run in your family? Yes No
168. Did you ever have a nervous breakdown? Yes No
169. Did anyone in your family ever have a nervous breakdown? Yes No
170. Were you ever a patient in a *mental* hospital (for your nerves)? Yes No
171. Was anyone in your family ever a patient in a *mental* hospital (for his nerves)? Yes No

P

172. Are you extremely shy or sensitive? Yes No
173. Do you come from a shy or sensitive family? Yes No
174. Are your feelings easily hurt? Yes No
175. Does criticism always upset you? Yes No
176. Are you considered a touchy person? Yes No
177. Do people usually misunderstand you? Yes No

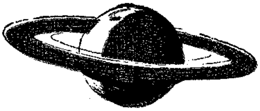
Q

178. Do you have to be on your guard even with friends? Yes No
179. Do you always do things on sudden impulse? Yes No
180. Are you easily upset or irritated? Yes No
181. Do you go to pieces if you don't constantly control yourself? Yes No
182. Do little annoyances get on your nerves and make you angry? Yes No
183. Does it make you angry to have anyone tell you what to do? Yes No
184. Do people often annoy and irritate you? Yes No
185. Do you flare up in anger if you can't have what you want right away? Yes No
186. Do you often get into a violent rage? Yes No

R

187. Do you often shake or tremble? Yes No
188. Are you constantly keyed up and jittery? Yes No
189. Do sudden noises make you jump or shake badly? Yes No
190. Do you tremble or feel weak whenever someone shouts at you? Yes No
191. Do sudden movements or noises at night scare you? Yes No
192. Are you often awakened by frightening dreams? Yes No
193. Do frightening thoughts keep coming back in your mind? Yes No
194. Do you often become suddenly scared for no good reason? Yes No
195. Do you often break out in a cold sweat? Yes No

HOW BIG IS BIG?



by JEROME S. MEYER

SUPPOSE you had a billion dollars and, in your desire to be unique, you decided to invest it, without interest or dividends, in a bad stock company. Now suppose the corporation was so poorly run that it succeeded in losing $1,000 of your money every day and still managed to stay in business. It would take almost 3,000 years for you to lose that billion dollars!

Now, assume you are 17 years old and start to count up to a billion, one count every second, day and night without interruptions. Of course, you couldn't do this without going on shifts, so let's assume that two 17-year-old friends help you out. By the time you reached a billion, you would be in your late forties!

If your fountain pen were enlarged one billion times, it would be 95,000 miles long and 8,000 miles high. The cap of your pen would be big enough to enclose the earth, the diameter of which is roughly 7,900 miles. But a billion is only 10^9 (a sort of mathematical shorthand meaning: 1 x 10 x 10 x 10 x 10 x 10 x 10 x 10 x 10 x 10) and that is a mere nothing compared to the *real* giants.

Suppose it were possible to tear in half a sheet of paper of a certain size and thickness; and then to tear the pieces again in half, and then again in half, and to keep this up for 50 tearings. Each time you would be doubling the number of sheets of paper. The question is: how big a pile would 50 tearings make, and how big a sheet of paper would you need to begin with, to get final sheets of about one-third of a square foot?

The answer is incredible, but it can be easily verified. It is 2 raised to the 50th power (2^{50}) and turns out to be 1,125,899,906,842,624—which is the number of sheets of paper you would end up with. Since each sheet would measure about one-third of a square foot, this comes to 375,299,968,947,541 square feet or more than 13,000,000 square miles—about one-quarter the land area of the entire earth!

Now we come to a giant of giants—a number so ridiculously large that it never could apply to anything. Oddly enough, it can be written with three nines and is represented by 9^{9^9}. This is 9 multiplied by itself 387,420,489 times.

Written in numerals the size we are using, the number would stretch for 1,000 miles. To read it normally would take more than a week. What it is, nobody knows, although it does begin with 428,124,773 . . . and ends with 89.

The number of snowflakes that have fallen since the earth began does not even approach this giant. It is more than 4,000,000 times as large as the number of electrons in the universe, which itself is estimated by scientists to be an 80 digit figure.

From *Fun with Mathematics*, by Jerome S. Meyer. Copyright 1952, by the publisher, The World Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Vacation Homes—for $1 an Acre!

by **Madelyn Wood**

For your dream cabin, Uncle Sam offers beautiful sites in wilderness settings

FOR SALE
DOTY

DREAMING about getting away from it all? Thinking about building a vacation home in some secluded spot—in the mountains, by a lake, near the ocean? Or, for that matter, not just a vacation home, but a hideaway for your retirement years—perhaps in a desert spot in California, or a seaside location in Florida?

Then you will want to get the facts about the amazing possibility of procuring land for your recreational Utopia from the U. S. Government—for almost nothing.

You may be as lucky as the vacationers of Dixie County, Florida, where the beach sand is snow-white and the Gulf Stream bright blue. They got their 2½ acres for $60. Or you may have the good fortune of the Wisconsin man who paid $25 an acre for his land beside a forested lake. Or the Colorado family who picked up a handsome five-acre cabin site in the Rockies for just $75. On the whole, small tracts usually go for $150 to $550.

Then again, you may share the good fortune of thousands of other vacationers who, without owning an inch of land, get a chance to build cabins in incomparable wilderness recreation spots for a land cost of as little as $25 a year.

What's the catch? There isn't any. It is not a case of unreasonable generosity on the part of the government, or a case of trying to get rid of worthless property. The fact is that one agency, the Bureau of Land Management, finds itself with thousands of acres which, by law, may be released into private hands as quickly as possible.

Another agency, the U. S. Forest Service, is authorized to lease recreational homesites in our National Forests. All you need to take advantage of these astonishing bargains is some knowledge of how to deal with these agencies, a zeal for exploring back roads, and in some cases, a little pure luck.

The Bureau of Land Management rates as one of the least known of government agencies, yet it is a sprawling giant that owns an overwhelmingly big chunk of U. S. real estate. Under its control are 185 million acres, scattered over half the states of the Union, situated largely in the 11 Western states, with remaining acreage in the Great Lakes and Gulf regions. Besides this, the BLM bosses 290 million acres of public lands in Alaska. Many of them have never even been listed as available. That's why you may have to do some exploring.

HERE IS the BLM's standing offer: Find some land that belongs to it, tell the BLM you are interested, and you will be able to lease up to five acres for as little as $1 an acre per year. Once you have leased the land, it is yours to build on because you have an option to buy at "fair valuation."

Just what you actually pay when you finally buy the property will depend, of course, on what kind of land it is, and for what purpose it has been "classified." That means simply that a government appraiser has decided that it would be good for a cabin, a regular home or a business establishment.

How do you find out where the BLM owns land? Unfortunately, there is no big map available. You must turn detective to ferret out the land that may be the site of your recreation home.

Take the case of a man who found himself a piece of land near Auburn, California, in the lush Sierra foothills. He wrote first to the regional land office in Sacramento for a list of counties in which the BLM owned land. It showed that there was some in Placer County, the one which interested him. He then went to the County Assessor's office, where he was shown maps which gave the exact locations.

At this point, it was still all on a paper basis. Neither the BLM nor the Assessor could tell him what any of the land was actually like. The only way was to look at the land itself.

His quest took him up a main road, past neat fruit farms, off onto a dirt road. At the spot where a nearby farmer had advised him "he thought there was some government land," he found it.

A few more visits to the spot and he and his wife had picked a perfect site for a cabin. Now, he filled out an application form provided by the Land Office, and mailed it. The Land Office reported that this land had not yet been classified, but they would send a man to do so. Some months later he got a letter stating that it had been classified as "suitable for homes."

That's pretty much the way the job is done wherever the Land Office manages it. However, though you may look at hundreds of acres, all you can get is five—under the Small Tracts Act.

Once you have found the land you want, you will sign a lease that gives you undisputed right to the property. Then you must pay a $10 filing fee, plus a rental of about $1 an acre a year, paid for three years in advance. At the same time the BLM will set the purchase price, which in many cases may be as little as $20 an acre.

Once the lease is signed, you may start building immediately, or wait as long as three years. In any case, you can't buy the land outright until you have leased it for one year, and the government won't sell the acreage until you have actually built your cabin, cottage or home.

For your own protection, it won't approve just any kind of a shack, either. Buildings must be an asset to the area. Just how well that policy has worked may be seen by looking at the attractive homes on former government lands.

As a start toward getting your chance at a piece of BLM land, write to the Bureau of Land Management, U. S. Department of Interior, Washington 25, D. C. They will send you a booklet, *Facts About Small Tracts*, that will give you all the rules and tell you where to find Land Offices.

Even if you can't procure a BLM tract, you still don't have to miss out on the government land bonanza. Uncle Sam is the owner of a staggering area of forest lands—180,000,000 acres located in 152 National Forests.

In their confines are vast reaches of cool green forest, thousands of miles of sparkling streams, more thousands of sky-blue lakes, and rugged mountains. Though they are not so spectacular as the National Parks, they contain America's largest piece of unspoiled wilderness. Some are vast—like Superior National Forest in Minnesota, with its nearly 2,000,000 acres, 5,000 lakes, and giant area of virgin forest. Others are smaller, like Alabama's richly forested Talladega, or Pennsylvania's Allegheny, with 300 miles of trout streams.

To give people a chance to enjoy summer-long vacations in such beautiful spots, the U. S. Forest Service has opened some areas for vacation cabins. The Service won't sell the land, but it will give you a chance to use it at bargain rates—a rental of $25 a year. (In a few cases, where road building or other site preparation is costly, that may run to $45 a year.)

What this gets you is the right to build your cabin on a forest site. They call it a "Special Use Permit." There are two types: annual ones which you automatically renew each year by paying your rental fee, and term permits which run for 20 years or more.

The lots themselves run in various sizes, and come in groups of several to as many as 100 in one area. Grouping them makes sense, because water systems and power have to be taken into consideration. These are not supplied by the Forest Service. Generally, a group of cabin owners get together and form an association to share the costs of maintaining a water system.

Utility installation costs are considerably less, of course, when the cottages are close together. That doesn't mean crowding, however. Usually sites cover 1/3 of an acre, and the general rule is at least 200 feet between each cabin. Your front and back yards may stretch for miles into unbroken wilderness.

Don't picture these cabins as shacks. Many are small rustic log cabins, but some are costly pine-paneled lodges. On the other hand, the rangers, who must check your building plans before granting a permit, are reasonable about what they demand. They will rule out any architectural monstrosity, but they won't reject a permit for an attractive cabin you may want to build yourself on free week ends.

You can find out about possible sites by personally visiting the headquarters of a National Forest. "Forest Supervisors," says an official bulletin, "will gladly furnish detailed information of assistance in selecting a site." Actually, you would do best to check by mail to see whether there are sites available in the National Forest of your choice.

Write to the Information Officer, U. S. Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington 25, D. C., for a list of forests. Or at your public library, you will find a similar list in *Trees, The Yearbook of Agriculture, 1949.* Then write to the Supervisor of the particular Forest which interests you.

If you have set your heart on having a summer home in a particular National Forest, and find no new sites available, you don't have to give up. For one reason or another, there are always ready-built cabins for sale. The ranger in a particular forest will probably know about them, but he can't sell you one. That is left to the owner, who is most likely to list his cabin with nearby real-estate men.

However, the ranger will check on the cabin before you buy it, and he must approve the transfer of the permit to the new purchaser.

Uncle Sam is not going to pound on your door and urge you to buy or lease a piece of the public domain. But if you really want a recreational homesite that can fit a modest budget, you won't mind the effort needed to locate the land.

Maybe you will share the feelings of the Michigan woman who wrote a letter to the BLM, enclosing a picture of a neat cabin. "Just moved into our new vacation home," she wrote. "If we have half as much fun living in it as we've had finding the land and building this humble structure, we're in for the happiest years of our lives."

Three Ages of Women

AS A YOUNG LADY progresses in the ways of the world she notes the following changes: When she is 20, she blushes when a man praises her; when she is 30, she thinks the fellow quite clever; but when she reaches 40, she wonders what he wants.

—LEE MEADOWS in *A Little Treasury of Main Street U.S.A.*, John M. Henry (Vanguard Press, Inc.)

On Key

DURING THE GOLD RUSH days in California, when women were scarce and babies a rarity, the men became lonely and longed for familiar, everyday sounds.

One night a troupe came to the opera house and everyone in town attended in the finest clothes available. It was a gala occasion and the audience was on the alert, prepared to enjoy it to the fullest.

At last the musicians filed in and began to play the overture. Just at that moment a baby somewhere in the house began to cry. The mother was covered with confusion and hastily rose to leave the hall, when an old miner in the back bellowed out, "Stop the music and let us hear the young'un. I ain't heard a baby cry in two years." The other men in the audience cheered and clapped their hands, and the musicians became silent while the baby cried lustily. —*Wall Street Journal*

JACK BENNY about Phil Harris' band: "They could play three numbers and still stump the experts on 'What's My Line?' " —CBS

THE LATE MUSICAL THEORIST Joseph Schillinger once wrote a composition in three-part counterpoint and had his audiences guessing who the composer was. After guesses that ranged from Beethoven to Bizet, he would reveal the nature of the music.

The composition was a projection of the business curve from the financial pages of *The New York Times*, which showed the fluctuations in wholesale prices of certain products. Schillinger traced the price curve on graph paper and then assigned proportionate values in musical intervals for every unit of the graph. The melody corresponded to the curve.

Although the music was charming and enthusiastically received by listeners, it actually represented a combination of melodies based on the Chicago grain market, the sale of corn in Nebraska, and the Georgia sugar-cane exchange. —NINO LO BELLO

WHEN JOHANN STRAUSS made his first concert tour of the U.S., he brought with him his small black poodle. A great artist at the height of his fame, Strauss had an extraordinarily successful season. It was the era when ladies swooned with rapture—and wore locks of hair in the lockets on their breasts. The luxuriant black curls of Johann Strauss were irresistible to his admirers. When Strauss sailed for Europe, the poodle was as hairless as a Mexican chihuahua. —SYLVIA GREY

IRISH TENOR John McCormack never disappointed his followers. One day, when he was to sing an opera in Italy, he came down with a slight cold. However, he insisted on playing his role.

Everything proceeded smoothly until he came to a passage in which he had to sing a high note that was now beyond his reach. McCormack did not admit defeat, however. He

and Off

signaled the conductor. There was a blare from the orchestra. McCormack threw back his head, opened his mouth and reached for the high one. The crowd went wild. When it was over, the tenor bowed and smiled—for only he knew that he had uttered not a sound while the orchestra played. —E. E. Edgar

In a reminiscent mood, Jascha Heifetz once recalled that he had been earning his living with the violin since he was six years old. "What were you before then?" inquired Harpo Marx. "A bum?"

—David Ewen, *Listen To The Mocking Word* (Arco)

Classical music is the kind that some of us keep hoping will turn into a tune. —Kin Hubbard

During his first engagement with a professional orchestra, the youthful horn-blower had been slightly at sea in the face of his increased responsibility and, in consequence, had not put as much vim into his performance as he considered necessary.

"Well, maestro," he hesitantly inquired after the show, "how did I do tonight?"

"Not too badly," the conductor replied, "but I'm sure you can do much better."

"Can I!" the horn-player exclaimed. "Just wait until I get on the beam and you won't be able to hear those violins at all." —*Swing*

The music superintendent in a Canadian public school asked a student to write a note on the musical staff he had drawn on the blackboard. She hesitated, then bravely began writing between the lines of the staff: "Dear Friend: I hope you are well. . . ." —*Maclean's*

A mother asked her small son what he had done in Sunday School that morning.

"We sang," said the little boy.

"What did you sing?" inquired his mother.

"I don't know what the rest of them sang," he answered, "but I sang, 'One Meatball.' "—Arthur Godfrey

Arturo Toscanini happened to enter a friend's music room while the recording of a Beethoven symphony was being played. The conductor listened for a moment, then suddenly went into a rage.

"Stop it! Stop it!" he cried. "The strings must play *legato*!"

"But it is your own recording," the friend pleaded.

"I don't care whose it is!" shouted Toscanini. "It is all wrong!"

George Gershwin, in his early years as a successful song writer, wired the great composer Igor Stravinsky: "Want to study with you. How much do you charge?"

Stravinsky wired back: "How much money do you make a year?"

Gershwin replied: "About one hundred thousand dollars."

Quickly came another wire from Stravinsky: "Am on my way to take lessons from you. How much do you charge?" —Nicolas Slonimsky

The hilarious and perhaps significant story of the . . .

SOCIAL CLIMBERS IN WASHINGTON

by **ROBERT S. ALLEN and WILLIAM V. SHANNON**

IN VINO VERITAS

SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON, D.C., is like lemon meringue pie without the filling: All fluff and a lot of crust.

Any connection between entertainment and fun is purely coincidental. The endless parties, the shindigs and other gatherings are made up of four kinds of people: those who come to see, those who come to be seen, those who hope to be seen, and those whose job requires that they be seen. And, every once in a while, there are those odd persons who invite people they like. Washington society is thus a mixture of fourth estate, celebrity collector, social climber and the weary dispenser of expense-account cheer.

This incredible social merry-go-round has no parallel anywhere else in America, and probably not in the world. It exists in Washington because Washington is an artificial city. If it were not that the center of the federal government is there, there would be no Washington.

Political big shots, foreign kings and potentates, business tycoons and labor barons, the ambitious, the needy, the phony and innumerable others flock to Washington from three continents. More than 1,250,000 ordinary folk crowd in to work for the government or to serve those who work for the government.

Washington is like a giant Grand Central Terminal. People are constantly arriving or departing, moving from here to there and from there to here. But despite all this hustle and bustle, all the unending motion and commotion, there is no genuine community spirit, morale, or social pattern. Everything is artificial, pretentious, and fleeting.

Washington is an extraordinarily middle-class, white-collar town. The myriads of government employees are that middle class. The very rich and the very poor are indirect influences, but they are not decisive. Topping the very rich are the so-called "Cave-Dwellers." These are the aristocratic clump of old families of largely Southern ancestry. They have money with which to entertain, and they are truculently snobbish and inbred.

As late as 25 years ago, the Cave-Dwellers were dominant in setting

From *The Truman Merry-Go-Round,* by Robert S. Allen and William V. Shannon.
Copyright 1950, by the authors, and published by Vanguard Press, New York.

the social tone for the upper crust. They gave the town certain airs of a second-rate Charleston. But in recent decades they have slipped irrevocably from the pinnacle. They now lurk in the shadows, and few look to them to set the pace.

Their place has been usurped by wealthy Northerners and Midwesterners who come to the Capital to do business, take a fling at working for the government, or to play the social whirl. They throw around more money than the Cave-Dwellers ever had, and operate in a brassy, big-time way.

IT IS AGAINST this background of ceaseless insecurity and fierce competitiveness that the giddy social whirl goes on. For those at or near the top, it has some of the element of the "drink and be merry for tomorrow we die" spirit. Also, since there is no clear social structure, no traditional hierarchy or established social pace setters, each officeholder—or, more important, each officeholder's wife—feels she must put up a big front to prove she and the old man are really right up among them.

"Front" requires only two things —gall and money. This makes it easy for the ambitious social climber to imitate the real thing and eventually get accepted as part of the real thing. Rich old women with rings on their fingers, time on their hands, and greenbacks in their bank account, lead the chase.

The political big shots in Washington's passing parade are usually easy game for the celebrity collectors and the social climbers. They come from out of town, have no roots, no friends, no social ties in the Capital. They begin by accepting dinner bids and cocktail invitations to fill lonely hours and "make contacts;" they frequently wind up by falling for the tinsel and din of the merry-go-round, and ride as hard and as fast as they can.

In Washington, it is the job and not the man who gets invited; even worse, it is the job and not the personality of the guest which determines his seat at the dinner table. This means that two people may be paired off together who have nothing in common, except, perhaps, a mutual dislike. But, boring or not, a guest may be consigned to the same conversational partner at dinner for several or more seasons before death or some other prime cause intervenes to set the official game of musical chairs in motion.

The iron law of precedence operates at its very worst at the White House. The President and the First Lady traditionally give five formal receptions and five formal dinners each Winter. The dinners are for the diplomatic corps; the Cabinet; the Chief Justice and the Supreme Court; for the Vice-President; and for the Speaker of the House. Everyone who is invited attends a White House dinner because such a bid is in the nature of a command. But only about 50 per cent show up for the receptions. This lack of enthusiasm is not difficult to understand, since the latter are undoubtedly about the most boring, pointless, and frivolous timekillers ever devised by the mind of man.

A "reception" consists of a long wait in a reception line to get a chance to shake hands with and nod to the Presidential couple, a sip of watery, unspiked punch, and,

for those young enough and patient enough, a brief dance in the jam-packed East Ballroom. These are white-tie-and-tails affairs for the 1,000 or 1,500 guests who attend. But if the average guest finds this all pretty boring, for the President and his wife it is sheer, unadulterated torture. Herbert Hoover once had to retreat from the receiving line with a bruised and bleeding hand.

Official precedence is so terrifically important at these affairs that it not only dictates who is to sit next to whom, but at one time determined what part of the White House a guest might enter. The Cabinet and the Supreme Court used the front door. The lesser political lights came in the south rear door. The great unwashed herd entered by the east wing. Only the convenience of expediting the recently vast numbers of official visitors has served to outmode this precedence; guests now use the entrances which are most convenient for them.

Once everyone is inside, however, the same folderol holds true. The Cabinet always marches downstairs with the President to the reception room (i.e. the Red Room). The middle-bracket officials then enter to shake hands. The guests of lesser rank just swarm in after that in helter-skelter fashion.

Those who do social entertaining in Washington fall into certain broad categories. There are the big-timers who make a career of it; the embassies who make a business of it; the proud parents of panting debutante daughters who make a virtue of necessity; and the "young set" who pretend they hate the stuffy affairs but who actually are only in training for more strenuous efforts later.

A local wit once wisecracked that there are three parties in Washington: Democratic, Republican and cocktail.

The cocktail party is not just a private affair in Washington. It has been worked up to such an extent that it is a combination of public institution, work of art, and symbolic ritual. The average prominent or semi-prominent Washingtonian can, and frequently does, attend an average of three of these a day during the winter season. A cocktail party has no limits as to size. It may range from a half-dozen friends dropping in before dinner to a huge brawl for 1,000 guests at a downtown hotel.

Occasionally, cocktail parties still coyly masquerade as "teas." There is nothing so disheartening as to go to a tea and find it *is* a tea. Fortunately, this doesn't happen very often. Sometimes tea is also served, but whether it is or not, liquor is generally the chief article of refreshment.

Every so often someone expostulates about the enormous waste of time and energy expended in going to cocktail parties. On one occasion, Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon went so far as to urge, "Congress should set an example. Simple living and fewer cocktail parties are in order." While other senators take a less stern moral attitude, they are equally lacking in enthusiasm about these shindigs. One senator's wife said, "We throw all our invitations in the wastebasket. Why go to them? Nobody has any fun. The average cocktail party is like wading through jelly beans."

But for many social-climbing Washingtonians the cocktail party is the main activity of the day. Especially popular in recent years is the combined cocktail party and reception running from 5:30 to 7:30, rather than the old hours of 4 to 6. These affairs feature a long table running down the center of the room and loaded to the edges with large platters of shrimp, sliced turkey, ham, roast beef, pyramids of sandwiches, stuffed eggs, salads, relishes, nuts, cheeses and desserts.

THIS "FREE LUNCH" has several advantages. It eliminates the necessity for giving formal dinners, to which fewer people can be invited and which are usually expensive and stuffy affairs. At a cocktail party, many guests can be entertained, the food doesn't have to be so fancy, and it is over a lot sooner.

Bigger parties of this type cost around $1,500. Hotel charges range from a flat rate of $4.50 per head to $6 and $7. The liquor is extra and may come to as much as $500 or as little as $175, depending on the quality of the beverages served. Caterers generally figure on three drinks per person.

Cocktail fashions seldom change. Dry Martinis and bourbon-and-water are the prime favorites, though lately the Old-Fashioned has enjoyed a mysterious spurt in party popularity.

Attendance at these parties is usually made up of three elements. First, there are the resident Washingtonians who go because they like a party and think their presence lends distinction to an affair. Although these Cave-Dwellers consider themselves the "creamiest of the cream," actually they are vapid and banal.

Congress makes up the second big group in attendance. Certain politicians are vigorous partygoers. Congressmen's wives also hit this routine pretty hard. Coming from drab small towns or farm areas, they are dazzled by the ostentation and the glitter. Others come from big cities where they did not cut much of a social figure. Now they suddenly find themselves important and sought after. Back home was never like this!

The third element which makes up the cocktail party mob is the diplomatic set. There are some 70 chiefs of foreign missions in Washington. All of them keep up a frantic pace. As one of them explained, "We must go everywhere we're asked. After all, that is our business."

Also, no party of any size or pretensions is complete without another species, but a far less welcome one —the gate-crasher. It is quite easy to crash most Washington parties, since hostesses seldom collect the invitations, though businesslike professional hostesses will take care to do so. Also, a hostess rarely knows all her guests personally.

Most gate-crashers do not even take the chance. It is a very simple thing to skip the drawing room, where the reception line holds forth, and go directly to the dining room, where the really important thing is —the buffet table.

Gate-crashing is a major activity in the Capital. Many come simply to gape and ogle. Some come to mingle with the great and to feel more important. Others figure it's a wonderful way to save buying an evening meal.

It is a common experience for an embassy or an ambitious hostess to invite 500 people (of whom it can be estimated that a third will not come), and have 700 show up. Most of the "extras" are gate-crashers, complete strangers to their hostess.

One veteran society columnist gave this graphic description of a "professional" gate-crasher of her acquaintance: "He is a presentable-looking man of about fifty who sells newspapers in front of one of the big hotels. He consults the hotel's bulletin board daily, and when he sees a notice of an interesting party—provided it does not require tuxedo or full dress—he just walks in. He makes for the bar, casually takes a Martini, and strikes up a conversation with the nearest admiral. He prefers to talk to admirals rather than generals because he's a Navy man himself—seaman, first class, in World War I.

"He says he doesn't get stopped at the door once in a year. Few parties given at the hotels require a ticket. This gate-crasher watches the door for a moment or so, and if tickets are being collected, he skips the party—doesn't want anyone to be embarrassed."

The embassies tend to be great givers of cocktail parties and receptions. The acknowledged champions of "Embassy Row" in this regard are the French. In the old days before the war, the French were always in the vanguard. But during the war and the immediate postwar era, they were in eclipse. No French vintage wines were served, and the repasts were meager.

Now, the French are once again holding forth with true Gallic brilliance. Their luncheons, banquets and other soirées are the most exquisite and sought-after in the Capital. They entertain between ten and twenty guests at some kind of function practically every day.

During the '30's, the Russians made a strong bid for social honors. Their receptions, complete with pea-sized caviar, champagne and opera stars, were long-remembered brawls. But, since the cold war, the Russians have been boycotted by most Washington partygoers (an extraordinary sacrifice) and the Russians have largely withdrawn from the social arena.

One State Department man who ate at the Russian Embassy recently, in the course of business, reports it was not an enjoyable experience. "The soup," he says, "was cold, the filet mignon was burned, and all the guests were glum and wary. But the Russians were gay and full of vodka. No caviar, either."

Cocktail parties are given for any and every occasion. One Washington lobbyist, working for government relief of the Navajo Indians, brought four of his clients to Washington and took them around the cocktail circuit. They were rigged out in native costume with moccasins and beads, and they wore their hair knotted at the back of the neck. Various party-going professionals, who adjourn to the nearest free bar the minute the clock passes 4 in the afternoon, were slightly startled by these strange intruders.

But the "braves" conducted themselves with great decorum and dignity, and did not yield to the urge to let out with a war whoop or to drop ice cubes down the hostess's back, as some white guests have been known to do. In fact, the Indians did not do any guzzling at all.

Two special types of Washington party are the farewell and the debut. Whenever an official resigns or an ambassador or a military man is transferred to a new post, a contagious rush of "farewell parties" sweeps Washington. The ensuing wear and tear on the departing victim is so exhausting that, at the end, he figures it would have been better to stay, after all.

The wife of one South African diplomat neatly ducked the whole whoop-de-do by sending a note to her friends telling them to skip the parties and instead to send a CARE package to Europe in her name. It worked—that once. But it was not a precedent that was snapped up with much enthusiasm.

The debut, or "coming-out party," is a special feature of the Washington social scene. These little events are staged annually for from 40 to 50 late teen-agers during the four weeks from mid-December to early January. These affairs cost from $500 for a small tea party at home, to $5,000 for a big buffet and dance at a hotel or the swank Sulgrave and F Street Clubs.

The sole purpose of these fracases in Washington, as it is elsewhere, is to announce that "our little girl" is on the marriage block.

These soirées are as stereotyped as a White House reception. The hosts seldom know all their guests. Many of the latter are selected by a lady who stages coming-out parties as a business. Two and a half boys per girl is the prescribed ratio. The social secretary makes up her list from the brothers of the debs and from among their friends. An Ivy League background is highly desirable. The social secretary also guarantees her list of "stags" as "thoroughly nice" and completely wolf-free, within limits.

Debuts have become bigger and louder in the last few years. The decorous tea dance is virtually extinct. Blowouts in large ballrooms, complete with groaning buffet table, well-stocked bar, and a big, brassy orchestra are now the rage, much to the dismay of the cave-dweller Old Guard.

What is it like to attend one of these Washington parties? Going to one of these affairs is very much like coming home from work on the subway train at the height of the rush hour. Everybody stands up because there aren't enough seats, and they wouldn't sit down even if there were. (If they sat, how would anyone see them?) Also, practically everyone jostles and shoves, sometimes not too discreetly either, much as the old battle-axes trapped in the back of a bus struggle to get to the door. At a Washington party, however, there are added occupational hazards.

For example, there is always the danger that one's eye will be knocked out by an exaggerated feather or other hat ornament. Or that some lush will pour his drink down your back, although his whisky hand is usually about the only part of his anatomy he does have control of. Most of the jockeying, pushing and general ebbing back and forth centers about the bar. People are ceaselessly trying to get close enough to it to grab a glass of champagne or get a refill of their highball.

Many would prefer to be businesslike about the whole matter and stay close to the bar all the time. But that is impossible. The traffic is too heavy. Usually it is a small portable bar, three or four feet long and manned by one frantically harried bartender. If three or four habitués attempt to monopolize the path to the staff of life, they are brutally shoved aside.

So people are forced to stay at a safe distance; then, without realizing it, the pressure of the crowd pushes them farther off, and when they finally take a swig and find they have nothing left but a soggy lemon peel and the dank remnant of an ice cube bumping the end of their noses, they have to make a concerted effort to return to the bar. Thus, traffic is always moving in two ragged elongated loops, one toward and one away from the beleaguered refreshment center.

Old-timers, of course, are careful to mask their movements by calling out heartily across the room to distant friends and waving cheerily in the face of total strangers a couple of yards farther on. These "hi, there's" and "hownicetoseeya's" don't really fool anyone. They are not meant to.

Any rational person knows he can't carry on a coherent conversation at a cocktail party or large reception.

Making "contacts" is what this form of intercourse is euphemistically called, and most often it is just that—ducking waiters, bobbing, weaving, bumping elbows, a nod, a smile, a handshake, and sometimes, though not very often, a brief and heroic splatter of attempted conversation before the other person suddenly disappears in the endless eddy.

ONE OF THE MOST INANE features of Washington parties is the general lack of familiarity among guests. It is true this tends to create an atmosphere of forced heartiness, as each person racks his brain to try to remember whether or not he has met the lady coming toward him with the expectant smile and, if so, what is her name? The strain is very trying.

Mrs. Julius Krug, wife of the ex-Secretary of the Interior, finally lost her patience on one occasion. A particularly gushy character had come up to her and remarked, "I certainly enjoyed meeting you, Mrs. Krug." The latter smiled and cracked back, "Yes, you certainly must. This is the third time you've done so this evening."

Quite often, guests never get a chance to say as much as "hello" to their host or hostess. They arrive, drink, eat, chat with acquaintances and strangers, and leave without ever talking to those who are paying for it all and who, presumably, invited them because they had some desire to see them.

Mrs. O. Max Gardner, widow of the North Carolina Governor and an active Democratic worker, gave a reception before a $100-a-plate Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner. Near the end of it, a sad-faced drunk wandered over to another guest and complained to him mournfully, "As usual, I didn't even get a chance to see the hostess."

"That's all right," was the reassuring reply to this complaint, "for once it's not your fault—she didn't come herself."

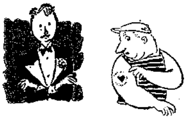
Sure enough, the hostess was not there. Mrs. Gardner was too busy working on last-minute details of the big dinner to attend her own reception.

Despite the arduous and costly efforts of hosts and hostesses, the rewards of Washington party-giving are hazardous and unpredictable. One wealthy lady entertained for a newly arrived South American diplomat and his wife. The couple's English seemed to be quite fluent. At the end of the party, the elegant guest of honor, clicking his heels and beaming with satisfaction, stood in the large hallway saying his farewells.

In clear, bell-like tones that could clearly be overheard by a dozen other guests, he told his host and hostess: "Good-by, and thank you so much. It was gruesome. Positively gruesome."

His diminutive wife, who was standing at his side, did a charming little curtsy and beamed her thanks. "And greasy," she added distinctly, "very, very greasy."

Nobody Asked Me, But:



A FELLOW who has the name of a girl tattooed on his arm invariably marries another dame.

I WONDER WHY people in an obvious hurry stop dead to watch an empty elevator rise out of the sidewalk.

EVEN THE GABBIEST of passengers stops talking in a plane on take-offs and landings.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS seldom lack opinions on any topic.

MOST PEOPLE who start a sentence by saying "I don't know" mean they do know.

WHY DO PEOPLE sitting in shoe shop repair stalls look as though they expect to be insulted?

STREET CLEANERS' uniform caps are invariably too small for them.

WHY DO MOTORCYCLE cops spend so much time searching their pockets as soon as they dismount?

RARELY DO YOU see a man carrying a brief case who walks slowly.

UNSUCCESSFUL ACTORS are the best dressers I know. Out of work actresses look the part.

IF A MAN really wants to grab a check, he doesn't get outfumbled.

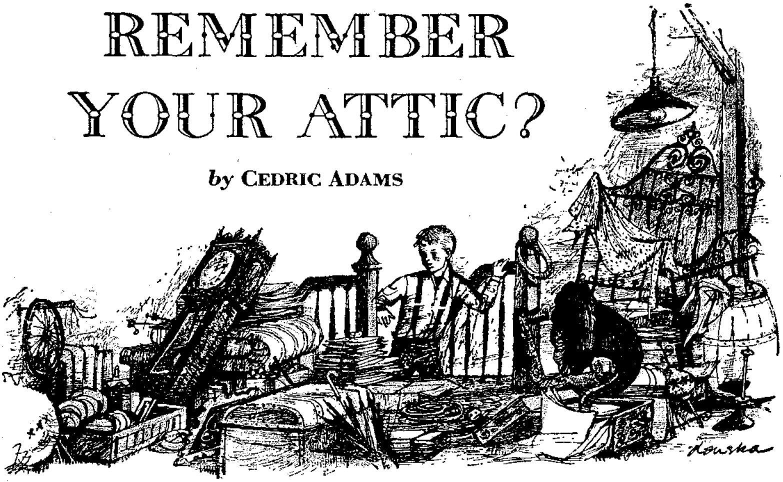
WHEN A GUY wearing an obvious toupee comes into a room, watch how men stroke their hair.

THE MOST SLOVENLY MEN carefully use the ash trays on planes.

—JIMMY CANNON (*N. Y. Post*)

REMEMBER YOUR ATTIC?

by CEDRIC ADAMS



Years ago, when you took a trip upstairs, you always found mystery and adventure

LET'S GO BROWSING up in the attic today. Rather smelly old place, isn't it? But some of the smells are kind of good.

The stairway that led to our attic in Magnolia was an interesting approach. I don't know how we ever happened to have a stairway to the attic. Most of the homes had a ladder that led up to a trap door. The ladder made the entrance to the attic more dramatic, but its inaccessibility was a handicap.

Our attic stairway used to be a catchall. Down at the bottom was the basket for dirty clothes. Then on every step above that, as far as a human could reach, was junk to be saved. When traffic up and down the stairs was finally halted by a six-months accumulation, the junk was moved to the attic proper with one grand gesture.

I used to marvel at the thoughtfulness of carpenters in those days. There wasn't an attic stairway that ever saw so much as a drop of paint or a dab of varnish. I suppose that was a little money-saver. The splintery steps were no dreams, either.

I also marveled at the sudden change in temperature you always found on the way up the attic stairs. In the summertime, you would leave the room temperature of the bedroom, and if it were 85, you would suddenly strike a warm spot going up the attic stairs, and by the time you reached the top, it was 120° of extremely dry heat.

In the Winter just the opposite was true. You would leave the warm air of the bedroom and then hit a blast of frigid temperature that would chill you to the bone. It was these temperature changes that always made you glad to get down out of the attic.

The attic floor right around the stairway was always a mess. That came from family laziness, I suppose. Stuff slated for the attic would

From *Poor Cedric's Almanac*, by Cedric Adams. Copyright 1952, by the author and published by Doubleday and Company, Inc., New York, New York.

always wind up there first. There would be old shoes, little bundles of discarded clothes, a broken dish, beat-up magazines, pictures with frames that had sprung, an odd piece of cracked pottery.

There were always mysterious, cavernlike sections in the attic back where the eaves came down. I was always a little timid about getting back in some of those dark corners. Many of them in our house remained completely unexplored as long as I lived there. I wish sometimes now that I had been a little more courageous. Those corners might have yielded untold treasure.

The trunk section was a lulu. Ever notice how all trunks, when you open them in the attic, smell the same? It's a dry, spiritless smell. I remember our No. 1 trunk. You lifted up the top and there was a sort of compartment arrangement that had a wallpaper lining, browned from age. Over on one side of this tray arrangement was a lidded section. In there were great bundles of old letters.

One bundle, I recall, was very neatly tied in blue ribbon. I got into the bundle one day. There were letters my mother and father had exchanged during their courtship. They used to get pretty mushy in those days, too. But what thought went into those precious documents! I wondered, at the time, if they had ever gone over them together. I wondered if letters like those could stand the test of time, or whether they would ring a little bit foolish some 10 or 12 years after they'd been written.

I never made an actual count, but it always seemed to me that there were more letters from my mother to my father than there were from my father to my mother. In fact, I've since speculated some as to whether mother, like most women, might have been doing the pursuing. . . .

Beneath the tray compartments were things that represented the culmination of the love letters. Mother's complete wedding attire, the outfit that father wore. The deeper down into the trunk one got, the mustier the smell, the crinklier the contents.

Had I been caught, I probably would have had my hide tanned, but I remember four or five of us kids got up in the attic one day, got into that trunk, hauled out all that old wedding stuff, and staged quite a fashion parade. Hat, dress, 15 pounds of petticoat, pantalettes, high-buttoned shoes and all the duds my dad had donned. How he ever managed to get into those pants, I can't imagine. They weren't much wider at the bottom than coat sleeves are today.

THE BOOK SECTION interested me. We had some shelves near the window where our discarded books were stored, and what disorder there was on those shelves. And dust, too. There was one volume that always intrigued me. My family referred to it as "the doctor book." I had been told on many occasions never to look at that particular volume.

Strangely enough, that was the one I headed for first. Furtively I would thumb through it, listening for a footstep on the stairs, ready to toss the book into a corner if anyone approached. I didn't understand much of the content, but I remember some of the pictures were rather revealing.

The window in the attic was an engaging thing. It had a border of little square panes of colored glass—greens, reds, yellows, purples, oranges. Used to be fun looking out at the snow or the green-leafed trees through those panes. Over in the corners of the window were great spider webs. In the Spring, spiders would catch big green bottle flies in their webs. I often wondered what those spiders lived on after fly time.

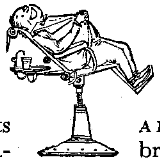
There was a little penny-pinching in our attic I could never understand. The attic floor extended only over the center section of the bungalow. Back to where the kitchen started below, there was no attic floor. Every time we kids went up there we were warned not to walk over that unfinished section. But we did. In fact, we made quite a balancing game out of it.

We would walk back and forth across those two-by-fours, and rather skilfully, too. We never had a fall-over. One little misstep, though, and some guy would have plunged down through the lath, the plaster, the wallpaper, and probably into a pot of beans on the kitchen range.

Did you have a miscellaneous corner in your attic? I can remember some of the items in ours: the little chair with the hole in it that had stayed there through the years, waiting for a brother or sister who never came; the lithographed picture of the Battle of Vicksburg; a bird cage; dishes that had been inherited from Grandma Hitchens; two striking clocks that looked as though they had struck their last the day Lincoln was slain; songbooks, covers torn, edges tattered; a bright red pillow with a picture of a guy and a girl in a canoe painted on its face.

These were all there, and hundreds more of broken and useless yet cherished items. Yes, bless the attic as a place to play. But deliver me on cleaning day!

Short Takes



A PSYCHOLOGIST says dentists should tell jokes to their patients. Most of them do, their favorite being, "Now this isn't going to hurt a bit." —*Grit*

THEY DIDN'T follow his wishes, but the late Andrew Carnegie once remarked, "I wish to have for my epitaph, 'Here lies a man who was wise enough to employ men who knew more than he.' "

—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

A FATHER nearly had a nervous breakdown trying to explain to his five-year-old son that when it is a minute after eight it is one past eight, but when it is 30 minutes after eight it is curious half past eight. —FRANCES RODMAN

A SWEET girl graduate, filling out an application for her first job, carefully wrote in the blank which asked *Denominational Preference:* "Just call me Dotty." —MARY ALKUS

PHILIP:

The Man at Elizabeth's Side

by **SAM BOAL**

EARLY one afternoon last Winter, a young man hurried quickly through a green jungle outside Nairobi, Africa, looking for his wife. That morning, the couple had been in merry spirits, photographing a herd of elephants around a watering hole, but now the young man's face seemed tense and urgent.

He found his wife standing on an arched bridge over a jungle pool and it was in this unlikely, almost Hollywood setting that the young man told his wife that her father had just died and that, in consequence, she was now Queen Elizabeth II of England.

The details of the story are not very well known, just as much about the young man—Prince Philip—is not well known. Yet friends of the youthful Queen find it significant that it was Philip and not some more mature member of the royal entourage who broke the fearful sudden news to Elizabeth.

What had happened was that a local Kenya newspaper had heard the report of King George's death by shortwave from London and had telephoned Philip. The Prince, characteristically cautious, had confirmed it by calling Buckingham Palace and had then sought out his wife. Next day, the young couple flew to London and Elizabeth took the ancient crown of England—the sixth woman to be Queen of the British Empire.

Standing beside her, literally as well as figuratively, was Philip. Indeed, his place in the unique institution of the British Royal family was almost as interesting as that of his 26-year-old wife and Queen.

At 31, His Royal Highness Prince Philip, Knight of the Order of the Garter, Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Merioneth and Baron Greenwich, is a powerful figure, even though legally he possesses no power whatsoever. He is the husband of the reigning Queen, and as such will certainly be named Prince Consort and possibly King Consort.

Only once before in recent British history has such a thing happened—when Queen Victoria was married to Prince Albert. It was during her reign that England became the dominant force in world politics. It is, therefore, important to understand what kind of man Prince Philip is, because his admitted influence over Elizabeth may well affect the future of England.

Philip is several things, some of them contradictory. He is the President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, to whose learned ears he recently addressed a long speech in which he took British scientists to task for "timidity"—a sentiment which many an older man would have hesitated to deliver. He is also the man who after a performance by Danny Kaye in a London theater, was able to join Kaye in the double-talk lyrics of the popular "Minnie the Moocher," singing his part with exuberance.

When Kaye was asked afterwards what kind of a voice Philip had, he replied enthusiastically: "All I can say is that he's hep! I'd like to get him in my next movie."

An American chorus girl standing by objected. "He'd be no good in pictures," she said. "He's too good looking. People just wouldn't believe him."

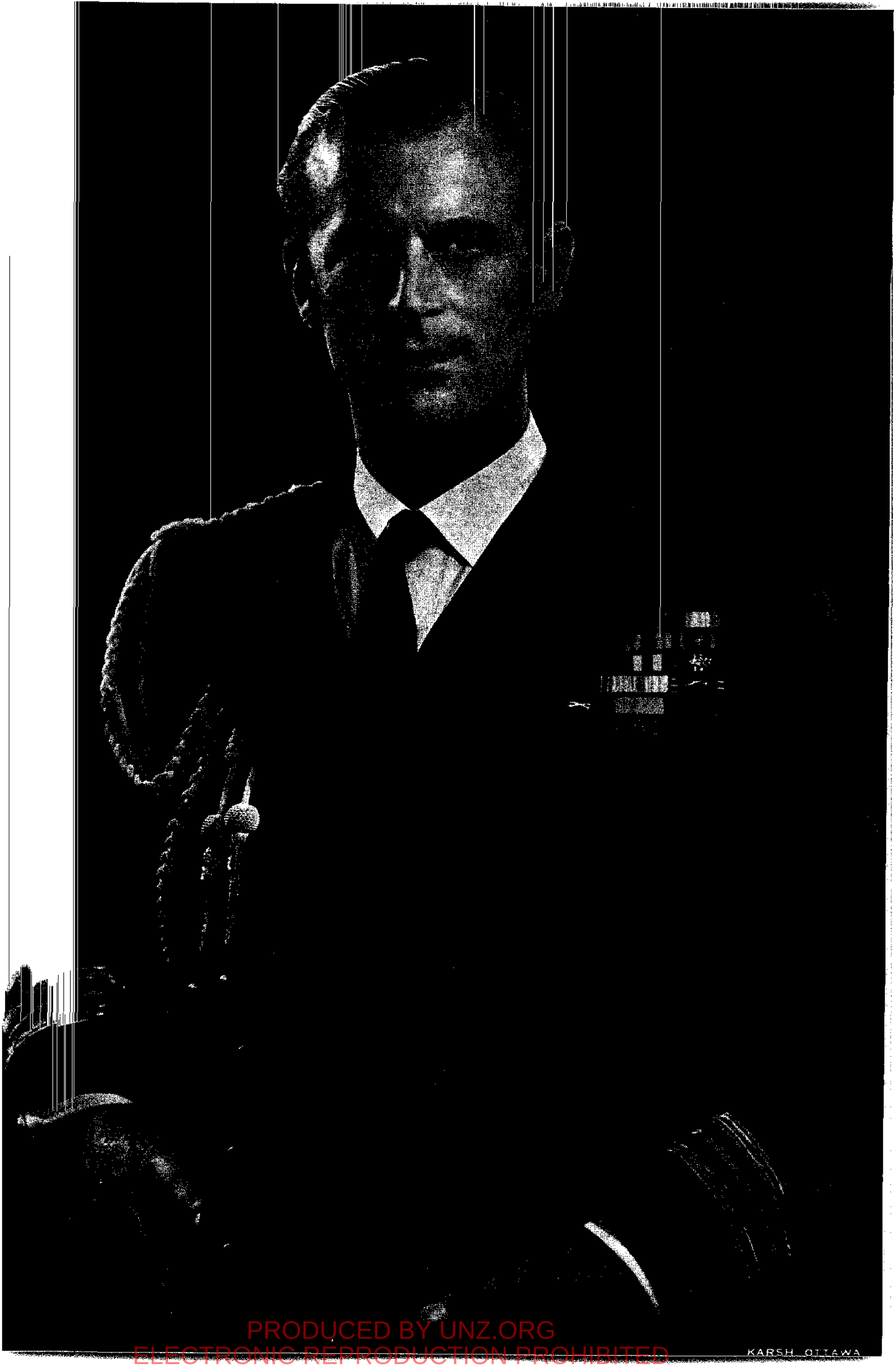
There is no question about Philip's good looks. People are apt to make excuses about Queen Elizabeth—"she is much prettier than she photographs" (she isn't)—but Philip is what bobbysoxers call "cool." Though he is not an Englishman—he is a Greek by birth—he is an almost flawless example of the aristocratic Englishman.

He is blond, with wavy, unruly hair. His face is bony and angular, but at the same time it has about it that dreamy softness that belonged to Keats and Shelley. He is tall—six-feet-one—and his body is tense and muscular, a circumstance which the English public notes with pleasure, since the ceremonial activities of a member of the British Royal family are endless and bound to be exhausting. His eyes are milky blue, peering out from under eyelashes which are almost as blond as his hair.

Philip himself has said that until he married Elizabeth, he never "had a place he could call home." This is true. His early years were spent wandering from school to school all over Europe and his war years were spent in the Royal Navy, wandering all over the world.

Philip was born on the windswept Greek Island of Corfu in 1921. Though at birth he was sixth in succession to the Greek throne, he never got any closer than that, because in 1922, a revolutionary junta overthrew King Constantine. The King's brother, Philip's father, an old-style aristocrat named Prince Andrew, was banished from Greece, and with his family he fled the country aboard a British warship.

The exiled aristocrats finally wound up in Paris, where they had to struggle to make ends meet. When Philip was eight, his chances were grim. He had no visible prospects of money: the throne to which he was distantly heir had ceased


KARSH OTTAWA

to exist. The family decided to send him to the powerful Battenbergs in England, a family which had changed its name to Mountbatten during World War I.

The Mountbatten family is a large one, so Philip had many homes, but the one he liked best was that of his Uncle "Dickie"—Lord Louis Mountbatten. It was here he met Elizabeth. He was nine, she was four.

"Elizabeth," she was told, "come shake hands with Prince Philip of Greece." The little girl came over obediently. "How do," she said politely. "How do," he replied. And that was all.

Schoolboy at 14

In 1933, Philip was sent to a German school near Lake Constance, but every time he saw a goose-stepping Nazi, he laughed. His German relatives did not consider this healthy, so back he went to Britain, to a Scottish school called Gordonstoun. Philip never attended Harrow or Eton (where, incidentally, he would have learned ancient Greek, a language he does not know!)

Philip was no dazzler at formal studies, but at Gordonstoun he learned to love the sea from wandering on the cliffs beside Firth of Moray, and from long talks with old fishermen. Later, he entered Dartmouth Naval College and was graduated with honors in 1939. Then the war came, and by 1940 he was an officer on a British battleship.

Meanwhile, Philip was still a Greek. He had sought British citizenship in 1939, but the war held up his application. As it turned out, it was only shortly before his engagement to Elizabeth that he was finally granted citizenship.

After seeing much active service in the Mediterranean and the Pacific, Philip was assigned to teach at a naval school near the historic British town of Bath. By now, Elizabeth's interest in him—and his in her—was comparatively common gossip, and British newspapers gradually started reporting his beer-drinking and dart-throwing at a local pub near the training center. Whenever he read one of these stories, he would anger instantly.

"What do they think I'd do in a pub?" Philip once asked a friend. "Bake a cake?"

On his leaves, he would come to London, where he was considered a highly eligible though impoverished bachelor. Once, a little Mayfair deb who didn't recognize him asked if he thought Philip would "ever marry Princess Elizabeth."

Philip considered for a moment and then replied. "I hope not," he said. "He's a bounder, you know!"

London gossip connecting Philip with Elizabeth was mounting, and so her parents whisked her off to South Africa, ostensibly on a goodwill tour. It is significant that while Elizabeth was away, on March 18, 1947, Prince Philip became a British subject. He lost his title.

On July 9, Elizabeth's mother and father made a brief, proud statement to the world: "It is with the greatest pleasure that the King and Queen announce the betrothal of their beloved daughter the Princess Elizabeth to Lieut. Philip Mountbatten."

Philip's superior officers naturally gave him leave and he moved to Buckingham Palace. The British press went crazy. The British people were racked by austerity, haunted by the fear of a new war. The romance of Elizabeth and Philip provided an ideal escape.

The papers made many wild, romantic assertions about the couple, but the most frequent one was that theirs was a true "love match."

On the Cricket green

To a generation made cynical by the amatory high jinks of celebrities, the simple statement that two world figures were to be married because "they are in love" sounds like press agentry. There is, however, no reason to doubt that Elizabeth and Philip were in love. No other explanation makes sense.

One of the most difficult things for a foreigner to understand about England is the feeling the British have for their Royal Family. It is neither veneration nor love; it is affectionate respect. It is not the occupant of the throne that matters; it is the throne itself. The throne is public property.

Philip knew this. Marrying Elizabeth might have been fun, but it would not be all fun in the future.

Elizabeth is a British civil servant. It is true she is an exalted servant, who from time to time wears rubies, but she is a civil servant just as much as the clerk in the black alpaca jacket. And for Philip to enter this world of half-independence was something he could not have done lightly. His decision to give up a large part of his freedom surprised some of his friends, but one of them summed it up by pointing out that two factors motivated him. One was his quite normal love for Elizabeth. The other is his inbred conviction that it is the duty of a prince to be a prince.

Though Philip is undeniably handsome, the size of his nose has become a family joke. Recently, a British sculptor, who was finishing a bust of Philip, asked him what he thought of it.

"Is my nose really that large?" Philip asked.

"I'm afraid it is," was the sad reply of the sculptor.

On another occasion, a visitor to Buckingham Palace was cooing over little Prince Charlie. "Why," she exclaimed, "he looks exactly like his father!"

"I know," replied Philip gravely, "but maybe he'll improve as he grows up."

Last May, Jimmy Durante—another eminent man with a big nose—appeared at London's famous Palladium, the theater where previously Philip had joined Danny Kaye in "Minnie the Moocher." This time, however, the Royal Family did not officially attend the performance. So Philip—who had never seen Durante except in films—went off alone and incognito to a matinee. He sat entranced by the Durante horseplay and later amused Elizabeth by referring to himself as "Schnozzle" Mountbatten.

One of Philip's characteristics which endears him to the British public is his genuine interest in the great mass of the people—the Alfs, and the Mrs. Hunkies and their children with names like Pam, 'Arry and Prissy.

"In order to understand England and how she lives," Philip recently told a friend, "you must understand that England is built on coal and is surrounded by fish." It was an apt remark because it is coal which fuels British industry and it is fish which is the basic food of the English workingman.

Being a professional sailor, Philip understands the sea, and since his father-in-law's death, he has been learning about coal. He visits coal mines frequently and his casual remark, "Ah, the miner—he's my chap," has become part of the folklore of the working class. It is in ways such as this that Philip makes his personality felt on levels in England other than the purely social.

Those who have met the royal pair are agreed that Philip is no amiable nonentity, content to stand in the shadow of his Queen. The truth is, Philip is a man of lively responses who generally succeeds on public occasions in establishing his own force of personality.

Astride his polo pony

One of Philip's jobs is to promote the British Commonwealth of Nations, and during his tour of Canada and his brief visit to Washington with Elizabeth, he did this superbly. Though he dislikes personal publicity, he joined a square dance in Alberta, wearing a borrowed and hopelessly small cowboy outfit.

And it is not only on official junkets that Philip is valuable. Last summer, members of the Italian polo club noticed that the Italian team playing against the British team led by Philip was using English for polo terms. This is a minor, but impressive, tribute to Philip, since to get polo-playing Italians to speak English (they know it but consider it fashionable to pretend they don't) was quite a feat.

Not all of his feats on the polo field are so successful, however. In a recent game he accidentally struck an American correspondent with his mallet, breaking two fingers. Philip apologized profusely and handsomely.

Philip's influence on the Queen is typically indirect. For instance, it was he who lured her away from the fancy, somewhat flowery clothes favored by the other women of her family. Now she is often seen in tailored suits, and even at garden parties she often wears far more "modern" clothes than her guests.

Recently, following the period of mourning for her father, Elizabeth appeared at a horse-judging contest. During the competition, Philip hoisted her up on a wagon so she could see better. Around her head she had wrapped a gayly colored scarf, an ornament which no other member of her family would have worn. Undoubtedly, Philip urged her to do it, and the scarf was a symbol of his relationship with her.

Buckingham Palace is the home of Philip and Elizabeth, just as 1158 South Elm Drive might be the home of a young American couple, and Philip helps in running it. Elizabeth could cook a meal for him (and he for her), and though while at the Palace they seldom do prepare complete dinners, sometimes they prepare little snacks for their tea.

Typical of the new, youthful air which Philip has let into the royal family is his attitude toward Princess Margaret. He is constantly teasing her about her chances of marriage, pointing out that her sister was married long before she was 22, which is Margaret's age, and why doesn't she hurry up and produce a husband?

Since she couldn't have married during the period of mourning for her father, and probably won't until her sister is crowned, the pert little Princess could stand Philip's needling no longer. "Okay," she retorted. "You get coronated and I'll get married!"

Philip today is well-educated—largely by himself. "My generation," he remarked recently, "is probably the worst educated of its

Aboard ship during maneuvers

day. The war cut short any chance we had of a higher education."

Men to whom Philip talks on his endless tours of inspection rapidly discover he has a keen brain. The standard remark about Philip in England is "even if he hadn't married Elizabeth, Philip Mountbatten would have got to the top."

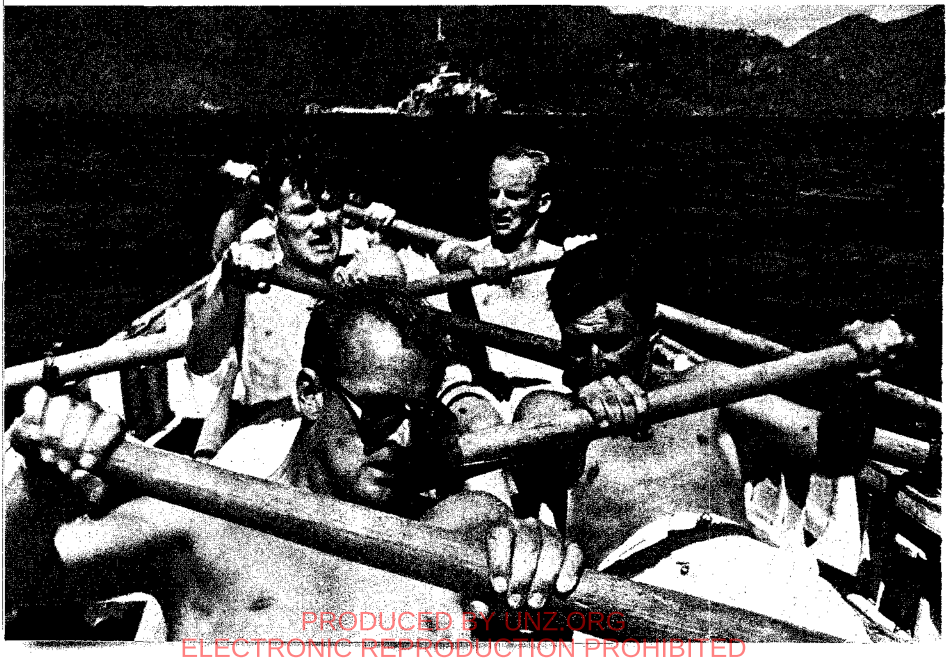
Recently, Philip had new honors—and duties—bestowed upon him. An appointment by Elizabeth brought him the titles of Duke Admiral of the Sea Cadets Corps, Colonel in Chief of the Army Cadet Force, and Air Commodore in Chief of the Air Training Corps.

Also, the British people like him. It is quite true that in the beginning, there was some doubt about him. After all, he was—suspiciously—a "foreigner." But this "foreigner" proved to be as British as they come, and this pleased the people.

Philip's predecessor at the difficult job of being Consort to Her Majesty was Prince Albert, who once summed up the task: "A royal husband should entirely sink his own existence in that of his wife. He should aim at no power, shun all contention, and continuously and anxiously watch over every part of the public business in order to counsel and advise." This Philip seems to be doing.

When Elizabeth ascended to the throne, it was Winston Churchill who said solemnly, "Famous have been the reigns of our Queens." He was thinking of the first Queen Elizabeth, and he was also thinking of Queen Victoria, two queens under whom England enjoyed many golden years.

He may have been thinking, too, of Prince Albert, who stood at Victoria's side, and unquestionably he was thinking of the tall, likable, prankish, serious young man named Philip, who will stand by Elizabeth's side in the reign to come.



"Darling Nellie Gray"

by **Ted Malone**

IN THE EVENTFUL year of 1856, Benjamin Hanby, an unknown young Ohioan, wrote the song *Darling Nellie Gray* while he was a sophomore at Otterbein College in Westerville, Ohio. Little did he dream that he was making history the day he mailed his manuscript to a Boston publisher. He did not even know the song had been accepted for publication until he unexpectedly heard the song played at a concert.

The song caught on like a flame and swept across the nation and over the world. Translated into foreign tongues, it sold millions of copies. Why did a song from an obscure boy command the world's attention?

Well, this was not just fictitious sentiment. It was real-life drama, a page torn out of Ohio and Kentucky history. The story was so touching that it pulled at the heartstrings of a nation . . . moved it to tears . . . moved it to action. It had as much influence as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* on Americans struggling to solve the problem of slavery.

Darling Nellie Gray recounts the true story told by a fugitive slave, Joseph Selby, as he lay dying in Hanby's own town at an Ohio station of the Underground Railroad. Nellie Gray and Joseph Selby were Kentucky slaves and sweethearts. The first verse of the song tells the beginning of their love, and the chorus tells what happened to Selby and his Nellie—two lovers who could not control their own destiny because they were slaves.

O, my Darling Nellie
Gray, they have
taken you away,
And I'll never see my
darling any more...

After his sweetheart had been torn from his arms, Joseph Selby, bitter and heartbroken, decided to escape to Canada, a free country, where he could earn money to buy his freedom and Nellie's.

It had been a terrible journey, a nightmare of fear, hunger and exposure. Selby shook with fever, and soon realized he was dying.

Oh, I hear the angels calling, and
I see my Nellie Gray
Farewell to the old Kentucky
shore.

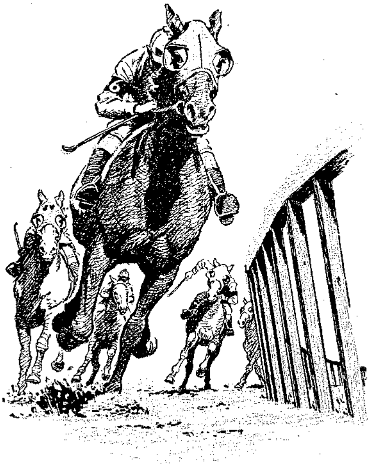
When the dying slave told his story, Benjamin was just a boy, who did not hear the tale until many years later. Moved by its tragic quality, he retold the story, using the medium in which he was gifted—song. It was only a song; but the story of Nellie Gray and her dying lover enlisted the sympathy of thousands of people for those like Nellie and Joseph, who were not free. And so a song helped to make American history.

Ted Malone stars on the *Ted Malone Show*, ABC radio network, Monday through Friday.

TRIBUTE TO A THOROUGHBRED

by **BUD GREENSPAN**

The monument at Fair Grounds stands in memory of a great race horse with a great heart



ON THE BROAD LAWNS of the infield at Fair Grounds Race Track in New Orleans stands an arresting monument. It is a tribute to a great thoroughbred, a champion who was probably more loved than any other race horse in history.

Black Gold was born a winner. Sired by famed champion Black Toney and born to money-winner Useeit, Black Gold had a royal heritage. Even as a colt, he comported himself with innate dignity. He seemed to sense his destiny, and he was ready for it.

Never had a horse earned its reputation before running a race. Experts from all over the country traveled to the Oklahoma stables of Mrs. R. M. Hoots to view her prize colt. He was jet black, with white flecks between his eyes. His bearing showed him to be a proud horse, a confident horse.

"The most beautiful animal I've ever seen," people said of him.

His beauty was matched by his speed. His workouts surprised even those who expected the best of him. But more impressive than Black Gold's speed was the grace with which he carried himself. Thundering around a track, his head held high, his long body rippling in marvelous control, he was the matchless embodiment of speed and stamina. One sportswriter wrote:

"Black Gold is a regal horse. You will cheer him. Then you will watch in silent awe. He is every inch a thoroughbred."

The prediction was fulfilled. In his first year of competition, Black Gold won nine races. He had his own technique in a race, which every jockey respected.

For almost three-quarters of the way, Black Gold merely held his position in the field. Often he was back among the trailers. Only when the finish line came in view did he burst into speed. Within seconds, he headed the pack. When the cheers rose, it was Black Gold who won them.

The racing world buzzed with excitement when Mrs. Hoots entered Black Gold in the Kentucky Derby. It was 1924, the Golden

Jubilee of the world's greatest racing spectacle. From all over the nation, thousands came to watch the 19 thoroughbreds face their biggest challenge.

Black Gold led the horses to the track. To the 80,000 spectators jammed into Churchill Downs, the sight of the magnificent animal, prancing majestically to the starting line, was a great thrill, and applause filled the air.

Then the red flag dropped and the race was on. The crowd cheered: they're off!

Down the track they came, the flying champions, past the stands, then around the turn. Going up the far side, Black Gold was still in the pack, guardedly holding his position. At the three-quarter mark he moved up to fifth.

Jockey Mooney whispered: "Let's go!"

Black Gold went. Smoothly, his lean body stretched, up went his head. He passed one horse after another, fighting for the lead. With 70 yards to go, only one horse stood between Black Gold and victory. Again Mooney whispered.

Black Gold shot ahead and won by half a length. Churchill Downs exploded into a cheering bedlam. It had been more than a race; it was a masterful performance by a great horse.

Throughout the season, race fans crowded tracks across the country to watch the horse who had made himself a legend. So beautiful was each performance that even those who did not bet, shared Black Gold's victories. Then a sad note came at the end of the summer.

"I am retiring Black Gold," Mrs. Hoots announced. "He has earned a rest. I leave his record for others to match, if they can."

Back at his Oklahoma stables, Black Gold somehow seemed to resent his retirement. He had known the thrill of dead-heat competition, and that was something no thoroughbred could forget. Instead of accepting the carefree years ahead, he remained alert and keen, eager for his next race.

Mrs. Hoots sensed what Black Gold was feeling, but she was adamant in her decision that he would not run again. Months passed and faded into years. No ordinary race could tempt Mrs. Hoots to change her mind.

THEN FOUR YEARS LATER in 1928, Black Gold returned to the fabulous world of the turf for which he was born. Again, excitement mounted and Black Gold was the center of it. When the truck arrived to take him to the track, Black Gold hurried forward, his sleek muscles quivering.

It was a big day at Fair Grounds. To New Orleans went hundreds of fans who remembered Black Gold and wanted to see him run again. He was the sentimental favorite. In his stall, he danced nervously, awaiting the call to the track. When he appeared and paraded toward the post, the crowd cheered and applauded.

When the field broke, it was clear that Black Gold had lost none of his skill. Again he trailed until the finish line came into sight.

"There he goes! He's making his move now!" yelled the crowd as he broke into his sprint.

Then it happened. Just as he was about to catch the leader, he stumbled and broke stride abruptly; he barely made it to the finish line a scant 20 yards away.

Everybody forgot the winner. A shocked silence hushed the stands. The jockey leaped off Black Gold, gazed at him, then sobbed unashamedly.

Immediately, a veterinarian rushed across the field. A quick examination showed that Black Gold's left foreleg had snapped.

From the stands, Mrs. Hoots watched quietly. She saw the veterinarian leave the horse and walk toward her. He did not have to say anything. The tears that shone in his eyes told her that nothing could be done.

Staring beyond him to her fallen horse, Mrs. Hoots merely nodded. The stallion was led to the paddock. There the doctor ended Black Gold's life.

Nobody remembers how the campaign started, but suddenly newspapers all over the country were deluged by mail. Amazed sports writers consulted each other; they could remember nothing like this happening before.

"Let Black Gold rest where he died," the letters said. "And let us, the fans who loved him, provide a fitting monument."

The campaign grew, the plan was fulfilled. And that is why, today, a concrete monument stands near the finish line of the Fair Grounds track.

Beneath it, at the scene of his last glory, rests Black Gold, whose magnificent thoroughbred heart sent him to his death.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

The Perry Como Story, by Jay Kaye

The young man who started as a barber in Pennsylvania has now become one of America's top singing stars. But success has never gone to his head. Here is the behind-the-scenes story of how Como climbed the ladder to stardom.

"Masculine" Women Are Cheating Love, by William G. Neiderland, M.D.

Can anything be done for women who rebel against society and seek to deny their sex? What are the reasons for the emotional conflicts which impel them? In this article, a doctor supplies the answers to a social problem of increasing importance.

Find Your Fortune in Your Hand, by Frank Hiteshew and Martha Brady

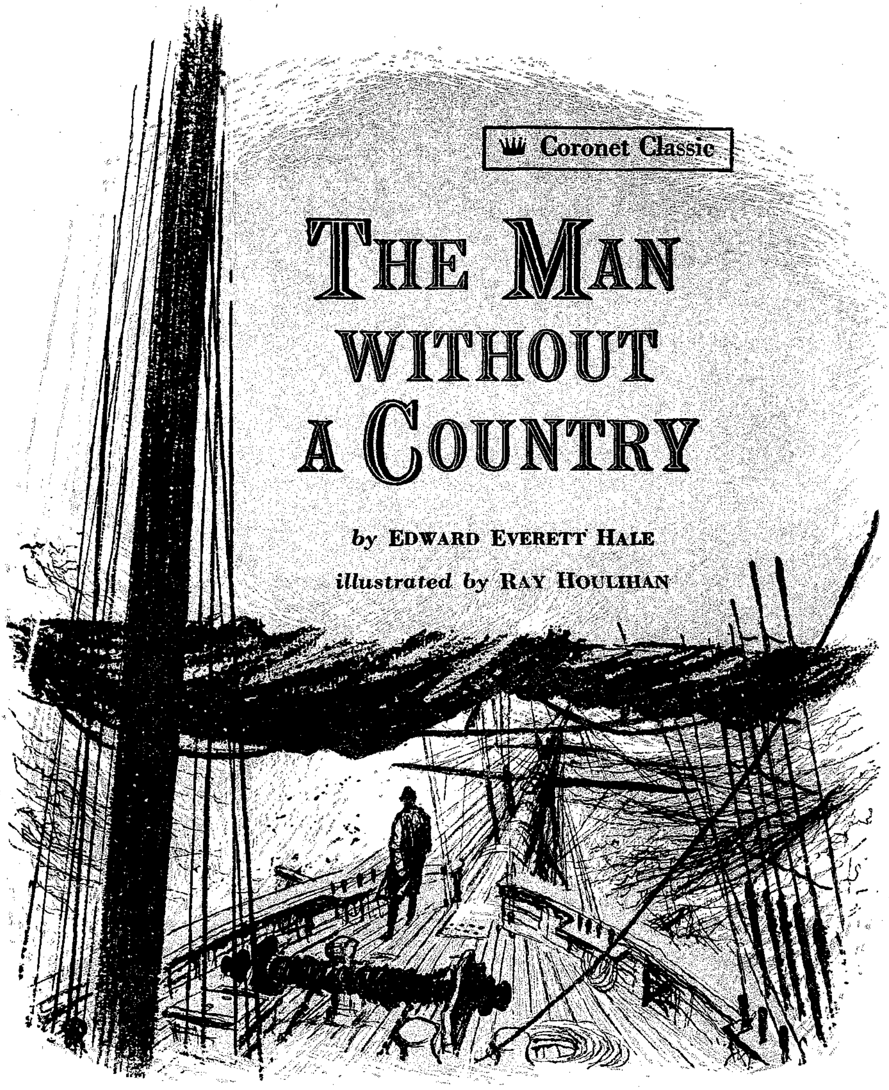
From time immemorial, man has pondered the network of lines on his hands. No two palms are alike, and their lines often reflect past experiences. But are they a guide to your future, and can you learn to use this guide? This fascinating article, illustrated with charts and diagrams, analyzes the art of palm-reading.

Coronet Classic

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

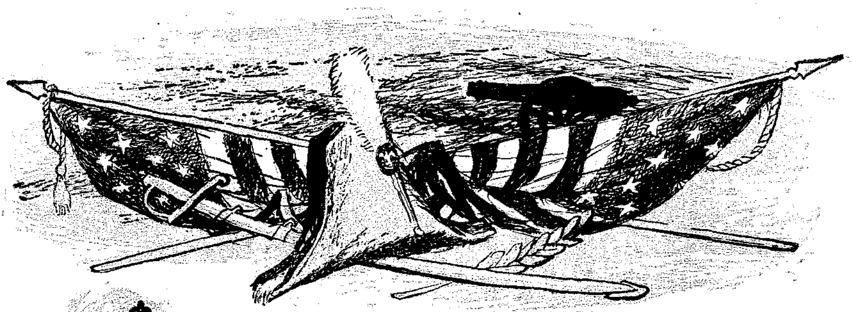
by **EDWARD EVERETT HALE**

illustrated by **RAY HOULIHAN**



This month, Coronet presents the first in a series of great stories that can be read and reread by everyone who enjoys memorable literature. "The Man Without a Country" was written in 1863 by Edward Everett Hale of Boston, author, minister and descendant of Nathan Hale, famed hero of the War of Independence. Today, more than ever before, this classic carries a message of inspiration to every American.

—THE EDITORS



Few casual readers of the New York *Herald* of August 13, 1863, noticed, among the "Deaths," the announcement:

> "NOLAN. Died, on board U. S. Corvette *Levant*, Lat. 2° 11′ S., Long. 131° W., on May 11, Philip Nolan."

I happened to observe it, because my memory for names is good. And I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan.

Hundreds of other readers would have paused at that announcement—if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it read: "Died, May 11, The Man Without a Country." For it was as "The Man Without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who in the very strictest secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, had had him in successive charge during some 50 years. . . .

Philip Nolan was as fine a young artillery officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our Army was called when Aaron Burr made his first expedition to New Orleans in 1805. Burr met this gay, dashing, bright young fellow at a dinner party, talked to him, walked with him, took him for a brief voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him.

For the next year, barrack life was very tame to Nolan. Occasionally he availed himself of the permission the great man had given to write to him. But never a line did he have in reply. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, but one day Nolan had his revenge.

This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office but as a disguised conqueror. It was rumored he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day to Nolan.

That evening Burr asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, and by the time the sail was over, the young officer was enlisted body and soul.

What Burr meant to do, I know no more than you. But when the catastrophe came, and Thomas Jefferson staged the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley held a string of courts-martial at Fort Adams.

One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhere had it been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr."

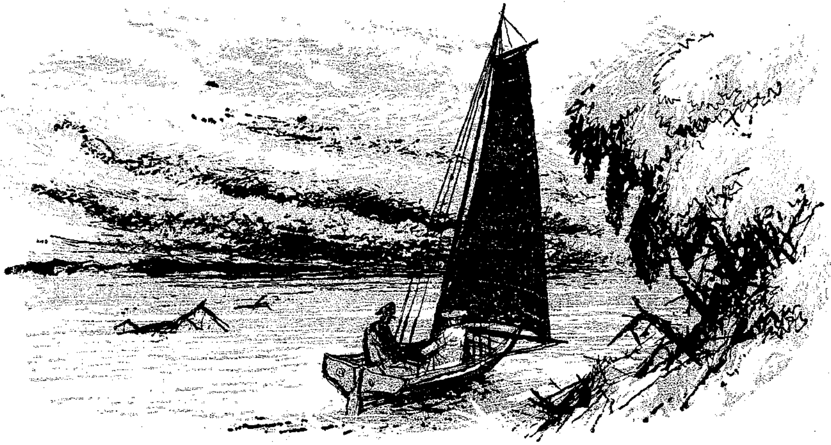
The big flies escaped—rightly, for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough; yet you and I would never have heard of him except that, when the president of the court asked whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out in fury:

"Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution; and their lives had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed.

He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days in the midst of "The Spanish Plot," "The Orleans Plot" and all the rest. His education had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz; he had spent half his youth hunting horses in Texas; to him the "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had sworn to be true to the "United States" for all his years in the Army. It was the "United States" which had given him the uniform he wore and the sword by his side.

Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because the "United States" had picked you first as one of her confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared more for you than for the flatboat men who sailed



with him. I do not attempt to excuse Nolan; I only explain why he damned his country, and wished that he might never hear her name again.

And from that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never did hear her name again. For that half-century and more, he was a man without a country. . . .

Old Morgan, as I say, was shocked. He called the court into his private room and returned in 15 minutes, his face like a sheet, to say: "Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court! The court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn. Then Morgan added: "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat and deliver him to the naval commander there. See that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner."

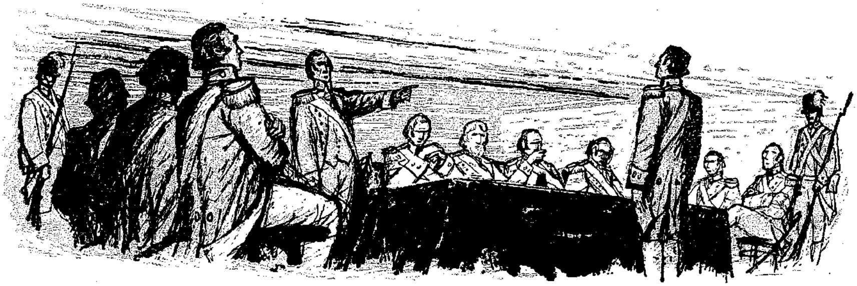
When I was second officer of the *Intrepid*, some 30 years later, I saw the original paper of instructions. It ran this way:

"Sir: You will receive from Lieutenant Neal the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the U. S. Army. This person on his trial by court-martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.' The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is entrusted by the President to this Department. You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape. You will provide him with such quarters, rations and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to see his country, or to hear any information regarding it; and you will specially



caution all officers under your command to take care that this rule shall not be broken."

The arrangements adopted on board the ships on which I met "The Man Without a Country" were the same from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home, of politics, of peace or war. But it was thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, so we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer stood by.

The captain always asked him to dinner on Monday, and every mess in succession took up the invitation in turn. His breakfast he ate in his stateroom—he always had a stateroom—where a sentinel could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone.

Sometimes, when the Marines or sailors had a special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. They called him "Plain-Buttons" because, while he always chose to wear an Army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the buttons, since they bore the initials or insignia of the country he had disowned.

As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, his time hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no illusion to it. He had almost all the foreign papers that came on board, only somebody went over them and cut out any mention of America.

At the Cape of Good Hope, on Nolan's first voyage, an officer borrowed a lot of English books. Among them was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which had not been published long.

Nobody thought there could be anything national in that, so Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck, smoking and reading aloud. It so happened that in his turn, Nolan took the book and read to the others, none of whom knew a line of the poem. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute, and then began, without a thought of what was coming:

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said —"

It seems impossible today that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and Nolan went on:

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw that something was going to happen. But Nolan turned pale and plunged on:

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well —"

Here the poor fellow choked, and could not go on. Then suddenly he got to his feet and tossed the book into the sea.

This was about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, and affected to enjoy the voyage. But after the book incident, he was never the same man again.

It was on Nolan's second cruise that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. Our ship had been lying in the Bay of Naples, and the men thought they must give a great ball. They asked if they might invite Nolan, provided he did not speak with people "who would give him intelligence," and the captain agreed.

At the ball, different officers relieved each other in talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. But as the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, so much so that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to Mrs. Graff and say:

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Fellows, who was standing by him, could not hinder. She laughed and said: "I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same."

Nolan thought he had found his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places; and this was a godsend. He began with her travels in Europe, then said boldly: "And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

That splendid creature looked right through him. "Home, Mr. Nolan? I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!"

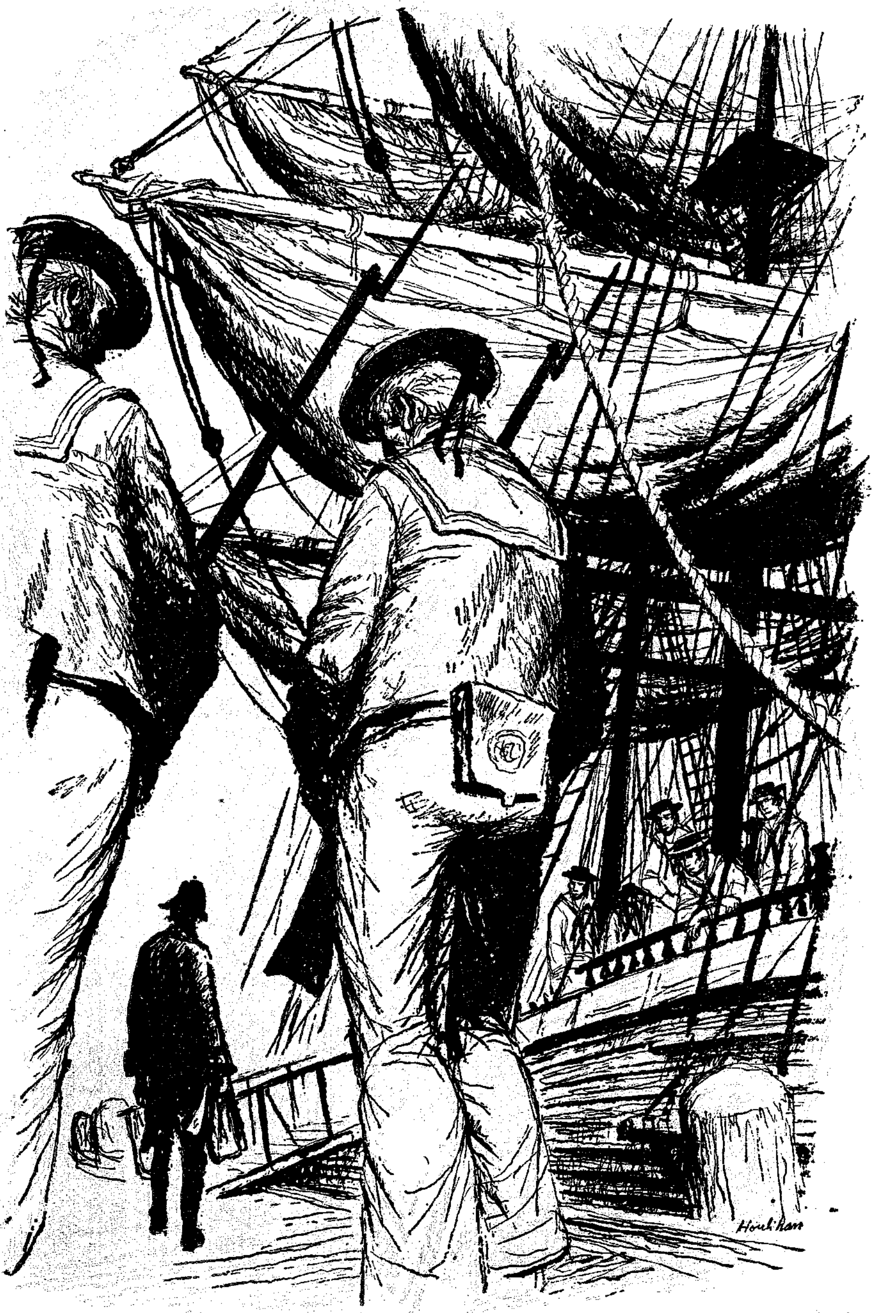
Then she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left Nolan alone, as always.

He did not dance again that night. . . .

A happier story about Nolan concerns the War of 1812. In one of the great frigate duels with the English, in which our Navy was really baptized, a round-shot entered one of our ports and took down the officer of the gun and almost every man of the crew. As the men who were not killed picked themselves up and began carrying off bodies, Nolan appeared in his shirt sleeves, rammer in his hand, and just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority. He finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and ordered the men to fire.

There he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits till the enemy struck—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot, making the new hands laugh at their own blunders, and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship.

When the commodore walked forward to encourage the men,


Houlihan

Nolan touched his hat and said: "I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir," the commodore replied. "I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, either."

After the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword in the midst of the ceremony on the quarter deck, he said: "Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

When Nolan came, the commodore said: "We are all very grateful to you. You are one of us today; you will be named in dispatches."

Then he took off his own sword, gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might, for he had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams.

The commodore did mention him in dispatches, and it was always said that he asked for a pardon. Also he wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War, but nothing ever came of it. . . .

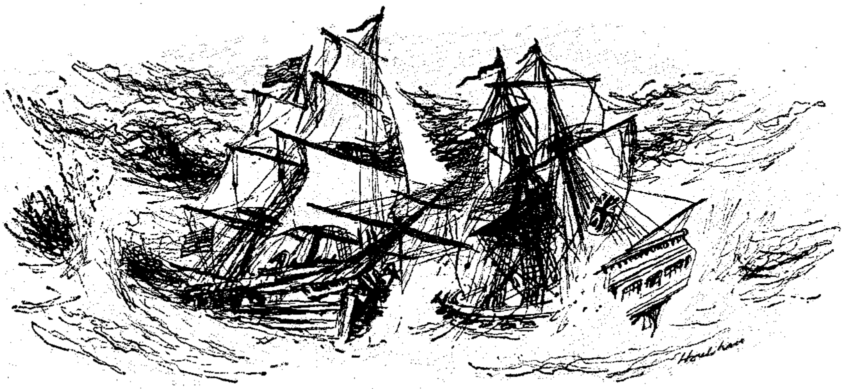
If Nolan was 30 then, he must have been near 80 when he died. He looked 60 when he was 40; but he never seemed to me to change a hair afterward.

Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal; he always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody died, he was always ready to read prayers.

My own acquaintance with Nolan began in the South Atlantic, on my first voyage after I was appointed midshipman. I first came to understand "The Man Without a Country" when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. Vaughan was ordered to take charge of her, but he sent back his boat to ask that someone be sent who could speak Portuguese.

Nolan stepped forward and said he should be glad to interpret if the captain wished, since he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat, and in this it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see. Chaos run loose in the midst of nastiness. Vaughan had had the



slaves' handcuffs and ankle shackles knocked off. The Negroes were swarming all over the dirty deck.

As we went aboard the schooner, Vaughan said in desperation: "For God's sake, tell the Negroes they are free, and tell them that these slavers are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan explained it in such Portuguese as a few of them could understand. Then there was a yell of delight, leaping and dancing, and a general rush to worship Vaughan.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

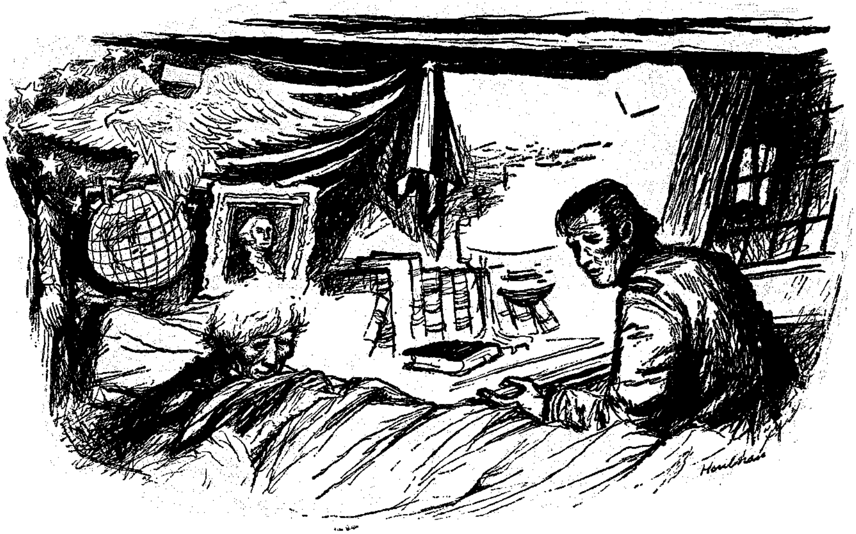
But this did not go so well, for Cape Palmas was almost as far from the homes of most of them as was New Orleans. Their interpreters instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas,*" and began to propose infinite other expedients. Vaughan was rather disappointed and asked Nolan what they said. The drops stood out on Nolan's forehead as he replied:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home; take us to our own country.' He says he left his people sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these slave-running devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has not seen anybody from home since then."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. Even the Negroes stopped their howling as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could find words and get them out, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes—I'll take them home. By Heaven, if I have to sail this schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

After some fashion Nolan said so, and getting Vaughan to say



he might go back, he beckoned me into our boat. As we sat in the stern, he said:

"Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home and without a country; and if you are ever tempted to say a word or do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven.

"Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Let your home be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells.

"No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray to God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and Government and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. . . ."

After that cruise Nolan aged very fast, as well he might have, but he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment.

A letter from one who was there gives an account of Nolan's last hours. Here it is, in part: "I try to find heart to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was; and I can understand now the way in which you used to speak of the old fellow.

"I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. Yesterday morning he had let the doctor see him, and he said he should like to see me.

"Well, I went in, and the fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help glancing at the little Shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The Stars and Stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightning blazing from his beak, and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed.

"The old boy saw my glance, and said with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where hung a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay.

"He said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? But do not speak till I say what I am sure you know—that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are 34 stars in it now. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything that has happened, before I die!'

"I swear that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. 'Mr. Nolan,' I said, 'I will tell you everything you ask about.'

"It was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not know what I told him—of emigration, and the means of it; of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs; of inventions and books and literature; of West Point and the Naval School—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see, it was Robinson Crusoe asking the accumulated questions of all those years of mystery and loneliness!

"I remember he asked, of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln when he was a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks.

" 'Good for him!' cried Nolan. 'I am glad of that. I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.'

"He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian *Book of Public Prayer*, which lay there, and said with a smile that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt and read, and he repeated with me: 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee that notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness'—and so to the end.

"Then he turned to the back of the book and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States,—and the rest of the Episcopal Collect.

" 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning for 55 years,' he told me. And then he bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible when I am gone.' Then I went away.

"In an hour, when the doctor went in, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper where he had marked the text:

" 'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written. 'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not someone set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

In Memory of
PHILIP NOLAN
He loved his country as no other
man has loved her; but no man
deserved less at her hands."

STERILITY
Can Be a State of Mind

by **VERA G. KINSLER**

New clinical tests indicate that there is a "sure cure" for many childless couples

AS OLD AS THE Bible is the lament of men and women who want to have children, and cannot. Through the centuries, medicine has tried one treatment after another, ranging from superstitious invocations to the use of miracle drugs. Today the problem remains a major one: in the United States alone, it is estimated that one out of every ten married couples is childless despite their profoundest desires to be parents.

Fortunately for them, the latest researches into sterility are astonishing. They suggest that emotional conflicts—hatred, fear, anxiety, poor adjustment to marriage—all can bring on sterility. These emotional states, it is believed, may have prevented conception in from one-quarter to one-third of all cases of involuntary childlessness. Once they are removed, it appears, pregnancy becomes possible.

The powerful influence of mind over human fertility is underlined by recent findings at the Infertility Clinic of the Maternal Health Association in Cleveland, one of several clinics which have been working on the problem of sterility. These findings, based on 300 married couples who have been treated at the Clinic since 1946, are as encouraging as they are startling.

Before treatment, each of the 300 couples had been barren for at least 18 months of married life. Two hundred and twenty-five of the wives had never been pregnant; the remaining 75 had found themselves unable to conceive after a miscarriage or a previous pregnancy.

After treatment, 93 couples achieved a total of 109 pregnancies. One couple even had twins!

While admittedly, 300 couples is a small number upon which to base conclusions, the results do offer a guide. Fully one-quarter of all pregnancies achieved were due, the physicians found, to a simple, general health program recommended to all patients. This included correction of obvious weaknesses, such as anemia and bad teeth; placing both husband and wife on well-balanced diets rich in fruits, vegetables and meat; and advising them as to the most probably fruitful time of the month for marital relations.

But in further analysis, doctors came upon a surprising discovery: in another one-third of all successful cases, *the mere fact that a married* *couple sought advice, or were accepted for treatment, apparently gave them such a psychological boost that conception became possible.*

"The seeking of advice," staff doctors decided, "seems to have a therapeutic value."

One couple actually conceived a few days before they were scheduled to go to the clinic for their first interview. Four other couples, who had been interviewed and told to report later for an examination, found they were on the way to parenthood before that date arrived! Cases closed happily, apparently due to the psychological element which seems to operate in human reproduction.

HOW ELSE EXPLAIN the same phenomenon noted time and again by family physicians? Many a general practitioner knows of infertile women who request appointments for medical help, only to cancel their appointments later for the joyful reason that they are already expectant mothers. Or he can report cases in which women, after they have a preliminary discussion of their problem with him, but before he has had an opportunity to examine them or prescribe treatment, happily announce the stork has already located them.

"They thank us from the bottom of their hearts," reported one specialist. "And they think that we're miracle men for helping them, when we really haven't had the time to do anything for them."

Still another case often cited is that of the couple who, after years of barrenness, finally decides to adopt a baby—and shortly thereafter the wife discovers that she is pregnant. What is this psychological element which seems to operate in all these instances?

Specialists think they may have found a key in a new technique which enables them to make fluoroscopic examination of a woman's Fallopian tubes—the two slender passages leading from the ovaries to the uterus. It is in the Fallopian tubes that union of the male and female cells must take place if a child is to be conceived.

In high-strung women, doctors discovered, the tubes are sometimes tightly shut, apparently because of nervous tension. This can be compared to the way in which one's throat sometimes chokes up because of strong emotion. When the tubes are closed, no meeting of male and female cells is possible.

Doctors also theorize that even if the tubes remain open and a union of the cells takes place, in exceptionally nervous women the lining of the uterus, which should be soft and relaxed, may be so taut that it offers no anchorage on which the baby-to-be can start growth. In such cases, pregnancy will not take place.

The part played by the Fallopian tubes in conception has long been known, but pioneering work in modern times dates from 1920, when Dr. I. C. Rubin, of New York University College of Medicine, devised a method of filling the tubes with gas. This procedure proved tremendously useful, first, as a test to determine if the tubes were open, and second, as a treatment in opening closed tubes.

Since then, a new technique has been introduced with astonishing results. This involves filling the tubes with an iodized oil solution, and then taking x-rays of them. These are known as salpingograms.

Salpingograms were first taken simply as part of a preliminary examination. But doctors soon discovered that the procedure itself was something of a cure. In an estimated 25 per cent of cases, barren women conceived *after* salpingograms were taken but *before* any other treatment was begun.

"We don't know why taking a salpingogram improves fertility," one gynecologist admitted. "It may be the effect of the iodine, the oil or the x-rays on the reproductive organs and cells.

"Now, before beginning the procedure, we tell the woman that a quarter of all patients who have had salpingograms become pregnant; this information apparently has a genuine psychological effect."

WHY SEEKING medical advice, or receiving suggestive treatment, should relieve nervous tension, is again a subject of theory. Psychiatrists feel that in many families where psychic sterility is found, there are often such strong parental prohibitions against sex that even when young people obtain the blessings of both church and state on their married love life, they continue to be inhibited and tense in their relationships.

Some specialists point out that to many persons, the doctor has become the highest authority in the conduct of their personal lives. In effect, he has taken the place of the father of their childhood. When married couples come to him with such intimate problems, they are in a way seeking his approval of their nervous tension, which may be reassuring to the wife and lead to a relaxation of her Fallopian tubes.

Some women come to seek help for barren marriages, and reveal confusion as to their sterile and fertile periods. Nature is somewhat to blame here, because the times of greatest desire in woman, just before and after the menstrual period, are those in which she is thought to be sterile. The midpoint of the month, between her periods, commonly the time when the female productive cell is ripe for fertilization, is usually the period when she feels the least sexual urge.

Study by the physician of each woman's individual menstrual cycle —a complex medical problem, to be sure—is regarded as the best way to help couples plan the timing of their marital relations so as to encourage conception.

In the case of the barren wife who conceives shortly after she and her husband finally agree to adopt a baby, it is thought that the decision itself relaxes tensions, increased in these cases by the wife's long-standing feeling of inadequacy. This mental relief seems to bring about the miracle of new life.

Then there are women such as Mrs. Williams, who was childless in her first marriage. Widowed, and remarried to Mr. Roberts, she became the mother of two children. Assuming that both husbands were fertile, psychiatric explanation here seems to favor the belief that conscious or hidden hostility toward the first husband led to a closing of the Fallopian tubes. The second and happier marriage brought about relaxation.

It seems here, as it does in many similar cases, that what has often been poetically termed "the act of love" must, in truth, *be* an act of love, rather than just an act of sex, if fruitful union is to ensue.

There are, of course, a great many factors involved in human fertility. Doctors hesitate to assert that anyone is truly sterile, save in such extreme instances where the organs of generation have been surgically removed. Medical science prefers to term most involuntarily childless couples "sub-fertile"—and today, with medical help, many of these "would-be" parents can be.

As understanding of fertility grows, doctors are more and more reluctant to assume, as they have in the past, that it is the woman who is barren. Dr. Rubin asserts that "although the wife was formerly blamed for the sole responsibility of barren issue, it has since been ascertained that the husband is responsible in from 33 to 50 per cent of all cases."

If, however, the resources of the ever-increasing arsenal of fertility treatments have been exhausted—if dietary and sex-hygiene advice, salpingograms, surgery, hormonal treatments and all such have established no reason why the couple cannot have children—then specialists sometimes advise:

"Go home. Forget about the woman's fertile periods. Stop counting off the days of the month by the calendar. If the wife is working, perhaps she can take a leave of absence for a while, or quit her job and stay at home. Rest and relax, and just forget all about doctors for a while. And see what happens."

Sometimes this complete abandonment of treatment brings along the baby which all the previous methods had failed to produce!

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The Autograph of God

by ARCHER WALLACE

As far back as we have any knowledge of human nature, there are evidences of man's love of beauty. In the Stone Age, men made drawings on the walls of their caves which have astonished investigators. This crude art shows that long ago men believed that life meant more than eating and sleeping.

I once knew an old man and his wife who lived in a drab, uninteresting town in the north of England. Each week end in the summer, when weather permitted, they took the train into the country and spent a day among the heather-covered hills that stretched into Scotland. While there, they were thrilled by the beauty of their surroundings. They came to know nearly every kind of shrub and flower and the varieties of bird life.

Nothing escaped their attention, and they would go to the city library to check their knowledge of horticulture with more interest than others who grabbed the newspaper to read the latest headlines.

Love of beauty is one of the encouraging things of life. Travelers in Europe know that cathedrals built in the Middle Ages have beauty which amazes and inspires. I went with a party of sightseers into Chester Cathedral, a building which staggers with its dreamy ministries to the senses. Some one asked how work high up had been done in an age with few building devices.

"We do not know," replied the person in charge. "We cannot understand how workmen ever got up there, or even how they got down again." But they did it because they loved beauty; it was their delight.

The grandest panorama would mean nothing were it not for the inner appreciation which can rise to its splendor. Sometimes, in the most unexpected places, one finds a love of the sublime which shows that, whatever outward experiences may indicate, the handwriting of God is seen and understood.

Beauty and happiness go together; they are interlocked and no one who loves the infinite spectacle in nature can remain permanently unhappy. The glory of it is that it is free to all. No one can have a corner of it; it is never the privilege of the few. And its charm can be experienced without money and without price.

From *The Autograph of God*, by Archer Wallace. Copyright 1952, by The Macmillan Company, New York 11, New York.

Whole Families Go to Opportunity School

by **CAROL HUGHES**

There's no age limit for students in this unique South Carolina Institution

MANY ADULTS—some famous, many successful—often say when asked about their schooling: "I never had the opportunity."

Few people in the State of South Carolina can make such a statement. Just six miles out of Columbia, there is an institution, first of its kind in the nation, that is not only named "Opportunity School" but also lives up to its name—a school to meet the needs of all people. From youngest to oldest, poorest to wealthiest, this tumultuous, amazing school now boasts 8,000 alumni scattered all over the globe—undoubtedly the strangest assortment of graduates that ever vowed allegiance to an alma mater.

They all have two things in common: any two of any age may have been in the same class together, and they all love "Opp" with a passion. At the Opportunity School of South Carolina there are no age requirements other than the 16-year-old minimum (and even this is waived for Summer sessions), no maximum or minimum entrance limitations. Its motto is "Come one, come all," and come they do.

In its classrooms a sixteen-year-old youngster may be studying beside a grandmother; a father may be in the sixth grade while his son is graduating from high. The educational level of the school's students ranges from no schooling through high school.

Its curriculum is the most flexible on earth. Its students can negotiate three grades in a year, or one in three years. Student types include farmers in worn overalls, garage men in company uniforms, gray-haired ladies and young girls.

As strange as its collection of students is the physical make-up of the school. Located in West Columbia, it is housed in the hospital area of the old Columbia Army Air Force base. The low, one-story building has 2½ miles of corridors, and jutting out on either side are all sorts of rooms and cubbyholes, in such a maze that a stranger could easily become lost. A classroom may be located next door to a kitchen; an apartment housing a family may be tucked between a laboratory and a recreation hall.

Last year the total enrollment, Winter and Summer, day and night classes, was 468 students ranging in age from 16 to 69. They came from every social and economic background in South Carolina, and some few from other states. Three-fourths were people of unfortunate backgrounds—broken homes, poverty, family sickness. These and other circumstances had held them in bondage long beyond normal school age.

However, these years of self-denial had strengthened them in resourcefulness, persistence and the drive to move forward, once the chance was theirs. They didn't intend to miss their opportunity now.

From "Opp" have come such people as Dr. Oliver L. Thomas, now a successful physician. Back in 1943, he was a young man in the ninth grade. Out of school for six years, he was reluctant to return to the ordinary high school, so Opportunity was the answer. From "Opp" he went to college, then medical school.

"Opportunity School was a lifesaver for me," he says. "I might not have fitted back in high school, and probably would have gotten bogged down."

One of the reasons for so many successes at "Opp" is an inspired, dedicated staff. Here, 14 teachers, a superintendent, a director and three office workers share a belief in culture and education. Walls plastered with such constant reminders as "Character is not purchased—it is made"; "A word a day keeps embarrassment away"; "Parents ought to honor their children by getting schooling" are found along turns and bends of the long corridors.

Not all the students are from poverty-ridden backgrounds. There is 40-year-old John Mencey who had made a fortune, without the aid of schooling, before he entered the primary level at "Opp." As a young man seeking to free himself from a sharecropper environment, he hitchhiked his way to Winnsboro, South Carolina, in 1929. By 1950, he was a comfortably rich man, well married, respected in his community, but with the galling inner knowledge that not even the Army would accept him, due to his inability to read and write. "Money is not a substitute for learning or happiness," he says. "Many times I would have given it all up for a high-school diploma."

He is well on his way, and hopes to complete his schooling soon.

THE GUIDING GENIUS of the school is Director Dr. Wil Lou Gray. From the day of its start back in 1921, Dr. Gray has spent 32 years in selfless service to the job she loves. Now, at 69, she approaches next year's opening with the same zest that sparked her beginning.

Born in Laurens, South Carolina, in 1883, daughter of William Lafayette and Louise Dial Gray, she received the peculiar name of Wil

Lou as a combination of their two names. After finishing the local schools, she went on to college and earned degrees.

There was every factor present to discourage even the most stalwart soul on the day she set forth on a lonely journey to the little mountain school of Tamassee, conducted by the Adult Division of the South Carolina Department of Education. There, on an August morning in 1921, Dr. Wil Lou arrived, having fortified herself for any eventuality by tucking a huge smoked ham in a box.

She found an old, one-room building, a barrel of flour, some fresh vegetables (given by the surrounding hill people in lieu of the $1 tuition) and $40 in cash. The walls were plank, the stove was pot-bellied, the lights were kerosene lamps. But hopefully waiting were 17 young women below the fifth-grade level and 19 young men in overalls, all eager to go to school.

From that day forward, hers was an approach dedicated to helping others to help themselves. Quietly she went about the back country, gathering more students than the little school could accommodate, all the while campaigning for more funds and better provisions.

The force of her record at Tamassee began to win adherents. School, students and director grew swiftly. And as they grew, they moved from larger quarters to larger towns—Tamassee, Lander, Erskin, Anderson, Clemson and Columbia College—and finally into the lovely setting the school now occupies as a result of a gift by the Federal Government.

The cost of tuition at Opp—even for those who can pay—is amazingly low. For room, board and tuition and fees, students pay $47.50 per month. For the families who live in the apartments, the cost is less than $30 a month. Since expenses are so low, all students, rich or poor, are required to work six hours a week outside classes.

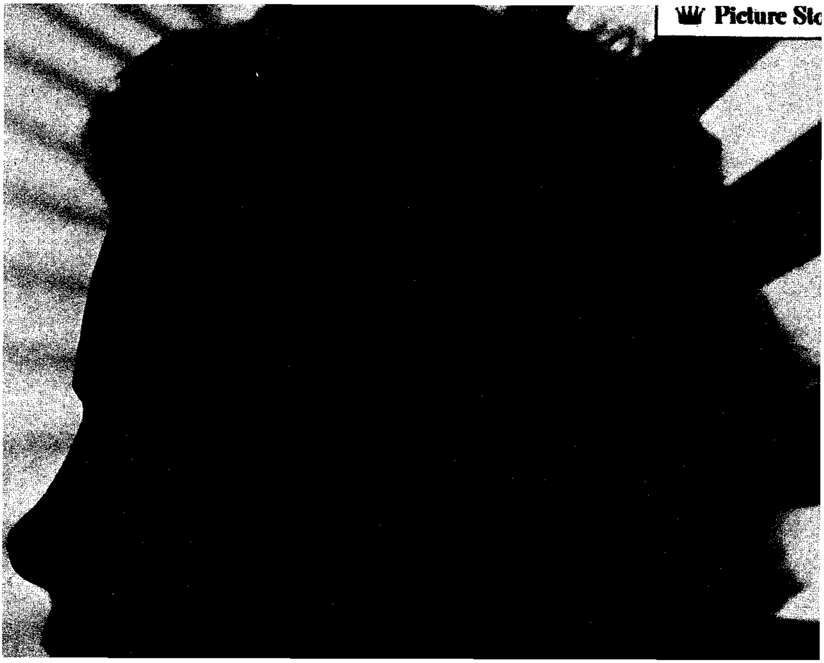
The State contributes about $88,000 a year for teachers' salaries and upkeep. Clubs, churches, missionary societies and individuals donate to assist students deprived of elementary or secondary education. Follow-up studies show that those assisted by such contributions are enriching the civic, cultural and economic life of the State.

One of "Opp's" great charms lies in the students themselves. A most unself-conscious group of people, they talk freely to anyone, and are not the least nonplussed when Dr. Gray proudly calls in a 30-year-old student to show that he has finally mastered the art of writing his name.

One of the prettiest girls is Gladys Bank, a 17-year-old, who is now in the second grade, and proudly so. Prior to coming to "Opp," she had received only six months of schooling in her life. Her father had died, and her mother did not understand the necessity of such things as education for little girls.

Proudly she read a simple little poem, saying beforehand: "I'm not sure I can do it. I've only been reading sentences for a week."

Answers to Reading Test on page 33: 1. c; 2. b; 3. b; 4. a; 5. d; 6. b; 7. c; 8. b.



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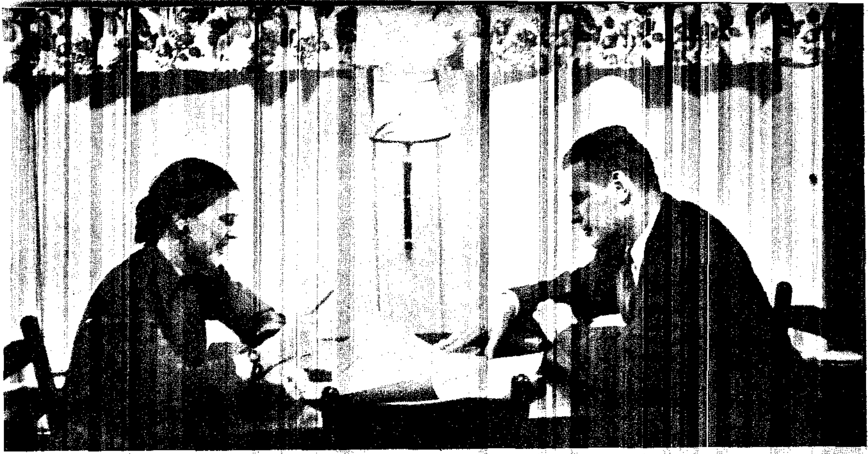


EVEN AMONG THE 1,500 female engineers in the U. S., Beatrice Hicks is a rare specimen. Still at an age when most women are satisfied if they can master the baby's formula, Miss Hicks is chief engineer and vice-president of Newark Controls, a top heating equipment plant. Married to a television engineer, she has found time, too, to spark the Society of Women Engineers. Her goal: to convince other women, with a "Come-on-in-the-water's-fine," that engineering needs them.

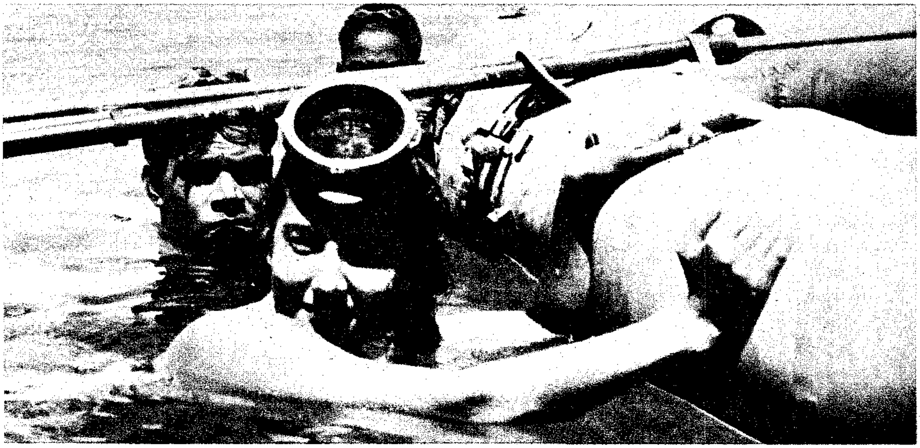
Beatrice A. Hicks

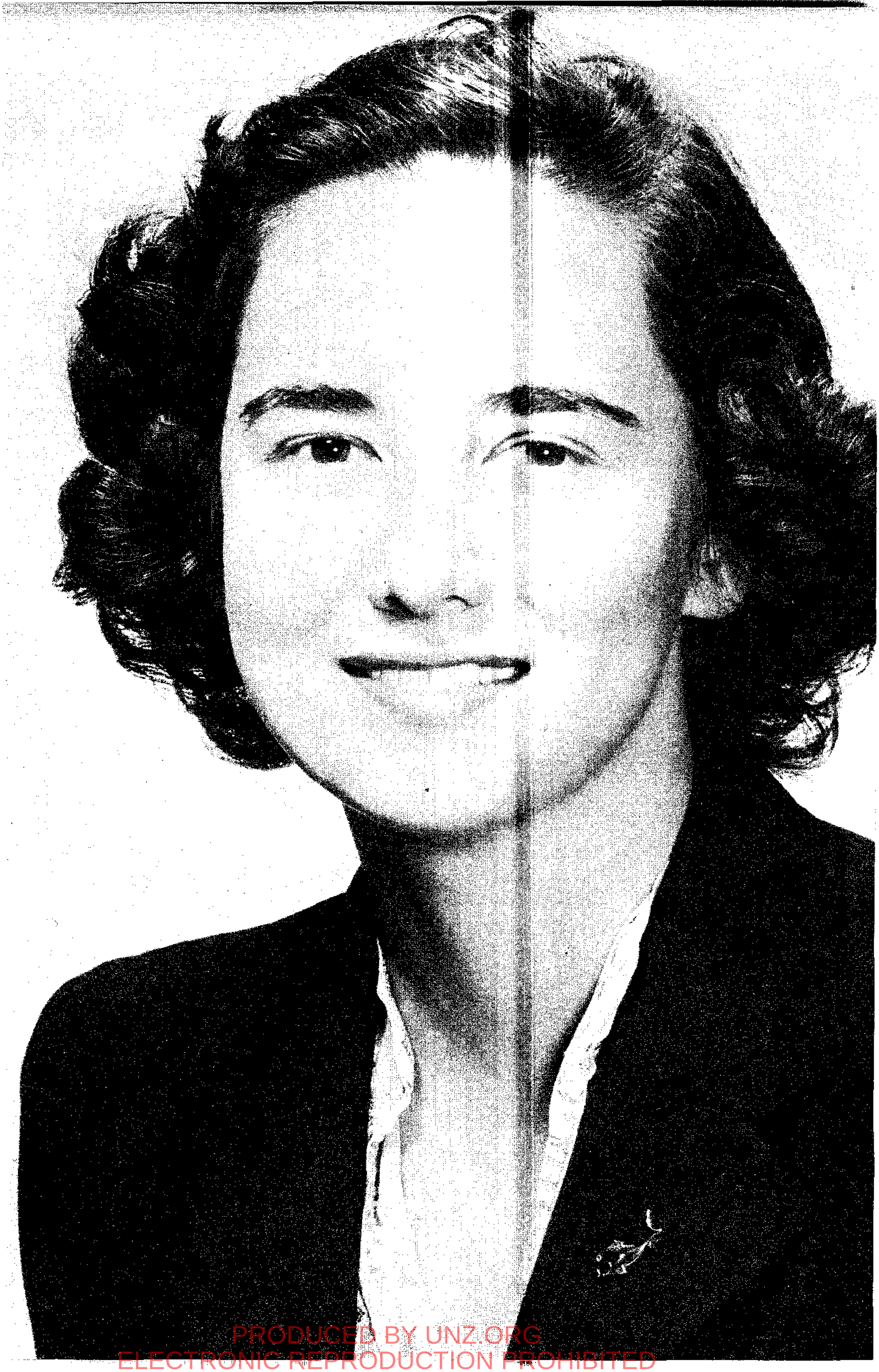
Marguerite Higgins

MARGUERITE HIGGINS owns a Pulitzer Prize, an Army campaign ribbon, and one of the handsomest tributes ever paid by one war correspondent to another: "Maggie wears mud like other women wear make-up." A reporter who has been at the front or in front of the front since World War II—a German officer once tried to surrender to her—Maggie was in Korea two days after the Red invasion. There, gallantry and good cheer endeared her to GIs and generals. Accurate, hard-hitting reporting marks Maggie Higgins as one of the great correspondents of our time.

MOSLEMS ON THE shores of the Red Sea could hardly have been more stunned if those ancient waters had parted again: there, in the shark-infested sea, a young woman was calmly spear-fishing. It was Dr. Eugenie Clark, ichthyologist at the Museum of Natural History. In her quest for rare marine specimens, Dr. Clark has dodged sharks all over the world. Returning to the Museum's staid halls for the less exciting but scientifically vital job of classifying her catch, Dr. Clark has done much to broaden the frontiers of knowledge.

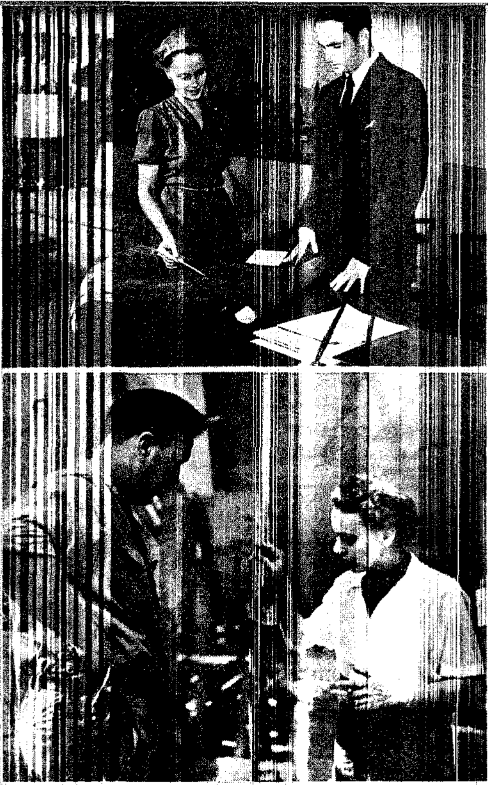
Eugenie Clark





Bernice Judis

BERNICE JUDIS, who started as a "pencil-sharpener" at radio station WNEW New York and was soon its general manager, seems one of the unlikeliest businesswomen in the U. S. She admits to operating by intuition and to a weakness for weird ideas—WNEW once cast Milton Berle as Hamlet. But behind all this is a relentless energy that has made WNEW a top-notch independent station. In a TV-saturated area, a climbing profit is Bernice Judis' answer to the query: "What will happen to radio?"

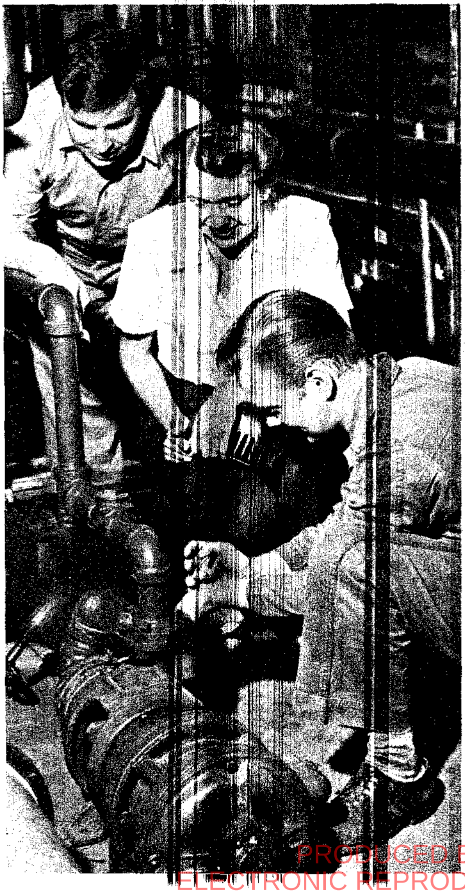


Maria Bergson

IT STARTED with a desk. Maria Bergson was an Austrian actress and, fleeing the Nazis in 1940, she became an American secretary. From the beginning, she was irritated by her desk with its inadequate work area and inaccessible drawers. Since no one else was doing anything about it, Miss Bergson did. The result, flexible units, was the most revolutionary innovation in design since the rolltop. From there, Miss Bergson went on to industrial design. Today, she has to her credit the interiors of some of America's largest offices. "Office workers spend as much time at work as they do in bed," she reasons. "Why shouldn't offices be comfortable, too?"

Mildred McAfee Horton

WHEN MILDRED MC AFEE HORTON first came to Wellesley College as president, she was frequently mistaken for a student. When she left in 1943, it was as a Naval captain, the wartime director of the WAVES. The first woman elected to the boards of directors of two major business corporations, she is also president of the National Social Welfare Assembly. Her forte: a level-headed humor, clearly apparent in the summation of her objection to coeducation: "It is easier to be scholarly when the boy friend is an event rather than a habit."



Margaret Hutchinson

OILMEN ARE understandably surprised when they learn that the Dr. Hutchinson with whom they are to consult about a new ethylene glycol plant is a woman. But when she turns out to be youthful and blonde, they are struck dumb for a full five minutes. Having collaborated on the design of chemical plants and oil refineries here and abroad, however, Margaret Hutchinson has few feminine feelings of inferiority. On the other hand, her husband, in the face of her awesome store of technological information, has no compunctions about questioning the proportions in her pancake batter, nor has her little son, Billy, any qualms about asking for help with his homework.

Rachel Carson

IN THE FALL of 1951, a most unusual book climbed to the top of the best-seller lists. It was called *The Sea Around Us*. Its author, a slender and serene woman of 45, had fallen hopelessly in love with the ocean as a child, and had been dedicated ever since to unfolding its mysteries. She probed into its history and geography and biology. In her mind, its tale took on the aspects of an epic novel and, when she finally wrote it, the world knew that no man could tell the sea's story so eloquently and so humanly as could Rachel Carson.

Forgotten Heroine

by KATE SMITH

TO ENTER the harbor of Newport, Rhode Island, you change course to round an oval, rocky island that has a lighthouse at its center. Countless mariners make the turn every year. Few recognize the setting that produced one of America's greatest heroines.

In the 1800's, the little island sentinel was called Lime Rock. Today, it is Ida Lewis Lighthouse—the sole memorial to a tiny lady who was immeasurably brave.

Ida Lewis' father, veteran lighthouse keeper, had wanted a son to succeed him. But when his daughter was 12, she had learned so much of lightkeeping that he rewarded her with a little catboat. Ida practiced rowing every day and before long ferried herself to and from school. And when only 16, she rescued her first boating party from the bay.

On an evening in March, 1869, Ida was preparing supper when her mother called: "Ida, run quick! A boat capsized. . . ."

As she had done many times, Ida dropped her work to row swiftly into the bay. Suddenly a blinding bolt of lightning flashed across Newport Bay. Ida did not have to persuade the two men to abandon their overturned boat for hers.

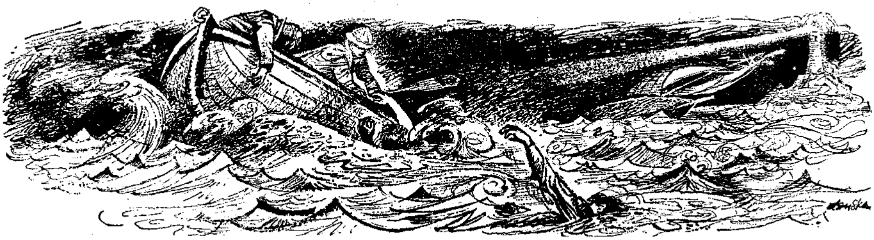
Holding with one oar, pulling with the other, she turned for home. The wind grew stronger. Bending all her strength to the oars, she saw wild terror in the men's faces.

Halfway, the wind tore at her eyes. She pulled three boat-lengths further, ten—and did not see the huge wave rolling swiftly in. She felt it strike the stern; then, agonizing moments later, it hurled the craft ashore on Lime Rock.

This time, Ida Lewis' name spread across the country. Congress voted a medal of distinction for her. Even Vice-President Colfax came to Lime Rock. He wet his feet stepping ashore. "I'd wade to my armpits to see Ida Lewis," he told his oarsmen.

But none of this changed Ida. Her father succumbed after a long illness and Congress named her keeper. In all, she saved 18 lives before she died, at 69, in 1911.

She had spent but six nights off the rock. It and the light were named for her. And she sleeps nearby today—unknown to mariners, forgotten to history.



Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.

Three Against the Ice

by W. H. KEARNS

Douglas Mawson whipped the Antarctic with superhuman courage and will power

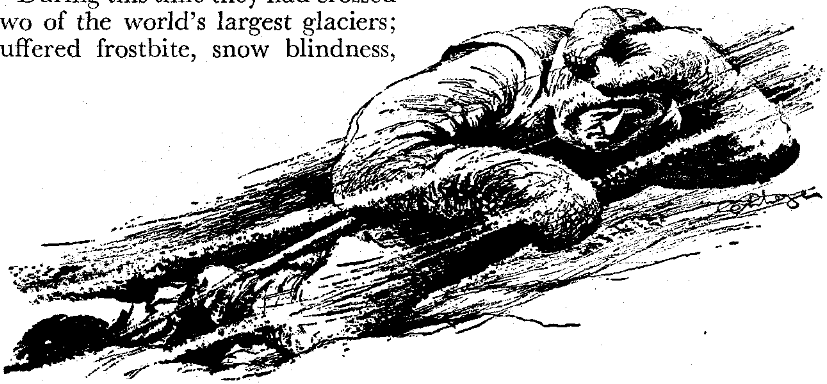
LONG RAYS of cold sunlight bounced off the crystal-like snow to reflect in a frozen glare. A range of ice hills—a jumbled mass of blue and green—stretched as far as the eye could see. The sun itself, like a frozen ball of fire, stood on the rim of the sky and began its lazy journey around the horizon.

Three men and two dog teams worked their way down onto the milk-bowl whiteness of the vast snow plain. They were on a 300-mile trip from winter quarters at Commonwealth Bay in the Australian Antarctic. In a land where a day's journey is often measured in yards, this was an heroic undertaking. But, to make conditions even more difficult, these men had already been away from their base camp for more than a month.

During this time they had crossed two of the world's largest glaciers; suffered frostbite, snow blindness, bruises and wrenched limbs; had slept in 30 below zero weather with only sleeping bags and a frail tent to protect them; and, during that month, had lived off simple trail rations. Now they were worn and tired, unaware that they were facing one of the most incredible adventures ever undertaken by man.

Douglas Mawson, tall rangy geologist, was leader of the party. At 30, already a veteran of one Polar expedition, he was commander of an Australian force that had arrived in the Antarctic to explore the little-known Wilkes Coast. The second man, Xavier Mertz, was a Swiss ski champion. Mertz stood well over six feet and looked like a bear in his heavy fur-trimmed parka.

The third man, a short rosy-cheeked young Army officer, was



Lt. B. E. S. Ninnis. Because of his complexion, he had been nicknamed "Cherub." The big man, Mertz, was called simply "X".

The small group was exploring unknown territory to the east of winter headquarters. It was December, 1912, and the Antarctic summer was fast approaching.

This meant that snow bridges crossed on the way out would weaken in the 24-hour sunlight. And even more dangerous would be hidden ice fissures—deep crevasses that dropped thousands of feet into the continental ice shelf. The return trip would be hazardous.

Mawson, in the lead, looked out over the great snow plain. Even with goggles, he could see only a few feet. He turned to Mertz:

" 'X', you'd better take the lead here. Watch for shadows in the snow. They'll mark the crevasses."

The big Swiss struck out. Mawson waited a minute before urging his team of dogs onward. Ninnis, with the heavier sled, followed after an interval of fifty yards.

Mawson watched Mertz glide through the snow ahead, testing dangerous spots with his poles. Suddenly he stopped, waving his ice axe—signal for danger.

Mawson turned to warn Ninnis, shouting: "Watch out when you get here. 'X' says it looks bad."

Mawson started forward. A few minutes later he heard a wild shout. Mertz was frantically racing back.

For an awful moment, Mawson feared the ice was caving beneath him. But no, it was firm. Then he whirled to watch Ninnis' progress. The snow plain behind was bare!

A great gaping hole marked the spot where Ninnis and his sled had been. Sled tracks went right up to the opposite edge.

Mawson tied a line around his waist, giving one end to Mertz. Then he crawled to the edge of the abyss. About 150 feet below, one injured dog whimpered on a shelf; the other was dead. Below the dogs, the crevasse continued down into blackness. It was a bottomless hole!

The two men shouted, but only echoes came back. There was no sign of Ninnis, who had stood here only a few minutes before. They called again and again, called him for hours, but no answer came.

Next day they abandoned all hope for Ninnis. Mawson read a short prayer while Mertz stood looking into the crevasse. Then the leader turned away. He was sick at heart over Ninnis' death. But now he faced a cold, horrible reality.

THE DISASTER had left them in a terrible spot. Between them and safety at Commonwealth Bay lay nearly 300 miles of icy wastes. Only six dogs were left. There was food for ten days, perhaps twenty if carefully rationed. The only shelter remaining was the tent cover packed on Mawson's sled.

"Let's get started," Mertz said, and pushed off at a swinging pace to the west. The long return trip had begun.

For three days they made rapid progress—covering about 50 miles. On the third day, Mawson decided to kill one of the dogs, and on the fourth, had to kill another. They were weak, not pulling their share in the traces.

The fifth day's run was good—18 miles. But the food—pemmican mixed with dog flesh—was poor fuel. Hunger pains began to gnaw. And with hunger comes little rest.

Mertz was the first to show the strain. It was his size that licked him. Mertz needed lots of food to keep going. Once his strength started to ebb, it slipped fast.

Gradually the distance covered each day grew less and less. The two men now had about 200 miles to travel. Just ahead were the tough glaciers that had slowed their outward progress. Could they survive a crossing?

Another week passed and they had clawed their way over the first glacier. Safety and food were closer, but the last dog was gone.

"We'll make it, 'X'," Mawson said. "Don't give up."

Mertz smiled, but he was slipping fast. Next day he had to be helped out of his sleeping bag. He staggered in the snow. Mawson urged him onward, but Mertz suddenly collapsed.

"It's no use, Doug. For God's sake, leave me. Save yourself!"

Mawson dragged Mertz to his feet and they staggered on for half a mile before the big man begged for rest. Mawson set up camp on the spot and for two precious days they remained in the shelter. Mertz was dying of starvation. Time was running out on them.

On successive attempts to move, Mertz collapsed again with a frostbitten foot. The food was all but gone. Their skin was peeling from frostbite, leaving cruel sores.

By the 7th, Mertz was so weak that Mawson could not drag him from his sleeping bag. Soon he was delirious. Later he slept. Mawson, exhausted, slept too. When he awakened, Mertz was still. The amiable Swiss giant had died in his sleep and Mawson was alone.

Mawson covered Mertz with blocks of snow before pushing on. He had given up all hope of reaching safety. But he wanted to go on until he dropped in his tracks.

Around his waist Mawson fastened a dragline to the sled. Alone in an incredibly treacherous terrain, he continued toward Commonwealth Bay. He had over 90 miles to go.

Mawson walked, clawed and slipped over the steel-like ice. Every inch was a struggle. Cold as it was, the exertion brought warmth, and with it the deadly danger of perspiration. He had to stop frequently to "cool off"—so he would not freeze to death.

Once, Mawson halted to pull off his boots. His feet had been paining him badly. When he removed his socks, he saw with horror that the soles of his feet had come off. Beneath was raw flesh.

The next few days were hellish. One morning Mawson inched his way across a snow bridge, spanning a deep crevasse. Suddenly the snow gave beneath him. Desperately he threw himself back and grabbed for the edge of the ice. His fingers caught hold and for a moment he hung on the rim while snow crashed into the hole below. Then Mawson dropped with it!

The line around his waist brought him up with a sickening jolt. He dangled about 15 feet below the rim. Miraculously the sled had caught against an outcropping of ice and held!

Mawson dangled from the rope, shivering with fear. Then slowly, he began to drag himself up the line. He braced with his feet and pulled up, hand over hand until he had reached the edge. Here, he paused to catch his breath.

Mawson's full weight was on the edge of the precipice. It was more than the snow could support. With a crash, he dropped again.

Alternately cursing and crying, Mawson tried once more to pull himself up the scant 15 feet. Soon he was half-way, and the line still held! Just a few feet more—then inches! Finally, the top.

Using utmost care, Mawson eased himself over the lip and clawed his way back from the rim, tears streaming down his cheeks.

A week of slow and painful travel followed, interrupted by a cruel storm. Less than two pounds of food were left. He was forced to halt. On January 29, Mawson resolved not to wait longer. Storm or not, he would continue. By mid-morning he had gone a mile into the gale. Then, out of the whiteness ahead, loomed a shadow. Could it be a rescue party? He stumbled forward.

But what Mawson found was a snow cairn, built by a searching party. Bitterly he read a note telling that they had left just a few hours before. But the note gave directions to the nearest outpost, 23 miles away, and, more important, the cairn held food.

Mawson immediately prepared a meal, then struck out for Cape Denison. The land sloped to the sea. Mawson sat on his sled and pushed. That day, he covered a phenomenal 14 miles!

On February 1, he reached a shelter in the ice that the expedition had stocked the previous winter. Now he had just five miles to go, but a blizzard delayed his progress. A week later Mawson struck out at a feverish pace, skidding, sliding, stumbling. Finally he mounted a rise and stared out to sea.

There on the horizon, hull-down, was the relief ship *Aurora*, heading for Australia. He ran forward, shouting. They could not maroon him in this icy hell!

"Come back!" he screamed.

But Mawson was not marooned. As he neared winter headquarters, six men ran toward him, waving and shouting. They had stayed to search for his party.

Thus, 88 days after his departure, Douglas Mawson returned to Commonwealth Bay. Only his unsurpassed courage and indomitable will had saved him. His battle against the ice was won—and he had lived to tell about it.

Dreamy Doings

SHE burst into her best friend's house exclaiming, "I'm so mad at Jim! Last night I dreamed that some blonde was flirting with him, and he was purring like a kitten!"

"Oh, but it was only a dream!" the best friend temporized.

"Well . . ." she exploded, "if he acts like that in my dreams, what in the world do you suppose he does in his?" —*Topicks*

What Do You Know About LOVE?

by ZELDA POPKIN

Some simple questions and answers about life's deepest emotion

What is this thing called love? Ask any man—or woman—and the response will be vague, since this is a loaded word, freighted with misconceptions. One person says "I love" to express his most exalted emotion, awe and reverence toward God, another for his loyalty toward his family and friends, or even the mutual appreciation he enjoys with his dog.

These are noble expressions of the human spirit, but they are not love. In its most concrete sense, love is the emotional tie between a woman and man. The soundest, simplest definition I know came from a wise man at the turn of this century.

"Love," Havelock Ellis wrote, "is a synthesis of sex and friendship."

Many a person makes do with less. Having either sex or friendship, he claims he loves and is loved.

Can't there be love without sex? Firmly, modern psychologists say there cannot. Every love relationship, they insist, must possess that physical element. The concept is not new. Even the Victorian philosopher, Herbert Spencer, who antedated Freud by half a century, placed it first in what has become a classic point-by-point dissection of love—ahead of affection, admiration, respect, beauty and sympathy.

If sex is so important, isn't sex enough? Some primitive societies have no word meaning love. It is civilization's gift to mankind, to raise it above the savage level and to ennoble it. The sex act, being a creative function, has a worth and dignity in itself, yet it attains emotional fullness and beauty only when it is also a closeness of spirit, a sheltering warmth, a caring for another person as a person, cherished, surrounded with affection.

I have known divorced couples who still retained their powerful physical attraction for one another. "We didn't even like each other," one woman said. "Yet I would go with him tomorrow, hating him and hating myself." Painfully, through daily anguish, she had learned that sex is not enough. Day by day living demanded the soft traits of friendship, kindness, patience and loyalty, understanding, laughter and trust.

Yet there is such a thing as love at first sight. There is, at first sight, attraction only, a mysterious chemistry which strikes fire from a glimpse of loveliness, a chord of sympathy, a provocative word. Out of it, passion may rise, love grow; and again, nothing may happen at all.

A man selects his wife, it is claimed, because she is one of three things: the idealized image of his mother, a replica of himself, or a phantasy he has treasured from his childhood. That instinct, asserting itself in a proposal of marriage, does not guarantee love.

Love asks for patience, to develop the arts of pleasing, to explore, understand another's personality, to learn give and take. It requires roots and time to grow.

Can everyone love? Emotional capacities vary, as physical capacities do, yet everyone willing to give himself freely, to open wide the windows of his heart, can achieve love. It can happen anywhere, at any time, to anyone. Lovable is one of the most meaningful words in our language—able to give and to receive love.

Do I have to surrender my personality to prove my love? Love makes no demand that self-respect, integrity or individuality be sacrificed, makes no demands beyond the consideration of genuine friendship. The woman who marries a man to do him over, according to her personal standards of perfection, the man who asserts his mastery by nagging criticism, has not entered into a love relationship but into a neurotic struggle for power.

We quarrel. Does that mean we don't love each other? What is important is not that you quarrel, but why you do. Domestic quarrels rise out of many things. They may come, and frequently do, from sexual incompatibility, but they may rise as well out of the frayed nerves of a hard day at the office or a rainy afternoon at home with noisy, energetic children.

A good man whom I know railed violently at a woman whom he loves. She answered him with quiet patience. "You don't hurt me with that," she said.

"I know," he said, after a moment. "I had to let off steam. This is the only place where I can do it and know I'll not hurt anyone."

He's done something I'm ashamed of. How can I go on loving him? Love, once given and received, is not easily destroyed. It can survive strains and shocks since, if it is love, it is based on reality, not on illusion, on the knowledge that no one is perfect.

Among my friends are two modest, hard-working people who have been married a long while, living a great love story. In the early days of their marriage, the man made a serious misstep. He was persuaded he had dishonored his family and the best he could do for them would be to disappear.

His young wife moved mountains to locate him. She traveled across the continent. She found him in a dismal lodging house. He greeted her at the door, and said, as he had been instructed to say, "I am out of your life. Go back where you belong. Forget you ever knew me."

She did not answer. She merely took his hand. Together they entered the house, together returned to face the difficult future.

But suppose he's unfaithful? Or she makes me jealous? In love, there is always a degree of possessiveness and a normal amount of jealousy which demand absolute possession, but there is also courtesy, and a basic rule of good manners is not to make one another uncomfortable. A wife who loves will not go out of her way to attract other men, nor will a husband boast of his office conquests.

Yet the eye does wander, the world has much feminine beauty and male virility, and the casual affair does occur even in otherwise stable marriages, out of proximity, temporary separation and loneliness, a passing need to bolster the ego or sheer adventurousness. A stable marriage need not be permanently damaged unless one or the other is obsessed with guilt or desire to inflict punishment. Jealousy which takes unreasonable offense, belongs not to love but to neurosis. Where there is a pattern of repeated infidelities, it is reasonable to conclude that the marriage has little stability or maturity.

Can you love more than once? It makes good poetry and prose to write of the one great love of a life —and that person is fortunate indeed who has known one great love. Yet, just as the living organism goes on thinking and breathing, so it goes on creating love.

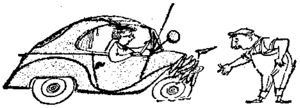
The warmth of spirit and personality which made it possible once, never fades or dies, and the lovable person is rarely content to go on living with shadows and memories. He remembers what is past with gratitude, and meets the new love on its own terms.

"*This can't be love—because I feel so well.*" The poets make much of the agonies of love, but they lie, for this is the most joyous of all experiences, filled with laughter and the warm sense of well-being. It is easy to single out of a crowd those who are loved.

I like to remember an afternoon in Paris, not long ago, when a small, dowdy, middle-aged American woman crossed a roomful of strangers to shake hands with a beautiful, distinguished French-woman. The Parisienne glanced at her swiftly, and with the air of bestowing her country's Legion of Honor, she said sincerely, "Madame, you have the face of a woman who has been loved very much."

Then, for the first time, we noticed the small woman's face. It was unlined and serene, skin glowing, eyes bright and, in its way, beautiful.

"You pay me a great compliment," the woman answered. "I have been very fortunate. I have not only been loved, but I believe I have given love."



Collision Collusion

A WOMAN bent a fender on the family car and asked the garage mechanic: "Can you fix it so my husband won't know it was bent?"

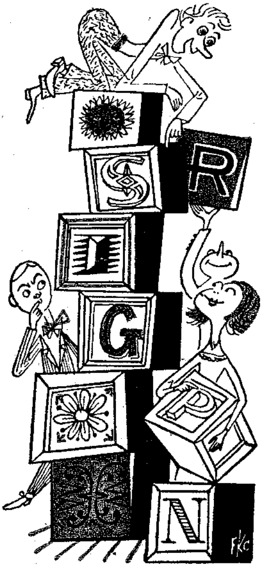
The mechanic examined the damage and replied: "No lady, I can't. But I can fix the fender up so that in a few days you can ask your husband how he bent it."

—*Vancouver Commercial Fisherman*

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

SPRING TONIC

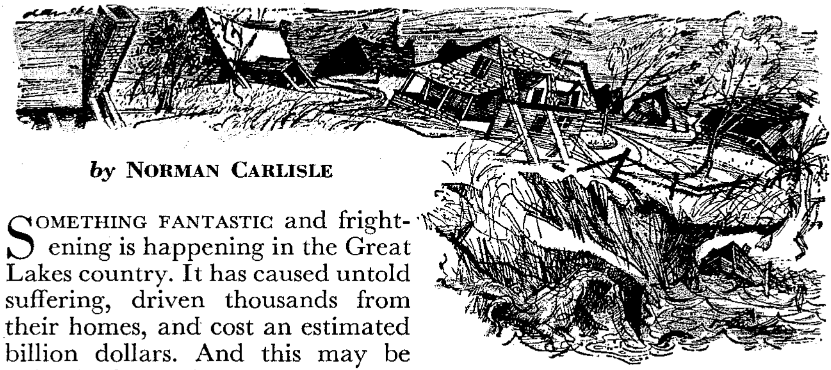
Galen Drake, whose homespun philosophy has won millions of Saturday listeners *(CBS Radio, 10:00-10:15 A.M., E.S.T. and 1:55-2:00 P.M., E.S.T.)*, regards Spring as a time for brushing-up. Here, for example, is his Spring brush-up for your vocabulary. Each of the words in the left-hand column is defined or paraphrased by a six-letter word to the right, all of which contain the letters SP, RI, or NG. How many of them can you complete successfully? For the answers, turn to page 152.



1.	a. Germinate	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Characteristic of manhood	_ _RI_ _
	c. A round at bat in baseball	_ _ _ _NG
2.	a. Fairy	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Vibrate	_ _RI_ _
	c. Elongated	_ _ _ _NG
3.	a. Bride or groom	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Floating aimlessly	_ _RI_ _
	c. Crowd	_ _ _ _NG
4.	a. Faucet	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Punctuation mark	_ _RI_ _
	c. Proverbial statement	_ _ _ _NG
5.	a. Bespatter	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Lasso	_ _RI_ _
	c. Excursion	_ _ _ _NG
6.	a. Globe	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Economical management	_ _RI_ _
	c. Pirate Northman	_ _ _ _NG
7.	a. Plucky	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Grow	_ _RI_ _
	c. Scattering seed	_ _ _ _NG
8.	a. Bed cover	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Make more wealthy	_ _RI_ _
	c. Robust	_ _ _ _NG
9.	a. Evergreen tree	SP_ _ _ _
	b. One versed in law	_ _RI_ _
	c. Pugilism	_ _ _ _NG
10.	a. Web-spinner	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Chastity	_ _RI_ _
	c. Skirtlike garment	_ _ _ _NG
11.	a. Oration	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Great many	_ _RI_ _
	c. Decision on a point of law	_ _ _ _NG
12.	a. Oral	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Contend	_ _RI_ _
	c. Kind of tea	_ _ _ _NG
13.	a. Helix	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Duty	_ _RI_ _
	c. Boldness	_ _ _ _NG
14.	a. Something that soaks up	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Pertaining to the sea	_ _RI_ _
	c. Animate	_ _ _ _NG
15.	a. Inscrutable monster	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Three times	_ _RI_ _
	c. Courting	_ _ _ _NG
16.	a. Unite	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Come	_ _RI_ _
	c. Not celebrated	_ _ _ _NG
17.	a. Coin	SP_ _ _ _
	b. Hallowed place	_ _RI_ _
	c. Border	_ _ _ _NG

Whole communities are endangered as . . .

Disaster Rides the Great Lakes



by **NORMAN CARLISLE**

SOMETHING FANTASTIC and frightening is happening in the Great Lakes country. It has caused untold suffering, driven thousands from their homes, and cost an estimated billion dollars. And this may be only the beginning.

One stark chapter in this drama of nature on the rampage is recorded in the events of March 22, 1952. On the morning of that day, the skies over Chicago, Detroit and Toledo were leaden and there was a raw chill in the air. But the real hint of what was to come was the wind that lashed in off the Lakes.

By mid-afternoon, terror struck first at St. Clair Shores, north of Detroit. The black waters of Lake St. Clair suddenly came racing up out of their bed, turning pleasant tree-lined streets into boiling rivers. Chains of frantic workers, firemen, police and ordinary citizens tried to erect barricades of sandbags, but the rampaging waters swept over docks and swirled ruinous mud and debris into houses.

In Howard Farms, a suburb of Toledo, the story was the same—here it was Lake Erie that responded to the torment of the wind. This community was an easy victim, for it is crisscrossed with drainage ditches, out of which the waters churned and lashed at the houses.

In Chicago, thousands of motorists hurrying homeward along famed Lake Shore Drive were met with hastily thrown up barricades, against which lapped the hungry waters of Lake Michigan.

What happened on that March day would have been spectacular enough in itself, but its real significance lay in the fact that it was only part of a greater threat to a huge section of the U. S. and Canada.

The facts are brutally simple. The waters of the Great Lakes, America's tremendous inland sea and the largest body of fresh water in the world, are rising. On each lake the story of high water levels is the same. Lake Michigan and Lake Huron up more than six feet. Ontario—up more than six feet. Superior—up more than four feet.

Everywhere along 7,900 miles of mainland shoreline, where 17,000,000 people live, the atmosphere is tense. Officials are bombarded with demands for action, while scientists are challenged to explain what has happened.

The answers the men of science give are not comforting. They have been watching the rise for a long time now; it has been going on since 1934. In those years, the waters have inched their way up, gnawing at bluffs, nibbling at beaches, shaving bits from lakefront land, ruining farms.

THE DEPRADATIONS have made scattered news, but only in the past two years have the people of the Lake Country awakened to the shocked realization that the property and livelihoods of many are threatened.

Already the toll is overwhelming. In Milwaukee, merchants have lost thousands of dollars a year in damaged goods as flood waters creep into basements. Highway engineers report that a long section of U. S. Highway 12 threatens to slough off into Lake Michigan. On Toronto Island, hundreds of homes were in danger until officials regretfully ordered a dam destroyed to lower the water level.

All around the Great Lakes, homes are crumbling, once valuable lake-front property is inundated, miles of beach have disappeared. In cold terms of property damage—more than $21,000,000 for one year in Michigan alone—the picture is alarming enough. But in terms of human anguish it is even more tragic.

Hundreds are in the desperate predicament of a family interviewed by a Detroit reporter who rowed out to a water-surrounded home. He found a frightened housewife sloshing around a kitchen inundated by a foot of water, valiantly fixing a meal for her husband who was outside trying to build a dike. Three children were huddled, shivering, on tables.

"We've got to get out of here," the woman sobbed. "Our house is washing away. But where can we go? We can't afford a new house."

There are others, like the couple who had saved for years to build a dream house on a bluff above Lake Michigan.

"The first years the water was high," the despairing man said, "but we didn't pay much attention. We thought it would go down. After a time we noticed that the house had settled badly. One night I had a strange feeling about it. It nagged at me until I couldn't sleep. Finally, I took my family to a hotel. When we came back next day the house was gone—just a heap of debris mixed in with the dirt of the caved-in bluff."

Even those at what appears to be a safe distance inland found the menace hitting them unexpectedly when an urgent warning was flashed to lakeshore inhabitants from the Michigan State Health Department. There was grave danger of typhoid and dysentery. Officials had discovered that the rising waters were furtively at work underground, blocking sewage systems, putting septic tanks out of commission, and polluting water mains.

Why have the Great Lakes gone on this gargantuan rampage? The most awe-inspiring explanation comes from such authorities as Dr. Richard F. Flint of Yale, who sees titanic forces of nature at work.

The whole northern portion of our continent may be tilting upward. During the great Ice Age thousands of years ago, the billions of tons of ice concentrated upon the northern lands had the effect of depressing the earth's crust. Then the mass of ice began to melt in the warm climate that followed.

1953
EASTER SEALS
HELP
CRIPPLED CHILDREN

As the crushing burden lessened, the crust began to spring back slowly. As it rose, the lake waters mounted against their southern shores and fell away from their northern shore. This movement may be still continuing.

Dr. Flint cites impressive evidence to show that, in the past, this has caused a steady rise of about a foot a century in the level of the Lakes. If the rise should continue, Chicago, Milwaukee and Detroit, as well as other low-lying areas, will eventually be flooded.

Dr. Flint sees the waters ultimately spilling out to form a giant new tributary to the Mississippi, with sweeping changes all the way down the Father of Waters as it swells to new proportions.

Other scientists assert that the trouble is due simply to a number of years of above-normal rainfall, combined with decreased evaporation. Experts like Prof. E. F. Brater of the University of Michigan and Lt. Col. William N. Harris, District Army Engineer in Detroit, explain that each year the Lakes reach their annual peak in summer, receding later in the year.

Poring over the records, these authorities find that starting in 1941, because of heavier rainfall, the waters did not quite go back to expected levels. Next year, following the peak, the waters fell all right, but ended up a little higher again. The process has continued almost yearly, with each seasonal rise wreaking more havoc.

Playing a part, too, may be man's own past folly. Once, the region around the Great Lakes was well drained by thousands of small lakes and streams. Virgin timber held ground water back and slowly and evenly distributed it to the Lakes. As timber barons ravaged the country, denuding it of trees, a rush of water away from the land began.

But no amount of explanation changes the grim fact that the scope of the tragedy grows. Whatever the cause, something must be done. But what?

The answer may stun the reeling American taxpayer, as it has already staggered the engineers who are seeking a solution. It may be necessary to remake the map with a complete system of new outlets for the Great Lakes, through enlargement of rivers like the St. Clair, the Detroit, the St. Lawrence, the Niagara, and the Chicago Drainage Canal, with a vast system of locks to regulate these expanded channels.

Army Engineers are awed by the whole affair. They have received authority from the House Public Works Committee to conduct a three-year lake-level survey before anything else is done.

Meanwhile, harried states, individual citizens and companies are discovering the frightful cost of their efforts to stem the rising flood on a piecemeal basis. In Ohio, where a start has been made at a system of embankments, the Division of Shore Erosion has found that even halfway protection costs $118 a foot, proper protection $250—or a whopping $1,320,000 a mile.

Ordinary homeowners trying their own measures may well feel like the Dutch boy with his finger in the dike. There are hundreds like Parker Francis, who estimates that saving his Lake Michigan house has already cost him twice its value. The expense is so ruinous that some heartbroken victims are simply abandoning their homes.

Each time a home is threatened, thousands of people ask the question: will mine be next? Many reflect on the astonishing fact that their predicament has received little attention in the nation's press. As one of the victims says, "Because this thing is just creeping up on us, because it's taking our homes one by one, nobody ever hears about it."

But as the crisis intensifies, and, as is all too grimly possible, whole communities find themselves menaced, everyone in America will hear of what may well become the most expensive catastrophe in our history. Meanwhile, the dwellers on the rising Lakes feel like Detroit's City Engineer, George Thompson, who can only shrug and admit:

"It's a case of mud dikes, sandbags and prayers—with emphasis on the prayers."

Tall Talk

TWO BROKERS on a train headed through the West were admiring endless miles of rolling grain on the prairie when suddenly there was only bare earth. The porter was passing, so one asked: "What happened here? Atom bomb?"

"Grasshoppers, sir," was the reply. "A plague of 'em. Big ones. Cleaned a swath a mile wide right down to the roots. Even held up the train."

"They carried guns, of course?" one broker interjected with a laugh at the serious-looking porter.

At the next stop, the station agent came aboard to tell the conductor and crew to watch for some animals escaped from a circus train derailed the night before and wire back the location if seen.

Presently, as the train roared on, two fine kangaroos soared out of the waving grain.

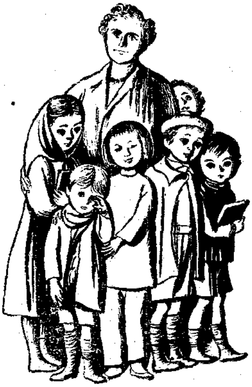
"Look, gentlemen! Look!" exclaimed the porter, a wicked gleam in his eye. "There goes two of them big grasshoppers I was tellin' you about before!" —*Wall Street Journal*

AN AIR FORCE master sergeant in North Africa was briefing his fellow Texans. "Our job here is to promote good will and friendliness. We've got to be polite with the natives. If they say Africa is bigger than Texas, just agree with them."

—*General Features Corp.*

Why immigrant children have learned to love . . .

Mrs. Liberty of Ellis Island



by ADELINE McCONNELL

THE LITTLE GERMAN GIRL greeted her first morning in America with a resentful scowl. Through the window of her bedroom on Ellis Island, largest U. S. detention center for immigrants, she could see the Statue of Liberty and the skyline of Manhattan. Across the room her father sat, silent and worried. Her mother was crying.

Suddenly there were laughter and voices in the hall. Then a knock on the door. Belligerently, her father opened it, and a crowd of curious faces peered in.

"We've come for Kathy!" cried a round, motherly woman. "Can she come to *schule?*"

For a moment the father hesitated. Then something in the woman's eager smile made him nod grudging assent.

Reluctantly the little girl joined the other children as they trooped down the hall after the lady with the laughing voice. From the corner of her eye, the woman watched the sullen march of the new little immigrant. Now she swung open a door and smiled with satisfaction at the look of pleased amazement on the child's face.

Within was a colorful wonderland. On one side, child-size desk chairs were arranged before an aquamarine blackboard. On the other were study tables with indirect lighting. Beyond was a playroom, lavish with toys.

"This," the woman said slowly, "is America. Here we are all friends."

Although the youngster did not understand the words, Mrs. Jennie Pratt, who has taught thousands of immigrant children to know and love America, knew she had made her point.

Mrs. Pratt, a trained social worker employed by the Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches, has dedicated her life to the bewildered little immigrants who seek to become Americans. They are youngsters who have reached our shores, only to be barred from entering for reasons they often do not understand. While their cases are under investigation by the Immigration and Naturalization Service, she teaches them to work and play in harmony, and helps them build faith in America.

Edward J. Shaughnessy, New York District Director of the Service, looks on her classroom as a little Voice of America. "Youngsters form their first impressions of the U. S. here, and most of them take their first steps towards citizenship," he says.

A small dynamo of good cheer, Mrs. Pratt manages her 20 to 30 pupils like a well-organized circus. Mothers with babies in their arms may solve their first arithmetic problems with the older children, while the tiniest tots sit at a round table learning American table manners to music. Somehow, Mrs. Pratt bobs up wherever she is needed, her eyes alight, her voice warm with encouragement.

The most capable teacher might feel apprehension at facing such a class. One of her biggest problems is the natural resentment many youngsters feel at being snatched from the very gates of America and bundled off to Ellis Island. The reasons for detention are as varied as the children.

A Chinese child may be held until the parentage of his American-born father can be established. A little girl's mother may receive treatment for tuberculosis. How is a man with five children going to support them?

Mrs. Pratt does not try to explain why they are there. "Instead, I try to make them laugh, so that some of the steam bottled up inside can come out," she says.

Mrs. Pratt's dedication to the children on Ellis Island is rooted in a simple act of kindness. One day, more than half a century ago, a young European immigrant set foot in America for the first time. After years of expectation, he felt suddenly overwhelmed and lonely when the great moment arrived. There were no welcoming smiles, no words of greeting. Just cryptic commands and seemingly endless, impersonal questions.

All at once, from the midst of the milling crowd, a young minister with a warm smile stepped forward and welcomed the newcomer. In a few words he told him of the opportunities he would find in the U. S. and urged him to become a citizen. Then he presented him with a Bible, and was gone.

"That immigrant was my father," says Mrs. Pratt. "He never forgot those first words of encouragement, and he always kept that Bible. He instilled in us all a desire to help others."

As a young woman, she became a social worker for the International YWCA. She was sent to Ellis Island shortly after World War I, when there was no program for children. Jammed into detention rooms with worried parents, they were wandering aimlessly, getting into mischief.

Concerned about the impact of such conditions on young minds, Mrs. Pratt began an informal program to keep them busy. Then, in 1921, the Immigration Service asked the Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches, which has had a social worker at Ellis Island since 1888, to organize a playroom. Though it meant giving up her better-paying job with the YWCA, Mrs.

Pratt accepted the Board's invitation to take charge. For the next 30 years, she worked in corners, in hallways, even on the roof. Then in 1950, Philip Forman, detention chief of Ellis Island, was inspecting an old kitchen no longer in use. He thought of Mrs. Pratt, and a picture came to his mind.

Consultations followed. Island maintenance men, aided by some immigrant detainees, went to work. They painted the tile walls blue, they laid blue linoleum on the floors, hung venetian blinds and drapes at the windows, and bought school furniture. The National Council of Jewish Women donated toys for the playroom. In May, 1951, the delighted Mrs. Pratt and her children moved in.

Since that time, the school, complete with textbooks and working materials, has been maintained by the Home Missions Board. Thanks to cooperation between social agencies represented on the Island, and churches across the country, toys and clothing are seldom lacking, and there are liberal supplies for holiday parties.

Most of the children remain on the Island a few weeks. During this time, they learn to read and write simple sentences and to speak English, the only language Mrs. Pratt uses with them. Arithmetic, geography, drawing, music and physical culture round out the program.

In addition, the school's tireless little teacher is father confessor to internees with special problems. One Chinese family passed through her classes one by one as their father saved enough money in this country to send for each of them. Bringing up the end of the procession, self-conscious in ragged clothes, came the mother, 15 years after her husband had set out for America.

"Will he think I'm too old?" she asked Mrs. Pratt anxiously.

"He'll think you're beautiful," was the firm reply.

Mrs. Pratt recruited volunteers from among the mothers, and fingers flew at the school sewing machine. When the husband arrived, his eyes popped. Youthful in her new American clothes, eyes shining at the kindness of her new friends, his wife was indeed beautiful.

From all over the country, letters come to Mrs. Pratt to thank her for favors and kindnesses. In them also arrives the news she is most gratified to receive—news of boys and girls in American schools adapting to American ways, news of young men and women who are taking their place at last as citizens of the United States.

Heckle! Heckle!

ONE NIGHT Winston Churchill was relating to an attentive audience some of the trials and tribulations of his career, when a heckler interrupted with:

"Well, governor, experience teaches fools!"

"My friend, I realize that," Churchill shot back promptly. "That is why I ask you to profit from my experience."

—Andrew Meredith

The Final Curtain

by **GARRY MOORE**

ONE OF THE MOST touching stories I know about the hard-bitten show business happened the night my friend, TV star Peter Lind Hayes, got his start. Even as a kid, Peter could imitate anybody and since he was extremely stage-struck and not much of a student, his mother Grace Hayes, one of the best-known stars in vaudeville, decided to take him into the business with her.

They worked out an act with a mechanical man who had a huge mobile face that could leer and wink and talk back to Grace Hayes, imitating all the stars of the day, such as Rudy Vallee, Kate Smith and The Shadow. Peter, of course, was to be the voice behind the mechanical.

Grace had him prepped within an inch of his life. She sent him to an elocution teacher, singing classes, music lessons; she took charge of the comedy and taught him everything she had learned in 25 years about timing.

Opening day at the Bushwick Theater in Brooklyn, Grace was in an uproar. Headstrong, Irish, emotional, a mother and an actress, she paced up and down backstage, warning Peter how much depended upon him. Vibrating with nerves, she talked about the traditions of the theater and the responsibility they had to the memory of Peter's father, Joseph Lind, who had been the only partner she had ever had.

When the curtain went up, Peter was behind the mechanical man and Grace Hayes made her entrance. Handsome, electric, she was billed "The Best Dressed Woman in Vaudeville." The orchestra gave the cue and she opened her mouth to sing, but nothing came out. Her throat was tied in a knot of nerves.

Then the audience heard her as clear as a bell. But there was no sound coming from Grace's throat. It was Peter singing in her voice. He did her part *and* his.

At the end of the number, Miss Hayes stepped to the footlights to take her bow and introduce her son. The audience was on its feet, stamping and yelling in appreciation. Grace couldn't get them to quiet down. She thought the world had come to an end.

And in a way, it had for her. This was the last time her name was ever billed alone on a theater marquee. For Grace Hayes stepped aside to let her son become a star.

Garry Moore stars in "The Garry Moore Show," Monday through Friday afternoons, and in "I've Got a Secret," Thursday evenings, both over CBS-TV.

IT'S UP TO YOU, JOHN HENRY!

by **Channing Pollock**

Waiting for that "lucky break" can never take the place of faith and effort

THERE ARE MILLIONS of people on this planet who believe that success is won by drinking to it, or by shaking dice, flipping a coin, or "getting the breaks." Wealth, they think, is the result of luck or larceny; rich men got that way mainly by being ruthless and unscrupulous.

Nine-tenths of the indignant letters I've received in my life have proceeded from my written or spoken suggestions that most of us are pretty largely responsible for what happens to us. I can't recall ever having heard from anyone who said, "My indigestion is the result of my own self-indulgence," or "I lack money because of a laziness I hope to overcome."

To exist, we must keep our self-respect. It is natural, therefore, that when necessary we should invent almost any explanation of unfitness or failure that shifts the blame, and I should be the last to oppose this tendency if it were not so destructive and so like a drug that, giving false and transient comfort, ends by making happiness impossible.

In the first place, accusing another—even if that other be only Fate—of what you have done yourself is cowardly and mean. Secondly, such a conviction is the father and mother of envy, resentment and kindred evils that begin by destroying everyone near us, and ultimately civilization itself.

Finally, and slipping back to the subject in hand, an envious man cannot be happy, nor can a resentful man, nor a man who believes that tomorrow's good or ill rests not with himself, but with strangers, and above all with some mystical concatenation of circumstances.

Looking back through a long life, the moment of which I am proudest, perhaps, is one spent over a neglected trunk up in my attic. I came upon hundreds of old newspaper clippings with regard to myself. Most of them promised a future of achievement never realized. I was The White Hope of the American Drama, they agreed, and they were wrong.

As I read and reflected, my wife came up the stairs. "Let's think out where I made my mistake," I urged. "What would you say was the flaw in me that explains not reaching a goal that seems to have been *within* reach?"

That night, I consoled myself with the recollection that, at least,

From *The Adventures of a Happy Man*, by Channing Pollock. Copyright 1939, 1945, by the author, and published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 432 Fourth Ave., New York 16, New York.

it had never occurred to me to blame anyone else for my failure. I had looked honestly into myself; had asked myself and my other self where *I* went wrong, and had gone squarely at the job of setting myself right, and starting afresh to do what I'd meant to do.

We are mistaken, I think, in believing that security is to be had from governments, employers or good fortune. The only real security, the only real success, the only real happiness, is anchored in the certainty of our own powers. Without exception, I have never met a clear-minded, happy or successful person who didn't subscribe to this faith. As Ian Hay observed in his play, *Bachelor Born*, "Life is a staircase and not an escalator."

We climb; we are not pushed or carried. "Opportunity knocks," but what's the use if we're not prepared to do something about it? I know people who could sleep peacefully while all the battering rams of the Crusades thundered at their portals, and most of us know the other kind of individual, the one who gets up and raps at his own door and is out in the hall, ready for action, before he can get away from himself.

It is these first, of course, who are always "down on their luck"—whatever that is. (The very phrase, "*Down* on their luck," is significant. The fellow *up* on his luck wouldn't have half so much trouble.) In the same fashion, the man who waits for "the breaks" doesn't have to wait long; he usually finds the brakes on, and on hard.

This is the man who is forever blaming someone else—failure isn't his fault; only the other man's success. The world is increasingly cluttered up with these loiterers, who expect to earn without work; to have without saving; to be safe and solvent by passing a law, or playing bingo, or guessing the missing word.

Of the rigid and unvarying requirements of aptitude, training, labor, patience, perseverance, providence, humility, courage and initiative, these are as ignorant as infants and as skeptical as Houdini at a séance.

My own deepest assurance is that, of all things, success is least often an accident. Success, in whatever guise, comes of readiness and reliance, and the man who *is* ready and self-reliant needn't care if it doesn't come. Luck counts when one gambles, or speculates, or strikes oil—though skill counts, too, even in these ventures—but the game of life is not won by someone else turning a wheel.

I LEARNED a lot about luck a quarter-century ago in Detroit, where we had gone for the opening of a musical comedy I had written for Raymond Hitchcock. At 4 o'clock that afternoon, eight of us sat, gloomy and silent, about a table in the restaurant of the old Hotel Pontchartrain.

Hitchy had lost his voice; should we turn away the first night audience, or give the performance in pantomime?

While we were debating, our waiter said, "If you'll take something I'll mix for you, Mr. Hitchcock, you'll be all right before curtain time."

Five minutes later, the man brought a tall glass of brownish fluid, which the comedian drank, and within half an hour his voice was clear and strong.

"Where did you learn that?" Sam Harris, one of our managers, asked the waiter.

"At Johns Hopkins," the man answered. "I took my M. D. there."

All of us turned to him in astonishment. "Why aren't you practicing?" I inquired.

"Well, it's a precarious profession," the waiter answered. "Sir Henry Irving offered me an assured income, and I acted as his courier for several years. You see, I speak five languages."

Skeptical, I asked a question in German, another of the party asked one in French, a third in Spanish. The waiter's replies put our pronunciations to shame.

When he had gone, Hitchy said, "I'm going to give that fellow a job. He would be pretty handy to have around."

"I wouldn't do that," George Cohan warned. "He's too clever. When anyone knows as much as this chap does, and continues to be a waiter, there's a reason."

"Bad luck?" Harris suggested.

"There isn't that much bad luck in the world," his partner argued.

"Do you mean," I cut in, "that you don't believe in luck?"

"Sure, I believe in it," George answered. "We've all had bad luck—and we've all licked it. So does everyone who's got anything in him. I'll bet tonight's supper for the crowd that if this waiter is all he says he is, the reason he's wrestling dishes has something to do with his own character capacity."

We took the bet, and went upstairs to see the hotel manager.

"We're interested in one of your waiters—" Cohan began.

"Number 21?"

"How did you know?"

The manager smiled. "Everybody's interested in Number 21," he told us.

"You want to know whether he was graduated in medicine, and whether he acted as courier for Irving. The answer is 'Yes.' But we're letting him go Saturday. He's a dope addict!"

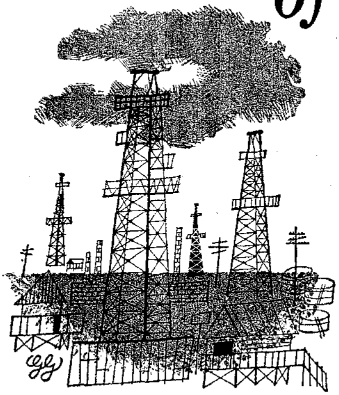
About then, I decided that bad luck is just a grand alibi. The best method of getting on is to *get on;* on your feet, on your way, on your own. If you want to succeed, to be safe, to be happy, believe me, it's up to you.

Spring Tonic

(Answers to quiz on page 141)

1. a. SProut, b. viRIle, c. inniNG. 2. a. SPrite, b. thRIll, c. obloNG.
3. a. SPouse, b. adRIft, c. throNG. 4. a. SPigot, b. peRIod, c. sayiNG.
5. a. SPlash, b. laRIat, c. outiNG. 6. a. SPhere, b. thRIft, c. vikiNG.
7. a. SPunky, b. thRIve, c. sowiNG. 8. a. SPread, b. enRIch, c. stroNG.
9. a. SPruce, b. juRIst, c. boxiNG. 10. a. SPider, b. puRIty, c. saroNG.
11. a. SPeech, b. myRIad, c. ruliNG. 12. a. SPoken, b. stRIve, c. ooloNG.
13. a. SPiral, b. taRIff, c. dariNG. 14. a. SPonge, b. maRIne, c. liviNG.
15. a. SPhinx, b. thRIce, c. wooiNG. 16. a. SPlice, b. arRIve, c. unsuNG.
17. a. SPecie, b. shRIne, c. edgiNG.

A Gallon of Gasoline



by RUTH SHELDON KNOWLES

The fuel that runs your car has been a major factor in building modern America

EVERY DAY, all over America, millions of motorists drive into their favorite service stations to buy a particular fluid. They may buy one gallon, ten gallons, or simply say. "Fill 'er up!" But rarely do they give a second thought to this remarkable magic liquid—or ask from where it comes or how it works.

This precious fuel has revolutionized our lives. It has literally put America on wheels, bringing to the average citizen in this country comforts and conveniences and luxuries enjoyed by no other people in the world. And behind the gallon of gasoline which we accept as casually as water or food is an exciting story of some 2,000,000 Americans performing an astonishing variety of jobs, competing with each other to find, produce, refine and market a product which has been one of the great civilizing forces of mankind.

We have used gasoline as a major tool in maintaining and developing a free America. Gasoline put America on wheels, and the wheels demanded roads. So the vast network of roads across the face of our nation was created, making life mobile and fluid, giving the nation power to grow through the unity which easy transportation brings.

At the turn of the century, three out of every ten workers were engaged in farm work. Today, with farmers owning four million gasoline-powered tractors, six million cars and two million trucks, only one of every ten workers is a farmer, and the U. S. is one of the few surplus-food areas in the world.

A gallon of gasoline makes a commonplace of farming miracles like a recent one in Oklahoma. A 16-year-old farm lad, whose father had died, continued to go to high school and farmed in the late afternoons and week ends. He not only supported his mother and himself, and produced food for others to eat, but won national honors in a farm-youth contest and graduated in the top fourth of his high-school class.

In a world where men slaving in the fields of other countries barely produce enough food for their own mouths and where, even in most prosperous times, two-thirds of the world's population is undernourished, such an achievement by a youngster is made possible only by his gasoline-powered farm tools.

Gasoline has given wings to America, telescoping time and distance. Our airways are now as important as our highways in unifying our great sprawling country and speeding communication and production. Furthermore, Americans consider the pursuit of happiness as unalienable a right as liberty, and here, too, gasoline is a major factor in not only pursuing but achieving it.

When vacation time comes, every American is in the luxury class, for all the beauties and recreation areas of a magnificent continent are his on the open road. No other people have ever had the freedom to enjoy their own country to the fullest as do average Americans with a tank full of gasoline.

JUST AS all advancement is by ideas, gasoline begins as ideas in the minds of men—ideas as to where oil may be hidden in the deep honeycombs of rocks. Earth detectives—geologists, geophysicists, geochemists—patiently ferret out every possible clue, tramping over prairies, swamps, deserts and mountains, carrying sensitive instruments gauging radioactivity, setting off miniature earthquakes to measure the bounce of sound from hidden layers of rock. Taking to the air, they photograph the continent for clues or, trailing mechanical "birds," measure the magnetic pull of the earth.

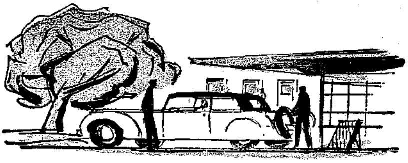
Yet with all the aids of science, oil-finding is one of the world's greatest and most costly guessing games. The drilling of each well is a breathless saga of the high hopes of explorers, gambling an average of $80,000 on what they may or may not find at the bottom of the hole. The skill and hard work of 76 men are necessary to bore the hole down through the hundreds of millions of years of earth-history recorded in the layers of rock.

Before the talents of all these men can be expressed in work, the cooperation of thousands of landowners has been enlisted. They lease their lands to the explorers for a small rental or bonus, and the privilege of receiving at no cost one-eighth of all the oil which may be found below.

At any given time there are at least 180 million acres under lease (in January 1952, this was as high as 270 million acres), of which less than six per cent will produce oil. However, these partnerships are one of the farmer's best cash crops, bringing in some 300 million dollars every year in bonuses and rentals—an annual oil-less oil boom.

Oil-finding, however, is only part of the gallon's worth of liberty in your gasoline tank. Traditionally found in unlikely and inaccessible places, the art of transporting oil by truck, pipe line, tank car, barge and ocean tanker to the great refineries and consuming centers is an industry in itself.

There are more miles of oil and gas pipe lines in America than there are miles of railroads. One of the



most unique professions in the nation is that of the aviators who, flying at only 500 feet off the ground in small planes, constantly patrol the buried network of pipes over mountains, prairies, swamps and farms, like human hawks on the lookout for oil leaks.

Seamen are yet another group of professionals in the endless variety of workers involved in a gallon of gasoline. The tankers on the Atlantic Coast bring half a billion barrels a year from the great oil fields of the Southwest to the East Coast refineries, moving oil so economically that the cost of shipping a gallon of crude from Louisiana to New York by sea is less than the cost of mailing a post card from New York to San Francisco.

The super-tankers are the giant work horses of the sea, two of them on end being taller than the Empire State Building. Nor are today's seamen the old salts of yesterday. A typical tankerman is the young oil company office worker in New York, who left his desk for the romantic reason that he could pay for his home a third quicker on a seaman's salary.

The gasoline drama reaches its climax when the oil reaches the refineries—350 giant teakettles scattered across America, boiling oil night and day to separate the gasoline and other products. Just as oil is found by ideas in the minds of men, so do other men's ideas in the refineries increase our oil resources by figuring out how to get more gasoline and products out of each barrel of crude oil.

The imagination and daring of one young chemist alone was responsible for doubling our gasoline resources. In 1912, Dr. William Burton, in an Indiana refinery, defied all accepted principles of the amount of heat and pressure which could be applied to oil, and succeeded in literally cracking it as a rock is cracked with a hammer, to make it yield more gasoline.

Other chemists continued to perfect his process so that today's cracking of oil can obtain over 40 per cent gasoline from a barrel of crude, whereas refineries used to get only 10 to 20 per cent.

From the refineries, thousands of small businessmen take over the gasoline—jobbers and distributors who sell and deliver the gasoline to the quarter of a million pump owners. There are more service stations in America than there are drug stores or post offices, and 95 per cent of them are operated by self-employed businessmen.

The two million Americans working directly to bring a gallon of gasoline to your car are joined by hundreds of thousands of stockholders in oil companies and private investors in every phase of the industry. A workman can be little better than his tools, and vast capital investment is required for the tools to produce gasoline—the expensive dry holes, great pipe lines, tankers, giant refineries, research laboratories. More than nineteen billion dollars have been spent for such tools in the past seven years alone—the largest outlay by any industry in a like period of American history.

So, like the mountain laboring to bring forth a mouse, a gallon of gasoline is born—next to food, one of the most important staples of American life and literally the greatest bargain in money value available today. Only the tax on gasoline has increased in 25 years, rising from an average of three cents to today's 7.3 cents per gallon.

However, neither all the resources and resourcefulness nor the workers and their ideas could achieve this miracle of abundance without the unseen, unsung ingredient of gasoline, which is the real source of its power—liberty.

The U. S. has produced almost two-thirds of the world's oil to date, not because it has more oil than the rest of the world, but because its explorers have been free to drill one hundred times more wells looking for it. American oil resources are not controlled by government, as are those of every other country. The development of a country's resources can be measured by the degree of freedom its citizens have to complete and put their ideas into use.

Freedom is the soil in which competition takes root and grows, and Americans are free to compete in ideas. That competition has developed each of the many phases required to bring gasoline to the service-station pump in such quantities and at such low cost.

The American Automobile Association estimates that of all the passenger-car breakdowns on the roads during 1951, 2.9 per cent ran out of gasoline, through the driver's forgetfulness. In Soviet Russia, virtually *nobody* ran out of gasoline last year, for the simple reason that there is no gasoline available for the common people.

So, as you can see, a gallon of liberty makes a lot of difference.

For Better And/Or Worse

WHEN A MAN brings his wife flowers for no reason, there's usually a reason. —EARL WILSON

A LADIES' sewing circle is a weekly gathering in which more husbands are darned than are socks.
—LILLY CHRISTINE

IF YOU WANT your wife to listen to what you have to say, do your talking in your sleep. —*The Sign*

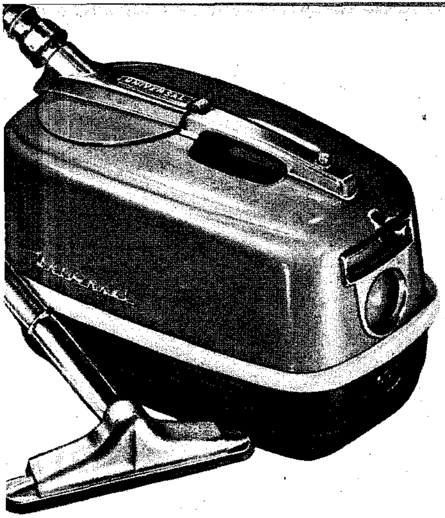
NO HUSBAND is the eternal flame. If you would like him to remain the light of your life you'll have to let him go out occasionally.
—A. A. BIRMINGHAM

TEN THOUSAND YEARS have brought about few changes in the game of love; they've merely changed trumps from clubs to diamonds.
—KENT RUTH

THE UNDERSTANDING WIFE doesn't mind if her husband flirts terribly—but if he ever becomes too expert, look out! —ADRIAN ANDREWS

WHEN A MAN says his mind isn't made up, he means he hasn't asked his wife yet. —JOHN QUILL

THE COURSE of true love never appears on the front page.
—HERBERT V. PROCHNOW



Advertisement

Clean Your Home with Jet Power!

Back in the so-called "good old days," you would have thought nothing of spending a week giving the house a good cleaning. It took that long, and it was back-breaking labor, because housewives had no cleaning tools except mops, brooms and cloverleaf carpet beaters.

About the turn of the century, vacuum cleaners first became available. They were pretty impressive—one size smaller than a grand piano and almost as noisy as a locomotive. But they had one great fault—they didn't create enough suction, so they didn't pick up much dirt.

In a few more years, cleaners improved a little. To make up for the lack of suction, manufacturers added a rotating brush that scraped some of the dirt off the top of the rug and threw it up to be sucked into the dust bag.

Today, cleaners are much improved. Many create enough suction to get out a lot of the dirt, and in the past year a cleaner has appeared on the market which has much greater power and really does an efficient cleaning job. It's called the Universal Jet 99 and (what is almost unheard of in vacuum cleaners) it delivers all the suction of a *full* horsepower motor—not just a three-eighths or half-horsepower.

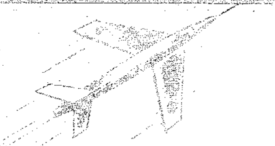
The Universal Jet 99 has 56% *more* rated horsepower than the average of the four other most popular vacuum cleaners! Naturally, you clean better and faster. You clean thoroughly the first time you go over the carpet with a Jet 99.

Because of its modern suitcase-like design, you can carry the Jet 99 easily, and it *is* the easiest emptying cleaner on the market.

Today, you Jet-powered homemakers clean better in a couple of hours than Grandmother did in a couple of days, and you may well wonder how Grandmother ever lived through the "good old days."

UNIVERSAL
Universal

Jet powered for better cleaning! The Universal Jet 99 has 56% *more* power—cleans your home better, quicker, easier—deep-cleans rugs, furniture, drapes the first time over, and does it fast! See a demonstration of Jet 99's amazing power at your Universal Jet 99 dealer's soon.



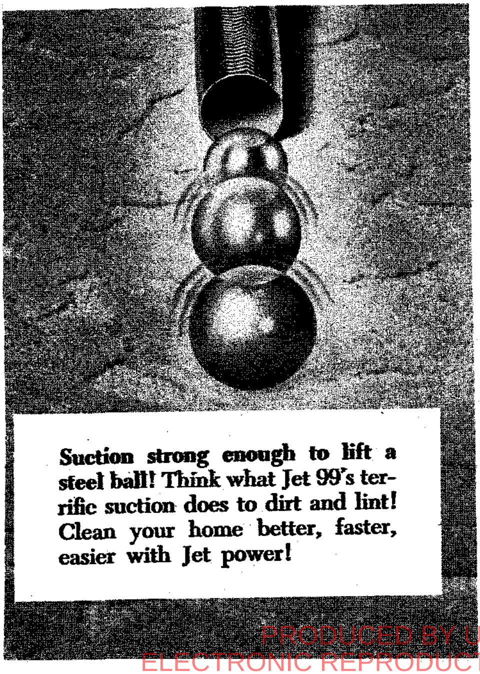
Clean Better-Faster with Jet Power!

56% More Power in Universal Jet 99!

UNIVERSAL JET 99 has 56% *more* rated horsepower than the average of the four other most popular cleaners! It delivers all the suction of a *full* horsepower motor—not just three-eighths or one-half horsepower like other leading vacuum cleaners.

That extra power means extra suction—extra cleaning power. Jet 99 cleans *better* and *faster*. With Jet 99, you get once-over cleaning . . . once-over and it's clean! Universal Jet 99 even picks up lint and threads the first time!

Clean your home better and faster with Universal Jet 99!



Suction strong enough to lift a steel ball! Think what Jet 99's terrific suction does to dirt and lint! Clean your home better, faster, easier with Jet power!

Once-over deep cleaning! Once-over your carpets with Jet 99 and they're *deep* clean. Keep your carpets cleaner and better-looking longer with Universal Jet 99!

Carries as Easily as a Portable Radio!

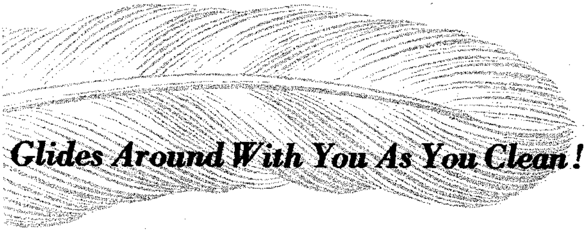
UNIVERSAL JET 99 was designed and built with *your* convenience in mind. It was created for the easiest possible operating, carrying and storing. To do that, Universal threw out all the old concepts of vacuum cleaner design and perfected the distinctive new Jet 99 style that makes your housecleaning much easier!

You carry Jet 99 from room to room as easily as a portable radio. It's not like an awkward tank or pot that you have to wrestle with, banging your knees and scratching door frames and furniture. Just pick up the Jet 99 like a suitcase and walk!

When you're cleaning a room, the Universal Jet 99 glides around with

Carries as easily as a portable radio! New modern design lets you carry the Jet 99 from room to room with complete ease. No awkward shapes, no dangling attachments, no scratched furniture or door frames. Compare it!

Glides around with you! As you clean, the Jet 99 glides along behind you, pivots easily as you turn. Jet 99 never tips or topples, doesn't have to be picked up every time you move to another part of the room. Try it!



Glides Around With You As You Clean!

you as you clean. It never tips or topples, never scratches floors. It never scratches furniture either, because of its special rubber bumper guard. And you don't have to work in a circle around it, or lift it every time you move. It glides along behind you and pivots at a gentle tug.

When you clean the stairs, Universal Jet 99 stands firmly on a step, lets you clean easily and quickly. And Jet 99 stores in a closet or on a shelf just as handily as a suitcase.

See a demonstration of Universal Jet 99's wonderful new ease of handling. You never dreamed a vacuum cleaner could be so convenient.

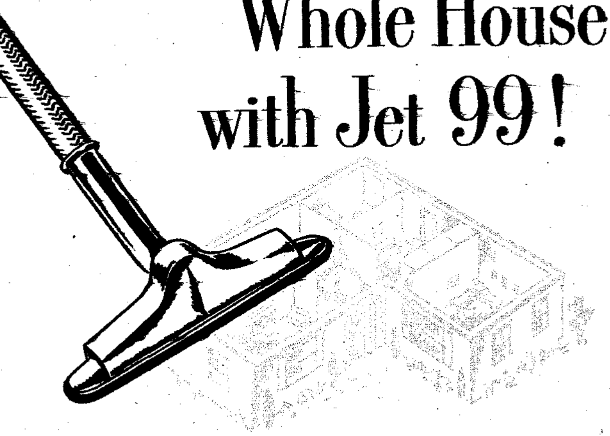
Call your Jet 99 dealer today.

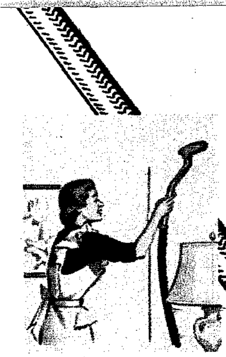
Stands on stairs! Jet 99 stands firmly on a stair step, leaves you free to clean. The distinctive new design of the Jet 99 makes all cleaning jobs easier and shorter. See how much difference it will make in *your* home!

Universal
Universal

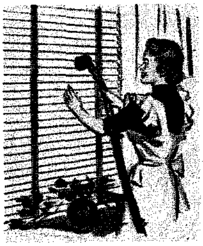
Stores as easily as a suitcase! Jet 99 slides into a corner of a closet or stands on a shelf. You won't believe how much difference Jet 99's new design makes until you use it yourself. Call your Jet 99 dealer for a demonstration!

Clean Your Whole House with Jet 99!

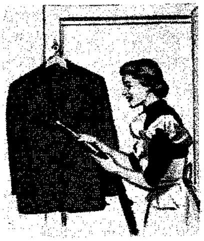




CLEAN
your walls
WITH JET 99!



CLEAN
your blinds
WITH JET 99!

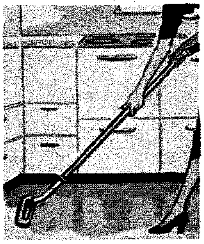


MOTH-PROOF
your clothes
WITH JET 99!

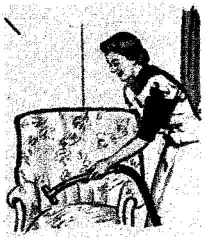
JET 99 SERVA-TOOLS do every cleaning job around the whole house, from cleaning behind radiators to cleaning the upholstery of the family car. Other attachments do such useful jobs as mothproofing your clothes and spraying paint.

Make all your cleaning jobs easier! Clean your whole house better, faster and easier with Jet-power!

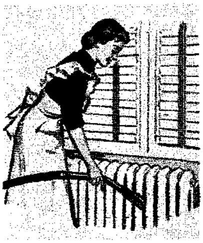
Call your dealer for a free home demonstration!



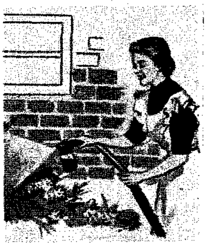
CLEAN
your bare floors
WITH JET 99!



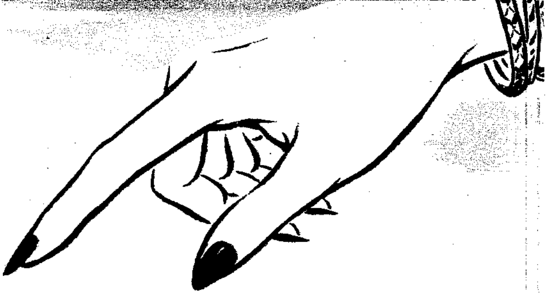
CLEAN
your furniture
WITH JET 99!



CLEAN
your radiators
WITH JET 99!



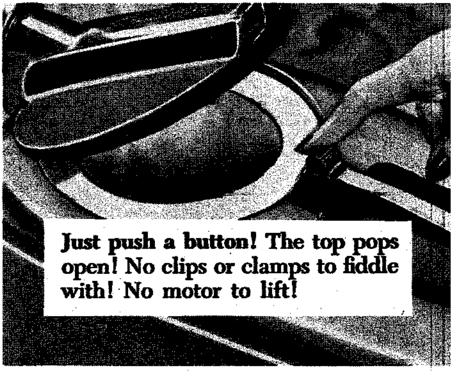
DO
your painting
WITH JET 99!



Just Push a Button
Toss the Dust Bag Away!

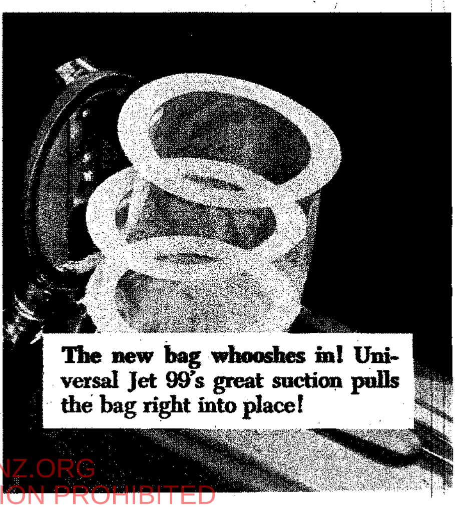
T TAKES JUST TWO SECONDS to empty the
Jet 99! Just push a button . . . the top
ops open . . . toss the old dust bag away
. . and the new one whooshes into place!
here are no clips or clamps to fiddle with,
o motor to lift out.

Ask your dealer for a free home demon-
tration. You'll be pleased at the price
f this quality vacuum cleaner . . . only
99.95. See Universal's Jet 99 soon!

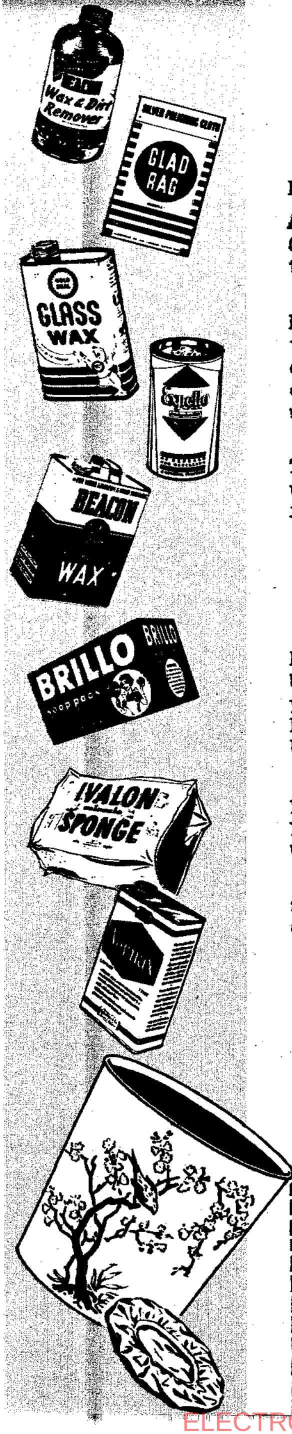


Just push a button! The top pops open! No clips or clamps to fiddle with! No motor to lift!

Toss the dust bag away! You never touch the accumulated dirt. Nothing to empty out!



The new bag whooshes in! Universal Jet 99's great suction pulls the bag right into place!



UNIVERSAL
LANDERS FRARY & CLARK
NEW BRITAIN • CONNECTICUT

Dear Coronet Reader:

About a year ago, we announced the greatest Home Cleaning Device developed in the past decade -- the famous Universal Jet 99 Vacuum Cleaner.

Since then, thousands of Jet 99 Cleaners have been sold. We're anxious to have YOU try the Universal Jet 99, so we're offering it to you on a Ten Day Free Trial -- absolutely without obligation to purchase. We know if you try it you will like it -- as have thousands of others.

As a bonus for making this 10 Day Free Home Trial, you will receive a Modern Home Cleaning Kit worth $3.69 that includes these nationally famous home cleaning products:

Beacon Floor Wax
Beacon Dirt and Wax Remover
Ivalon Sponge
Vernax Furniture Cream
Expello Moth Crystals
Glass Wax
Glad Rag
Brillo Soap Pads
Long Life Waste Basket
Plastic Bowl Cover

Just fill in the blank below, send it to us at New Britain, Conn., and we will request your Universal Dealer to deliver a Universal Jet 99 to you. Whether or not you make a purchase, you keep the Home Cleaning Kit as a gift from your Universal Dealer.

At the end of 10 days, if you decide to keep your Universal Jet 99 Cleaner, your dealer will give you, as an extra allowance, a handsome Chest-O-Seat worth $24.95, in return for your old cleaner.

We urge you to act quickly -- our limited supply of Kits will allow us to make this unusual offer for a short time only.

Sincerely yours,
LANDERS, FRARY AND CLARK

Lee Moss
Lee Moss, Sales Manager
Vacuum Cleaner Division

Vacuum Cleaner Division
Landers, Frary & Clark • New Britain, Conn.

Date____________

Gentlemen:

I would like to take advantage of your Free Trial Of on the Universal Jet 99 Vacuum Cleaner.

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS______________________________

DESIGN FOR LIVING

by **Jane Froman**

ONE OF THE REASONS I have always loved show business is that people in it have a childlike faith in daydreams. Nothing is impossible for them. Their world is always bright with promise, and even when they have only a penny in their pockets, they assure you that they are riding on the crest of a rainbow.

There must be something magic in that confidence because so often the far-fetched daydreams come true, and I suspect that such self-assurance is a good thing to have, no matter what work you do.

I remember three actors who, at one time, had nothing but optimism in their pockets. They came from different corners of the world, and when they met in New York they were young, ambitious—and frequently hungry.

They all lived in the same rooming house. Each morning they went their separate ways, calling on producers, haunting agents, suffering through auditions in cold, dimly lit theaters. Each night they returned with the same report: no luck.

Nightly they pooled their meager resources and bought potato salad and hot dogs. Seated at their humble meal, the two men and the girl would have Waldorf daydreams. They were convinced that one day they would all be famous.

"We must each be able to fill a theater on our own," the girl would say emphatically.

"And then I want to marry you," said one of the men.

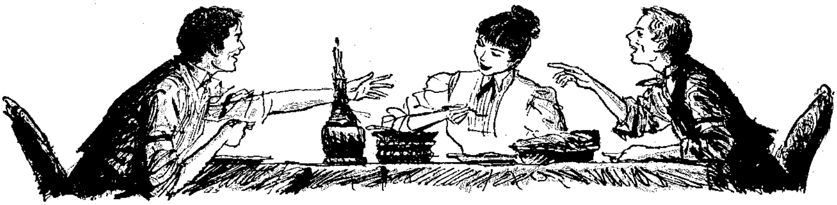
"Then we three will star in a play that I'll write," said the other.

It was all fantastically improbable, but none of them considered that part of it. They knew what they wanted; they were willing to struggle for it; they never doubted their futures.

Years passed. Slowly and only after staunch persistence, the dreams came true. Each became a star and filled theaters across the country. The girl married the actor who had proposed to her. And then the second actor wrote his play.

One night in 1933, a Broadway marquee proclaimed evidence that working at daydreams makes them come true. It bore the names of a great actor, a great actress and a great actor-playwright:

ALFRED LUNT—LYNN FONTANNE
NOEL COWARD
in
"Design For Living"



Jane Froman stars on *U.S.A. Canteen*, CBS-TV Network, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

FAMILY GUIDEPOST

A Child is a Person

I KNOW OF A MOTHER who constantly refers to her six-year-old son as Baby. The name, originally a mark of maternal affection and devotion, has carried over despite the fact that the lad is now of school age and is frequently teased by his school companions—and not affectionately—as "Baby."

This mother has forgotten that her son is a person. Her pet name for him is indicative of her attitude toward him, an attitude that has hardly been modified since the day he was born. He is, in her eyes, a sort of helpless pet that needs to be cared for and guided and pampered every step of his way through life. As a result, the boy has no independence, little resourcefulness and, worst of all, is failing to experience the normal maturing process that, in time, makes a boy a man.

In one way or another, many other parents are guilty of this same sort of short-sightedness. Children are individual human beings, and, in accordance with their age, they should be treated that way, with respect for their own peculiar set of tastes and moods.

A failure to keep pace with your child's years, a condescending attitude as though he had never outgrown infancy, will seriously inhibit his life and relationships with other people.

On the other hand, there is no point in treating a six-year-old like a Rhodes scholar. He will not understand you and, in failing to measure up to the standards you expect of him (as he must if you look for him to act like an adult at age six), he will cause his parents a continuing series of frustrations.

There are certain basic rules that apply to all children, once they have reached the age of understanding—an age, incidentally, that inevitably comes before most parents are prepared for it. In normal, everyday conversation, talk to your child on his own level. This doesn't mean just avoiding the use of baby talk. Children are remarkably perceptive at any age. They *know* immediately when you are talking down to them, and they resent it.

How much time should you devote to your child? There are those parents—especially fathers—who set aside one day a week or one hour a day solely for their children, in the belief that this completely fulfills parental responsibility. This is the worst kind of self-deception. One day a week or one hour a day dedicated to your children is fine—for a starter. But children cannot be made part of an artificial schedule. They must have the feeling of permanence and security that comes only when they believe that their parents have given them a full partnership in the family.

Don't shunt them off to the bedroom the moment company arrives. Don't talk in whispers about family finances, illness or other problems. And don't, above all, act like a dictator with your children. If you do, they will learn quickly enough to behave well—in your presence. When you are not around, however, their behavior will be quite the opposite.

Finally, don't deify your children. Attempts to put them on a pedestal and inculcate in them a feeling of superiority will serve only to separate them from the friends they might normally choose and, in the long run, will result in snobbishness, selfishness and unhappiness on their part.—PATSY CAMPBELL, *star of the CBS daytime radio drama, "The Second Mrs. Burton."*

People take us for sisters

All of you have seen women who seem so vital, so alive, that you'd swear they were the older sisters of their own daughters. The chances are these women seem young because they "think young"—even about such delicate problems as the proper method of monthly sanitary protection.

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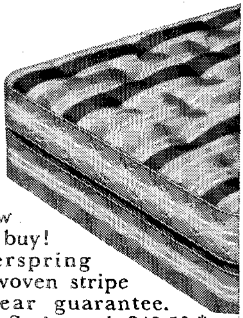

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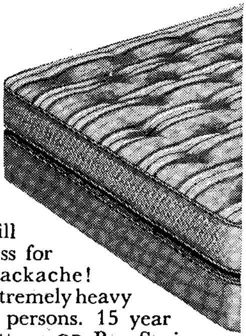

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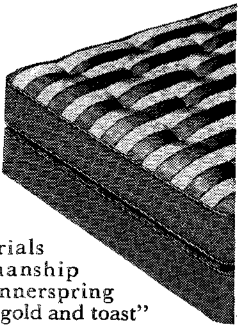

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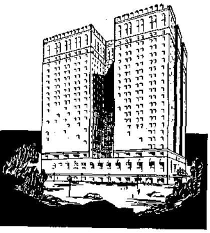

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When Hospitals Put Religion to Work

by **ALBERTA WILLIAMS**

Doctors are finding that chaplains can help to cure various ailments by solving patients' spiritual and mental problems

ONE DAY LAST FALL, an obstetrician at Philadelphia's Episcopal Hospital asked Chaplain Robert D. Morris to see a patient.

"She's young," the doctor said. "She wants the baby and is in good condition for the Caesarean. Yet I think there's something wrong, and I want you to talk with her."

Ellen Anderson gave the chaplain a bright, confident smile. Perhaps a little too bright, Morris thought, as he observed her hands. They were frightened hands, contradicting her smile. Underneath, the chaplain suspected, she was terrified.

This was the "something wrong" the physician sensed and mistrusted. Surgeons know that fear sometimes can mean the difference between success and failure in an operation.

When the chaplain questioned her, Mrs. Anderson said surely one couldn't be disturbed over a Caesarean? You were anaesthetized and felt no pain while having the baby. If anything went wrong, you would just "never wake up."

The phrase "never wake up" gave Morris the clue. From it he drew out the source of Mrs. Anderson's fear. Nineteen years before, her father underwent surgery and never recovered consciousness. She hadn't told her husband or her doctor how frightened she was.

As she disclosed her fears, her hands grew less tense. Chaplain Morris, who has been clinically trained for his role, described advances in modern anaesthesia. Gradually the hands relaxed, the superficial cheerfulness was replaced by convincing calmness, and Ellen Anderson, her confidence restored, was ready for the operation.

When 32-year-old Maurice Richards was admitted to Episcopal as

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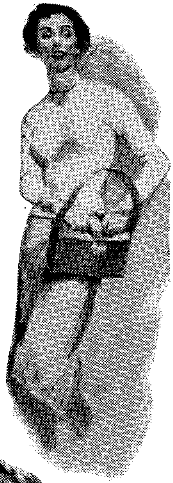

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an emergency case one night, the admitting interne noted the hard abdomen and severe pain. He suspected a case of acute appendicitis. The clinical assistant suggested that, pending definite diagnosis, the chaplain be called.

Maurice had been transferred to Philadelphia from the West Coast office of his firm. He constantly missed his wife and three youngsters. Swamped with work, he had had little time to grapple with his housing problem. He was beginning to hate the job, hate the unsympathetic landlords he encountered in the time he snatched to house hunt.

"I think we can help you find a place to live," Chaplain Morris told him. "What kind of accommodations do you need?"

Maurice began to tell about his problems. Before long, it became clear to the doctors that he didn't have acute appendicitis. His illness was psychosomatic. He needed to express his resentments. Within an hour, his abdomen was normal and he was comfortable.

EPISCOPAL, a 550-bed voluntary, non-sectarian hospital, formerly owned and operated by the Episcopal Diocese, is one of hundreds of general and mental hospitals in this country where religion is being used hand-in-hand with medicine, surgery, psychiatry and social service as a contributing therapy.

The professional staff of these institutions includes a clinically trained chaplain who is called upon in a consultative capacity. In psychosomatic illnesses, religion can often be the single most effective therapy in restoring health. And even in organic illness, religious therapy frequently contributes to the patient's total recovery or to his ability to adjust to an incurable condition.

For the past 12 years, Robert Morris has been full-time chaplain and a member of the hospital team at Episcopal. A graduate of Mount Union College and Boston University School of Theology, he received his clinical training through internships at University Hospital in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and at the Worcester, Massachusetts, State Mental Hospital.

"A hospital chaplaincy is a healing ministry, but its concern is healing of the spirit, so that it contributes to the patient's total health," Morris explains. "The hospital is like a social microscope that magnifies 1,000 times the griefs, grudges, heartaches and failures, so that they can be examined and understood. Within each patient is the pattern of his spiritual healing."

Chaplain Morris works with patients upon request of the doctor or nurse, visits patients who ask to see him, examines all admissions cards for age and diagnosis. "I'm particularly interested in seeing patients between 20 and 55," Morris says. "In this age bracket an individual's troubles radiate to whole families. In heeding diagnosis, I am listening to what the body may say of the spirit's condition."

What has religion to offer as therapy? To those who—in sickness or in health—know the rewards of faith, it gives the comforts of prayer, worship, religious discussion and the sacraments. But to patients of no formal faith, it brings what Chaplain Morris terms the "healing sacrament of conversa-

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tion." This is really receptive listening by the chaplain, for the clue to the patient's spiritual trouble.

"The chaplain must stand at the rim of the circle and let the trouble come out from the center," Morris says. "He must recognize the difficulty upon its appearance and get the patient to share it. When sharing comes easily for the patient, much may be quickly accomplished."

Robert Morris' first act as chaplain at Episcopal was the removal of half the chapel's pews. "To make attendance possible for bed and wheel-chair patients," he explained to startled staff members. "Chapel attendance has therapeutic value and should be possible for patients who aren't ambulatory."

He employed a paid organist and organized a volunteer choir of student nurses and internes. Now, on Sunday mornings, beds and wheel chairs are rolled into the chapel. The music is lovely, the sermon short and aimed specifically at the patient's need.

"Originally, a good many of our staff took a tentative view when we decided to employ religion as a supportive therapy," declares Dr. Lucius Wilson, superintendent of Episcopal. "Most of us had never previously worked with a clinically trained chaplain. One doctor asked me, 'What's that darned preacher doing on the wards?' Today, this doctor joins the rest of the staff in utilizing Morris' work."

Before 1925, the few hospitals that had a Protestant chaplain regarded the post as a pleasant part-time spot for a retired minister. His duties were prayer at the bedside of more pious patients, the distribution of religious tracts, Sunday chapel exercises for the benefit of the hospital's staff.

The concept of a clinically prepared ministry to the ill grew out of the personal experience of Dr. Anton Boisen, Congregational clergyman, who, in 1921, suffered a mental breakdown and was committed to the Westboro, Massachusetts, State Hospital. His illness was diagnosed as catatonic dementia praecox. No hope was held for his recovery.

But Dr. Boisen did recover and when he did, he began to probe into his own experience and compare it with the experiences of fellow patients. "Underlying every case of nonorganic mental illness I found fears and cravings people had been afraid to express," Dr. Boisen says.

At that time, the fears, the sense of guilt and the isolation of the mentally ill were to religion an unexplored no-man's land. As his recovery progressed, Dr. Boisen began to get together a few patients and in a groping way to place religion at their service. At the end of 15 months, his recovery complete, Dr. Boisen left Westboro, determined to awaken organized religion to the important role it should play in mental health.

There was no such thing as a curriculum preparing a clergyman for a chaplaincy. Boisen, a graduate of Indiana University and Union Theological Seminary, entered Harvard's graduate school for courses in religion, abnormal psychology, psychiatric social work and psychopathology. For clinical experience, he served without pay as attendant at Boston Psychopath-

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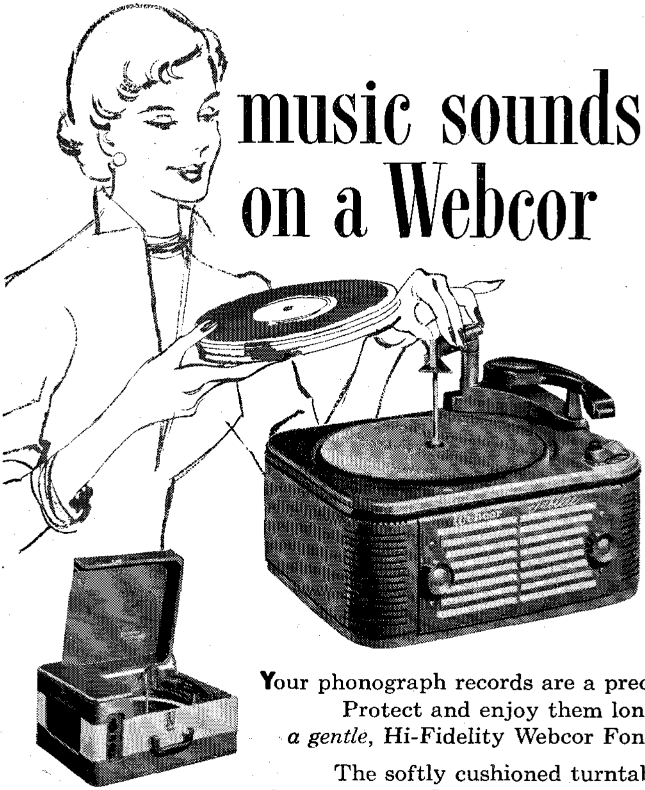

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The late Dr. Richard Cabot, noted Boston physician who introduced the case method into medical education, became interested in Boisen's ideas. Through Dr. Cabot's influence, in 1925 the Worcester State Hospital employed Dr. Boisen as chaplain. With the use of religious therapy, doctors saw patients recovering in two-thirds or even half the predicted time.

In 1930, Dr. Cabot and other physicians, theologians and educators formed the Council for Clinical Training of Theological Students, with headquarters now located in New York's Academy of Medicine.

The Council has opened training centers in general hospitals, mental institutions, and, since 1936, in penal institutions. Courses in the centers, open to both theological students and pastors, are year 'round. Today there are 34 centers, plus a waiting list of hospitals eager for introduction of the work.

More than 1,400 clergymen and 2,800 theological students from 36 Protestant denominations and the Jewish faith have taken clinical training since Dr. Boisen opened shop at Worcester. Most of the trainees want the study and experience gained at the centers mainly as background for parish ministry, and do not take the full four quarters required for Council certification as chaplains.

Hospital administrators, who are increasingly interested in adding trained chaplains to their staffs, are not too happy about this. Today, the demand is so great that the Council is able to meet only one out of four requests by hospitals for full-time chaplains.

At Episcopal in Philadelphia, Chaplain Morris often suggests additional help for the patient. On a recent day, his first call was to a 28-year-old mother of two children. She had attempted suicide with sleeping tablets. After the call the chaplain conferred with the doctor and nurse, who reported the patient ready to be sent home the next morning.

"For five years she's been in hell created by a cruel husband," Chaplain Morris told them. "She doesn't really want to die, but if she's sent back to that hell, she'll make another attempt to get out of it. What she's done has broken her tension; now she is in great need of gentleness. Can't we keep her here for psychiatric consultation until we can work out some proposal for the immediate future?"

The doctor agreed and the nurse looked relieved.

"Always I stand on the side of life," Robert Morris emphasizes. "I'm not here to help people die, but to help them live!"

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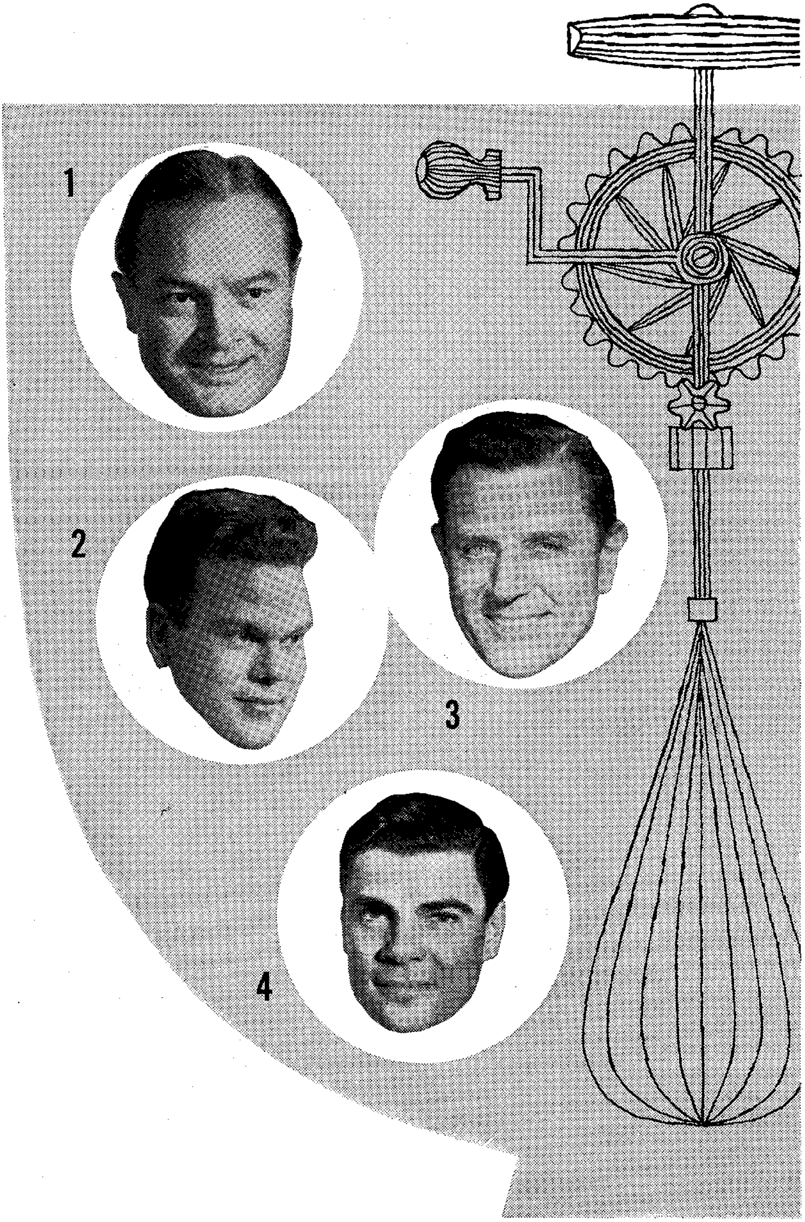
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